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VIRGINIUS

John McCullough

as

Man, Actor and Spirit

BY

SUSIE C. CLARK

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"[illegible]"

—*[illegible]*

[illegible]

Boston
Murray and Emery Company
[illegible]

ENIUS

John McCullough

AS

Man, Actor and Spirit

BY

SUSIE C. CLARK

Author of "A Look Upward," "Pilate's Query," etc.

"Thou art mighty yet!
"Thy spirit walks abroad."
— *Julius Cæsar*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON
MURRAY AND EMERY COMPANY
1905

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WITH REVERENT LOVE

TO THE FADELESS MEMORY OF

Genial John

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JOHN McCULLOUGH

AS MAN, ACTOR AND SPIRIT

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

"The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more."

—*Thomas Moore.*

Fair Emerald Isle! In verdure clad, thy banks and hills still cheer the eyes of "weary, homesick men far out at sea." Fain would they, as Columbus did of yore, on a Western shore, kneel and kiss thy fair, green sod, which affords the first welcome glimpse of land. Like a sleeping princess thou dost rest upon the breast of thine ardent wooer—the Neptune god!

A stormy record has been thine! Kings and potentates have fought for the prize of thy possession. Thy green turf has been crimson dyed with sanguinary conflict, thy pure atmosphere polluted with plot and intrigue, thy ruined fanes have suffered the despoiler's hand. But from out this sore travail, thou hast given birth to kingly sons, who have grandly honored their royal lineage, statesmen, orators, poets and warriors, names whom history delights to recall—Emmet, Grattan, O'Connell, Burke, Sheridan, Castlereagh, Wellington, Goldsmith, Moore, O'Reilly and many another jewel in thy crown.

And on one of the upper rounds of thy long ladder of Fame shines resplendent the name of still another noble son, that grand soul, great mind, tender heart and unusual personality of John McCullough! God bless him!

The perspective of Time enhances true appreciation of all that is worthy of remembrance. It is only the ignoble and puerile that the alembic of history sifts into oblivion. Great artists, creative souls, like pictures, need to be surveyed from a distance. Correct judgment, a clear discernment of their worth,

is overpowered by the glamour of a too close range of observation.

Even the matchless radiance of the Nazarene was appreciated in His day by only a handful of followers, and the world does not yet comprehend or utilize the full significance of His life and message.

Apology therefore is quite unnecessary for the fresh portrayal of a life which ceased on this mortal plane two decades ago, which flashed like a brilliant meteor across the sky of human activity and sank from mortal gaze all too soon. When it could be said of him, by one who knew the great tragedian well, that "no man ever lived who attached people to him as did John McCullough," it is evident that a lesson can be drawn from this life far grander than that gained from the meed bestowed upon dramatic genius alone, since Love, of which he was master and king, is "the greatest thing in the world." When the superintendent of Mount Moriah Cemetery, where rests the dust his great spirit once vitalized, could express profound surprise at the enduring longevity of the affection this man inspired, since the tomb of none other among the many silent occupants of his vast city of the dead, is ever sought out and inquired for with such abiding interest, such

pathos of tender memory, as is that of the great actor today, a tribute is thereby paid to the majesty of a soul, which, in its passage through this world, briefly "pressed the earth but stained it not."

And it is as a soul, that the writer would present him to the thoughtful consideration of the world he loved, and ever sought to bless, as a soul, uncreate, a soul whose age-long record is not compassed by the meagre half-century of this one mortal existence, a soul which was perhaps hoary with experience "before Abraham was," for only a ripened soul could make such indelible impress upon his age and time, as did this grand soul through the remarkable personality of John McCullough.

To have known and admired him as the great actor, who, at last, by his affluent genius and unflagging industry, stood without a peer on the American stage, was only to survey one facet of the many-colored crystal of his beautiful character. His unimpeachable honor, his spotless integrity, his quick, ready sympathy which led to such lavish generosity for all in need, his stanch friendship, unswerving fidelity, his modest, child-like humility (the test of greatness in any soul), are not these sterling attributes, and

many more, indelibly inscribed on the tablets of every heart which was so blessed as to have known him? The record of his unobtrusive, unknown charities alone would fill a large volume. He owed no man anything but to love him. It speaks eloquently for his perennial patience and serenity, his unfailing sweetness of disposition, through every trial and vexation of his arduous profession, that he could have won and worn for so many years, the universal soubriquet of "genial John." One of his friends has testified that "when he entered a room, it was as if a glowing fire had been suddenly lighted in the grate; the beauty of his soul warmed one so tangibly." His life was a sermon of gentle deeds and gracious example more potent than many voiced by clerical lips.

Dr. A. P. Peabody, in an address before his Harvard students, once assured them that every man should have both a vocation and an avocation; "the vocation being the principal business of life, the avocation some worthy pursuit to which one might turn aside for the play of other powers, and for refreshing contact with nature and human life." It would be hard to decide which was McCullough's chief vocation, his dramatic profession or the larger field of humanitarian impulse.

His life was not confined to the boards, behind the footlights. He lived himself into other lives, became absorbed in their interests and needs, in opportunities for helpfulness to friend and stranger alike. It was the broad universality of his love and fellowship that made it possible for him to enact a larger repertoire of characters than any other American actor has ever performed, the strength and beauty of his spiritual nature making itself felt through every disguise. The fruitage of such a soul bears a rich harvest of golden grain, one whose sheaves are seldom counted, whose work is seldom appreciated save in Death's aftermath.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

CHAPTER II.

THE DAWN.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."
—*As You Like It.*

When Lincoln was asked for some facts and circumstances in his early history to be inserted in the Congressional directory, he replied in his quaint modesty: "They may all be compiled in one line, 'The short and simple annals of the poor.' "

No truer words could describe the birth and childhood of John McCullough. The curtain of his mortal existence was rung up on a scene of great obscurity and with a meagre audience, his theatre of action was restricted, limited and circumscribed by his environment, and for many years, no seer would have been so daring as to prophesy for this small Irish lad, a world-wide recognition in the annals of Fame; and yet, so mysterious are the ways in which Providence moves "its wonders to perform," this child was destined through his own innate genius and unwearied industry, his noble heart

and grand soul, to not only electrify the world with his dramatic art, but to become, years later, a factor in the religious, educative and reformatory work of the twentieth century.

On the north-east coast of Ireland, where the waters of the North Channel unite with the broad Atlantic, near that freak of Nature's sculpturing (with the basaltic rocks and ceaseless ocean spray as material and chisel) known as the "Giant's Causeway," and at the mouth of the river Bann, is situated the town of Coleraine, in the County of Londonderry. Near this locality was the little hamlet of Blakes, where, in a modest but pleasant cottage, during the years from about 1825 to 1845 resided James McCullough, a farmer, and his wife, Mary.

It is probable that the family descended from one James McCullock (the ancient form of the name), who, in 1649, emigrated from Scotland to the North of Ireland; and in the annals of heraldry the coat of arms belonging to the McCullough family of this locality, is thus described:

"Argent, on a cross azure, five pheons.
Crest: A cubit arm holding a dart.
Motto: *Vi et animo*" (By strength and courage).

Some old warrior of the blood may have worn this crest when he went forth to battle; and certainly the spirit of its motto richly imbued the life which forms the subject of this sketch.

To this comfortable and peaceful home, as the quiet years passed by, and through the gateway of mortal birth, came three daughters and a son—Mary, Jane, John and Elizabeth. The advent of John McCullough occurred November 14, 1832, and in the welcome accorded this little waif on Time's shores, there was little thought of the impetus to the world's progress which would yet be accomplished through the life so inauspiciously begun, little recognition that a bright star of genius then arose upon the world, who, by his invincible energy and masterly effort, would carve out a niche in the world's gallery of notable sons, peculiarly his own, a fulfilment which, like many another such prodigy of human achievement, disclaims the potency of physical inheritance.

Does heredity produce Buddhas or Christs? Can it ever explain Platos or Shakespeares, and other great souls who have stooped from their hills of Light to bless the world? The genealogy of the soul can never be traced in human records. Even the family Bible does

not portray the diviner spiritual inheritance. Genius is won, somewhere, sometime, by hard, persistent effort. It is not a gift, a chance bestowal by a capricious Creator. Favoritism, partiality are not Deific attributes.

So this soul, having hitherto won its spurs in some sphere of activity, seeking now its chosen mission through human expression, adopts this humble abode as its fostering soil, the mother's temperament being the avenue of affinity which made this possible.

John was always a sturdy, healthy boy, while yet possessed of a sensitive nature. He was not the boy to be put at hard work on the farm, as lads of coarser metal often are, he had no fitness for this toil, was not a success in such occupation. He was fond of horses, of hunting and fishing, of out-door sports and games, very fond of the woods, not alone from his innate love of nature, but for the seclusion and retirement the forest afforded him. He loved solitude, and yet the monotony of his boyhood's life, he has since declared, was its most irksome feature. If his day-dreams ever painted the glorious future awaiting him, the contrast thereto must indeed have been painfully monotonous.

While naturally social, and possessed of a

happy, cheerful disposition, he was at times uncommunicative, and to a close observer, if any such there were to regard him, he might have seemed a somewhat strange order of the genus—boy. One wonders if his strong spirit ever felt a half-conscious homesickness in his modest environment, realized its unfitness to educe his latent powers towards unfoldment, and one questions what pictures were revealed to him in the firelight of peat, which filled the wide chimney of his small but pleasant home! Did he even then feel the restlessness of undeveloped power, a longing of the gifted nature to try its wings? Perhaps the plunge in Lethean waters, necessary at the gateway of every mortal birth, effaced soul memories and consciousness of power, which might otherwise have breeded discontent.

Yet it is only through misfortune that ripeness is attained. Sorrow is ever the latch-key to power, the entering-wedge to divine estate.

> "Only those are crowned and sainted,
> Who with grief have been acquainted."

And affliction soon found entrance to this humble abode. Prosperity was not an abiding guest. The struggles with toil and threatened

poverty, with unremitting labor which missed the prize of recompense, the simple expenses which yet overtaxed the slender purse, the failure of crops on which sustenance depended, all these trials are an unwritten history. And in 1844, when John was a lad of twelve, the patient mother, who perhaps dimly understood her boy's gifted nature, as motherly prescience often does, closed her eyes in the long sleep. Soon after this great loss, the father, being unable to pay his rent to the landlord of that wide country side—Sir Hugh Bruce (whose adjacent castle gates were flanked on either side by stone lions sculptured by the grandfather of our hero, another John McCullough, a stone cutter and sculptor of considerable skill), suffered the usual penalty of eviction, and another home was sought.

A little later, it was decided that John and Jane should seek their fortunes in America. They started thither on a sailing vessel, and for once, Fortune did not favor the brave. The vessel soon began to leak so badly that they were obliged to put back to port, for repairs. Again they fared forth, with the same result. For the third time, the venturesome captain dared the tempestuous Atlantic in this frail craft, but again was forced to put back to Liverpool, where the ship was

condemned as unseaworthy and a new vessel was substituted. At this juncture, discretion seemed the better part of valor to the young boy, and he remained on land, while his dauntless sister, only eighteen months his senior, continued her journey alone, and reached New York just thirteen weeks after leaving home.

John crossed over to Ireland, and later visited an uncle, from whom he received a small sum of money, which was his rightful inheritance from his maternal grandfather. With this, he again started for America, perhaps hearing the call of a higher Wisdom which designed other pathways for his young feet to tread, but also keenly regretting his apparent desertion of his sister. He wished to rejoin her, as he did in a short time, although his entire worldly possessions might then have been contained in a small bundle, suspended by a stick over his shoulder.

This sister, who was always her brother's stanch friend and supporter, is today, as Mrs. John Wert of Dunmore, Pa., the sole surviving member of her family. The father and sisters eventually followed John and Jane to this country and have all since deceased, Mary as the wife of James Smith of Statington, Pa., and Elizabeth as Mrs. Thomas Young of Dunmore, all finding sepulture in America, except-

ing the gentle mother, whose ashes rest alone where her earthly tasks were ended, and where the reverberating thunder of the vast sea surrounding her island bier, sounds no requiem, but rather majestic hallelujahs of triumph over the freedom of an arisen spirit, to which her voice may add a glad *Te Deum* of thanksgiving that she was chosen as the instrument through which a grand soul found incarnation in mortal form, and to whose earthly mission she perhaps, by her early departure, was enabled to minister, as guardian angel, throughout his eventful pilgrimage.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW WORLD.

" Thus I turn my back;
There is a world elsewhere."
—*Coriolanus.*

It is usually considered a wise Providence that veils the future from human ken. But is it thus veiled by divine decree, by aught but mortal ignorance and blindness? As the race advances in spiritual unfoldment, will not deeper knowledge of divine laws reveal coming events and make wise preparation therefor? Will not clearer prescience, an intelligent use of spiritual eyes and ears, a closer at-one-ment with the divine plan and purpose, a deeper soul-consciousness, be able to foresee all that the soul will meet and accomplish during its mortal career? There are certainly times and seasons when a knowledge of the treasures the future holds in its keeping, would prove of inestimable advantage to the struggling toiler up Life's slope; and to the wise, there are no sorrows whose prevision would dismay. These are but angels in disguise, ministrants to that growth which is sought as the highest goal.

Would it not thus have proven a boon of greatest comfort and encouragement to the poor Irish lad who landed on our shores in the spring of 1847—"a youth to fortune and to fame unknown"? Although the fire of youthful hope and enthusiasm may have burned high in his true heart, the indomitable perseverance and earnestness of his strong nature may have felt equal for any conflict, or any defeat, still the lack of the necessary tools for mastery in Life's battles, the deficiencies of education which he sadly lacked, of friends, or money, made his position indeed a forlorn one. He knew little even of the resources of our language, he had gained only the facility to extract a meagre intelligence from the printed page. Of writing, he as yet knew less, and perhaps had never heard of science, of literature, of art, of which he afterwards became so scholarly, so brilliant an exponent.

Ah, if this boy, then homeless, friendless, unlettered, unknown, could have foreseen that he was yet to gain the esteem, the admiration, the warm love of millions of hearts on this strange soil, that all over this wide country and in the lands he had left behind him, across the sea, that his name would yet become a household word of honor and praise; if he could have known that when his notable

career should at last end, less than forty years later, that his transition would move this American world with the sense of deepest loss, would prove a personal affliction to many hearts; if he could have dreamed that the thousands who would then wish to do honor to his deserted tenement, would even block the street traffic of a large and busy city, would such gratifying prophecy have relaxed his endeavors, lessened his energies, or would it not have lent grateful fuel to the fire of genius which glowed and burned as a latent flame within his soul?

Perhaps nowhere in the entire field of biographical history exists so marked a contrast in so few years, as this life affords between poverty, obscurity and ignorance, and the height it reached of scholarly eminence, of culture, of varied knowledge, great literary resources and of world-wide fame.

Such a victory enforces a deep lesson of encouragement and zest to every aspirant for success, in any field. No soul dreams of its latent possibilities, of the gifts it may unfold, of the power innately its own, the dominance it can freely exercise over all deficiencies, all discouragements. Forces unseen but potent, wait to serve as wings on which it can mount to worthy achievement, even though it be

in the lowly path, the humble but noble toil.

The first purpose of this young immigrant, on landing at the dock in New York, and rejoining his sister, was to reach Philadelphia, where an uncle had once lived, prior to his decease, but of whose family nothing was known. On arrival in the Quaker city, the lad set about the difficult task of tramping through the streets, reading business signs, a task continued with his usual earnestness for three days. He afterwards related with what glad surprise, as he walked through this strange city, he suddenly beheld upon a sign-board, over a store door on Front street, above Willow, the letters which spelled out his own name,

JOHN McCULLOUGH.

He crossed the street, entered the shop and claimed kinship with its proprietor, who proved indeed to be his own cousin, the only survivor of his uncle's family, who had been reared by friends and by them established in the business of chair-making, an important occupation at that time, as all furniture was then made by hand, prior to the advent of modern machinery. This young mechanic kindly made his newly-found cousins welcome, and became warmly interested in them, eventually (although John first found employment

in wheeling coal at the gas works), receiving him as an apprentice at the chair-making trade, which humble employment he followed for some years. He proved to be very handy with tools and soon became a skillful workman. It has been truthfully said of him that he always accomplished whatever he undertook to do, and both in his childhood as in maturer years, the energy and perseverance which he devoted to every pursuit were strong traits of his character.

In his seventeenth year, this lad, who still had upon his tongue "the soft round brogue of his native land," went to board with Samuel McClain on Otter street, Kensington, there becoming acquainted with the daughter of the house, Miss Letitia McClain, whom he subsequently married. Two sons were the fruit of this union, James, born July 4, 1850, and William Johnson (the latter named for McCullough's life-long friend and benefactor), born December 2, 1860. An acquaintance recalls the deep fatherly pride and affection with which he was wont to walk abroad with his two handsome boys, and how he delighted to stand them up on some counter of a corner grocery store, and fill their pockets with nuts or candies, which they rewarded with some childish recitation.

Every member of this family circle found an early departure from this plane of existence, and their dust now rests in the tomb with his own. The sole descendant is the fair young daughter of James McCullough, now Mrs. Alexander Steen. She resides in Philadelphia, and has two beautiful children, Beatrice McCullough and Maurice Moore, the tragedian's great-grandchildren.

The family record on the tomb at Mount Moriah Cemetery is as follows:

JOHN McCULLOUGH
Born Nov. 14, 1832.
Died Nov. 8, 1885.
In the 53rd year of his age.

WILLIAM JOHNSON McCULLOUGH
Born Dec. 2, 1860.
Died Feb. 25, 1886.
In the 26th year of his age.

LETITIA McCULLOUGH
Wife of
JOHN McCULLOUGH
Born April 26, 1833.
Died January 22, 1888.
In the 55th year of her age.

JAMES McCULLOUGH
Born July 4, 1850.
Died January 31, 1892.
In the 42nd year of his age.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OPEN DOOR.

" There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."
—*Julius Cæsar.*

Nothing ever happens. There are no accidents or especial dispensations of Providence in a universe of most marvellous adjustment to intricate, subtle, but divine order. "Eternal law each chance doth guide."

Therefore, it was by no chance that in the same shop where young McCullough worked at chair-making, was also employed an intelligent old mechanic, named Burke, who possessed an ardent admiration for the bard of Avon, and was constantly reciting long passages from Shakespeare to the boy's profound delight. It was the enriching phosphate to the soil of his genius, the tocsin call that aroused his slumbering soul, awakened it to unfoldment and action, and proved the entering wedge to fame and fortune.

The old man's favorite amusement, when in convivial mood, was to murder young McCullough with a paint brush, lay his prostrate form upon a bench, and then recite over it,

with great dramatic fervor, Marc Antony's speech over the dead Cæsar. Years later, when McCullough had become famous, he loved to recount this early episode, and would say:

"I became perfectly enraptured with the man, and made such a patient, accommodating corpse that he finally made me a present of a copy of Shakespeare. From that day, the doom of the chair-making business, so far as I was concerned, was sealed forever. To me, the book was a revelation. I had never heard of Shakespeare before. I pored over it with the delight of a child at the first reading of 'Arabian Nights,' and almost unconsciously began to commit the most famous lines to memory, until it was soon Burke's turn to be stabbed with a paint brush, and to be laid out on the bench, while *I* invited the sympathies of the shop."

At this time, McCullough's facility in reading was still so imperfect, that it was his custom to seat himself on the steps of the shop, when the children were returning from school, and coax them to read for him lines from his beloved volume, which he then repeated after them, and thus secured in his retentive memory.

The old man also took the lad with him to

the "spout shop", as he called the room where he and a company of fellow amateurs held forth, occasionally, and later, treated him to a genuine performance at the old Arch Street Theatre, this first drama which McCullough ever witnessed being Shiel's tragedy of "The Apostate," which the elder Booth made so famous in his great role of *Pescara.* (It is a singular coincidence that the last time John Wilkes Booth ever appeared in public performance, was at a fraternal benefit tendered to McCullough, in Washington, and the play was "The Apostate.")

The apprentice became, in the intervals of his toil, a diligent student, most of his time being spent in closest study and research along literary and dramatic lines; this with no intent then of becoming an actor, but the expanding germ of power within, impelled him along this path. Gifted with remarkable natural intelligence, with keen, quick perceptions, wonderful powers of observation and absorption, and a most retentive memory, his progress was rapid. As one great feat of his strong mind, it is recorded that in a brief month, he had devoured the whole of "Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Literature," digesting and absorbing it so thoroughly, that he could quote from its data as reliably, as if

the volumes were open before him, the career of the great minds in the field of classic literature being henceforth to him familiar history

Meanwhile the potent magnet of his genius, and his zeal for knowledge, attracted into his atmosphere all that could foster its unfoldment. It was quite natural then that he should at this early stage of his career, unite himself with a local dramatic club, "The Boothenian Dramatic Association," which held its meetings and gave occasional performances in the fourth story of an abandoned warehouse, once used as a sugar refinery. This young recruit in the ranks of this amateur association, achieved such honorable position therein, that on one occasion he was permitted to play "Othello," with their support, at the Callowhill Street Museum in Philadelphia.

This early attempt at "Othello" was witnessed by William S. Fredericks, then acting and stage manager of the Arch Street Theatre, (of which Wheatley and Clarke were proprietors) and noted as one of the most careful and judicious stage managers in the country. The young man strongly attracted this veteran's attention. He noticed that McCullough was letter perfect in his lines, that he had a strong, rich, melodious voice, and spoke so as to be heard in all parts of the house.

His personal bearing at this time, as always, was imposing, impressive and attractive. His fine, frank face and grand head, with its wealth of brown hair, was illumined by kindly, soulful, blue eyes and one of the sweetest smiles, his friends all aver, that was ever seen on the lips of man, woman or child, the parted lips revealing his perfect teeth. His beautiful soul shone radiantly through every window and avenue of expression.

But, on the strength of his gifts of dramatic promise, Mr. Fredericks offered him a position to play minor parts in the Arch Street Theatre, at a salary of four dollars per week, which he accepted, greatly to the disapproval of his cousin, who believed "there were more four-leaved clovers to be found in his factory, than on the Thespian stage." This new aspirant for dramatic honors was first cast for the part of *Thomas*, the servant, in "The Belle's Stratagem," this initial performance occurring August 15, 1857.

On the Monday following his first appearance, Mr. E. L. Davenport opened an engagement at the "Arch," in "The Wife," wherein the duty was assigned to young John of holding Mr. Davenport in his arms, while he died, on the stage, and it was noticed that the supporter was much more shaky in the scene

than the dying man, and nearly dropped the prospective corpse. But Davenport was exceedingly kind to the young beginner, and, giving him later, a small part in "Julius Cæsar," patted him on the shoulder, at rehearsal, and said:

"Now John, to-night, I want you to be careful above all things to *look* like a Roman," whereupon it is recorded, that the young novice, being determined to do his best, after a slight indecision as to whether he should spend the last twenty-five cents he had in the world, to have his hair curled, that his resemblance to a Roman might be more enhanced, or get something to eat, went onto the stage with his hair nicely curled, but with an empty stomach, and on that night, received his first round of applause. Even at this early day, he could readily have prompted the star in any of the leading characters of Shakespeare, he had memorized them so carefully.

From this time, his efforts were redoubled. Perhaps the stage never possessed a more painstaking, laborious student, through all obstacles and hardships. His part was always perfectly committed, and performed to the best of his ability, an ever increasing quantity. For each ray of light from any field of observation or study, every advanced idea,

which his eager, zealous mind absorbed from any source was at once utilized in his dramatic impersonations. As one critic has declared: "He did not stand still, he was not lazy. Each night put him a step in advance of the point already attained. McCullough studied to advance his profession, as well as himself, which not only produced the desired result but laid the foundation of a fame which has enriched the dramatic history of the country."

He studied elocution with Mr. Lemuel White, the tutor of many noted actors, and it was at his house that McCullough met Mr. William F. Johnson, then a student, now a prominent lawyer of Philadelphia, from whom he received not only sympathy and friendship, but who henceforth fostered the young actor's desire for a liberal education, directing his studies in many growthful channels, and was ever his devoted assistant and faithful friend. It was through his judicious training that McCullough chiefly obtained his education, and by his advice, attention was directed to departments of learning apart from the stage, which made the actor the polished, scholarly gentleman he afterwards became.

In Mrs. Drew's Autobiography, an old play bill of this era is included, proclaiming the

Second Week (November 29, 1859) of that "Gloriously Successful" Drama, "Fast Men of the Olden Time," in whose cast the name of "Mr. McCullough" appears in the character of *Charles I. King of England.*

This young man was next offered a position for one year—the season of 1860-61—in the stock company of the Howard Atheneum, Boston, under the management of Mr. E. L. Davenport. Years later, an incident of this era was related by W. J. Florence, illustrating even at this early period in McCullough's career, how accurate a student he was of Shakespeare.

Messrs. Davenport and Florence were dressing for a performance in the same room, when Davenport quoted a line from Shakespeare, also giving, as he supposed, the play from which he was quoting. Mr. McCullough, who was dressing in an adjoining room, overhearing the quotation, knocked on the partition and said, "No, Mr. Davenport, you have quoted from the wrong play." To think of such a Shakespearian scholar as Mr. Davenport being corrected by a novice, a stripling in experience, was almost beyond calm endurance. So Mr. Davenport paid no attention to the remark, passing it over in silence. During the following day, however, he con-

sulted his Shakespeare, and found that he had quoted wrongly. Therefore, at the next evening's performance, he acknowledged to McCullough, that he had made a mistake, complimenting the young actor on the accuracy of his Shakespearian knowledge and also predicting for him a great future. His advance, however, was most gradual, while steady and continuous, and always richly deserved. By the force of his highly endowed emotional nature, he succeeded as few actors, his equals perhaps in other respects, have been able to, in identifying himself with the part he was playing.

An incident of this season at the Howard Atheneum is related by his friend, Mr. Johnson, which is indicative of his character, his ambition, ability and dauntless purpose. Davenport, the star, was suddenly taken ill and could not appear in his part, which was that of *Robert Landry* in " The Dead Heart," one of the longest parts in the modern romantic drama. Young McCullough was directed at noon to be in readiness to come on and read the lines that evening. He took the play home, committed the whole of it to memory within the short interval, and without previous explanation to anybody in the theatre, he went onto the stage letter perfect,

and played *Robert Landry* very creditably. He always felt that this episode had a marked influence upon his subsequent fortunes, as the accomplishment of this difficult feat became widely known, and reached the ears of Edwin Forrest.

In the fall of 1861, he was again in Philadelphia, at the Walnut-Street Theatre, then conducted by Mrs. Garretson. It was here that his great promise of dramatic excellence attracted anew the attention of Edwin Forrest, who requested his release from Mrs. Garretson, securing her consent by the offer to play at her benefit, a promise afterwards fulfilled.

McCullough was now engaged as Forrest's support in those great dramas peculiarly his own, playing *Richmond*, *Iago*, *Pythias*, *Macduff*, *Edgar*, *Icilius*, and similar parts, appearing first with Forrest at Dayton, Ohio, and traveling with him throughout the country, gaining constantly in experience and popularity, until he became a general favorite, winning all hearts by the great charm of his personality, as well as by the excellence of his talents.

CHAPTER V.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

" The portal to a wide expanse
Whose very name exhales romance.
A country, peerless, wondrous, great,
And guarded by a Golden Gate."

—*Clarence Urmy.*

In the height of his fame, McCullough was wont to declare that the first time a suggestion of the position it was his destiny to attain upon the stage, or when the possibility of any future greatness ever dawned upon him, was in his first appearance with Forrest in Boston, in October, 1861, in the character of *Pythias*, which he played to Forrest's *Damon*. At the close of the performance, there were loud cries from the audience for *Pythias* as well as for the older star; and Forrest, taking the young actor's hand, led him to the footlights to receive the enthusiastic plaudits of the people, who greeted him with prolonged cheers. It was thus that his great modesty gained recognition of his own genius. He then knew he had " made a hit."

At a prior rendition, however, a kind act of Forrest's is recorded. In the part of

Pythias, it will be remembered, that *Damon*, on the stage, being attacked, *Pythias* rushes from the wings, crying: "Back, on your lives, cowards!" and then advances to clasp the hand of his friend. As McCullough did this, Forrest noticed that he was weak and trembling from stage nervousness, and that his hand was limp and clammy. With much presence of mind, Forrest whispered encouragingly, "Cheer up, my boy, you are looking well and doing well." He pressed his hand with a warm, magnetic grasp, and infused such new life into him, that he played the part most brilliantly.

The only criticism ever made upon the acting of McCullough has been that he was a copy of Forrest, imitated his methods and mannerisms with a lesser power. And this stricture at first, may have been to a degree true, and was a natural result of their close association. But Forrest also gained from the softening, refining influence of the gentler spirit of McCullough, who steadily gained the confidence and affection of his chief. Forrest soon discovered that he could rely upon McCullough for all arrangements upon the stage, and once, early in their connection, asked him how he wanted certain parts of "Othello" to be presented on an opening

night; and again, in response to a query, Forrest said: " McCullough, play the part to the best of your ability and that will please me." But Forrest was not noted for tolerance or patience with a laggard or careless performer, his rebukes being often caustic and severe.

On one occasion, his leading lady, a popular actress and estimable woman, missed a word of her part, at rehearsal. Forrest reprimanded her most sharply, and the lady departed as the rehearsal ended. But the potent leaven of McCullough's gentler spirit worked upon Forrest's fiery temperament with subtle power. His rebuke, in such kindly atmosphere, seemed especially severe, until, realizing what hasty mistake he had made, Forrest asked McCullough if he knew the lady's residence; and together they called upon the worthy actress while Forrest made proper apology for his rude language. Forrest thus often, it is said, " relied upon his younger co-laborer for a word of cool judgment, at the proper season."

McCullough was always the true-hearted, courteous gentleman, right and not policy being the keynote of his character. He dared to do right, and chose naturally the honorable course, at all times, under all circumstances.

After playing with Forrest throughout the country for four or five years, he accompanied him to California (whither the great artist went "by invitation of the State officers and members of the Senate and Assembly—a small portion of his many admirers on the Pacific coast"), in the early months of 1866, making the long journey by way of the Isthmus, landing at San Francisco May 3, and opening at Maguire's Theatre May 14, in the play of "Richelieu," Forrest acting the *Cardinal*, and McCullough, *De Mauprat*. He shared Forrest's triumphs here for thirty-five performances, with an average business of a thousand dollars a night, a success suddenly checked by the illness and retirement of the older tragedian, who, after spending some months in search of health on the Pacific slope, journeyed eastward.

McCullough afterwards declared that with Forrest's return, he parted from his best friend, then and there, and, alluding to the common belief that Forrest was cross and ugly, added: "To me he was always the same whole-souled, liberal and entirely just companion and friend, and I cannot forget, if I live to be a hundred, that it is to these qualities of his that I owe my present position."

Ah, but no assistance, encouragement, or strong support could have advanced a worthless soul. The Promethean fire was there, only awaiting a kindly breath to fan it into living flame.

At the close of their business settlement, Forrest said to McCullough: "I believe I have kept my agreement with you to the letter, but before we part, I want to thank you for your strict fidelity to your professional duties at all times. And allow me to say, that I have been most of all pleased to see you uniformly so studious and zealous in your efforts to improve. Continue in this course, firm against any temptation, and you will command a proud and happy future. Now, as a token of my esteem, I put into your hands, the sum of five hundred dollars, which I want you to invest for your little boy, to accumulate until he is twenty-one years old, and then to be given to him."

McCullough said that "with the exception of two or three memorable outbreaks, which he immediately forgave and forgot, Forrest was extremely kind to him, sparing no pains to encourage and further him," and in return, the younger man would at any time "have gladly given his heart's blood for his dear old imperious master," whom, in his enthu-

siasm, he held to be the most truthful and powerful actor that ever lived. "Such an estimate," remarks Rev. W. R. Alger, in his great life of Edwin Forrest, "by one of McCullough's talent and rank, making every allowance for the personal equation, is an abundant offset for the squeamish purist who has stigmatized Forrest as a 'coarse ranter,' and the prejudiced critic who called him 'a vast animal, bewildered with a grain of genius.' The treatment McCullough received from Forrest during his five years of constant service under him, the impression he made on his young coadjutor and the permanent esteem and gratitude he secured from him, are all pleasant to contemplate."

After Forrest's departure, McCullough remained at Maguire's Theatre for two years, and speedily won the hearts of that cordial Western community. It was flush times with the bonanza kings in 1867, and Mr. Ralston, the banker, offered to back the tragedian and build for his especial use, the California Theatre, whose management McCullough at first undertook in partnership with his renowned confrère—Lawrence Barrett. This opened a most brilliant and lucrative era in his professional career, for after Mr. Barrett's withdrawal in 1870, he retained the theatre

five years longer, making numerous starring trips meanwhile to the Eastern and Southern States, while leaving the "California" in charge of his friend and co-worker, Col. Barton Hill, but he was always welcomed on his return with the greatest enthusiasm, with many touching proofs of genuine and devoted affection.

On one of his return visits to the Pacific coast, he chose for his opening performance, the role of *Spartacus*, in Dr. Bird's manuscript play of "The Gladiator," which he had bought from the estate of his now deceased friend, Forrest, for $2,500.00. Of this event the *San Francisco Daily Alta* of February 16, 1874, reports:

"The reappearance of Mr. McCullough, the favorite of California, after an absence of seven months, was an incentive which filled the California Theatre to a density never before reached. The upper gallery might well have represented Porter's famous painting of a Roman amphitheatre. It was an ovation of sincere friendship for the man, as well as admiration for the actor, the applause on his entrance, in heartiness and earnestness, was beyond anything within the recollection of the most appreciative and enthusiastic audience that ever filled a theatre. He should be

the happiest man in the world. Called before the curtain, and first accepting a beautiful basket of flowers from a sweet little girl in the proscenium box, he returned his thanks in the following speech:

"'Ladies and gentlemen, dear friends, I should say, for so I feel you are, by the interest you have shown to me. I can never adequately express my gratitude to you for your encouragement of every effort I have made, since I first came to the hospitable shores of California. Greeting me kindly when I came among you as a stranger, overlooking my faults, encouraging my study of the standard plays and commending my ambitious efforts to win a name, I feel that to you, I owe all the success which has attended my late tour through the principal cities of the East. Without the stamp of your approval, I could not have had such a hearing in other cities.

"'That I love my adopted California, and that I am proud of our noble city, I believe, will not be questioned by any one who met me on the other side of the mountains. But, even my strong love and great pride were increased when I had opportunity to make comparisons with other places visited in my professional capacity. Of the standing of

this theatre, I will not speak, lest I may be suspected of boasting, but your action and its results are tangible; here you have maintained this temple devoted to the drama, and have made it profitable to give the plays of Shakespeare and other standard writers, while in New York, the metropolis of the United States, with its million of inhabitants, the only theatre devoted to the legitimate drama, has brought its owner to bankruptcy, and the owner a tragedian of eminent ability, a great actor, and the scion of a great actor.

" ' Can you wonder, then, that I feel proud of California, proud of my position here, and grateful to you for encouragement and support?

" ' I shall not tire you with a long speech, after your patience in listening to the play, but I felt that I must say something to thank you, to thank the press, to thank my earnest personal friends, who have made my cause their own and left nothing undone that could ensure me kind treatment wherever I went. With these remarks, I beg to be allowed to retire, and most respectfully bid you, one and all, good night.' "

On a later visit of the tragedian to San Francisco, the *Alta* of March 28, 1876, remarks: " Our California favorite, after

achieving triumphs in all the large cities of the East, returned to give his earlier friends an opportunity to see him in some of his favorite characters, after he has perfected them by repeated representations. He chose the character of the Roman father, partly because he loves it and partly because the Boston public were charmed into an extraordinary display of enthusiasm over his impersonation of Virginius, in that city, and he wished to give the people of California an opportunity to see how he had improved his rendition of the part, by study. Not a scene but shows trace of finer elaboration and more perfect poise; though even his early performances were masterly, in comparison with any other artist. The tumultuous applause and waving of handkerchiefs betokened an involuntary tribute to genius, and the recalls were marked by an extraordinary display of enthusiasm, stopping little short of a positive ovation. McCullough never returns to us without having learned some new lesson; he gives his every part some new finish. He has now acquired a dignity and repose of manner which give an added depth and intensity to his expression of feeling. San Franciscans are not able fully to appreciate the superiority of McCullough's art as it now stands, because

they have witnessed the gradual forming process. His style is warm, impulsive, vigorous and touches the heart. He was the recipient of a wreath of laurel and several bouquets of flowers."

After a brief rest at the close of this engagement, McCullough emerged from his temporary retirement to play in "Damon and Pythias" for the purpose of adding increased lustre to the season of his friend, Edwin Adams, and again he played *Othello* to his *Iago*. On the occasion of Adams' benefit, McCullough appeared in "London Assurance," almost every one in the cast being cast out of his line. The *Alta* of May 28th, states that "McCullough and Adams looked strangely enough in the modern drama, and the free, swinging gestures of the classic school accord illy with broadcloth and social cigars, while Barton Hill as *Dolly Spanker* was as utterly out of his line as if he had been cast for *Pert*."

The spring of 1876 was also made notable by the advent in San Francisco of Edwin Booth, whose visit became especially brilliant and successful through McCullough's cordial generosity, always unfailing in its expression to every artist in the profession. To ensure

a triumph for his brother tragedian, he enacted with him second parts in " Richelieu," " Richard III." and other distinctive plays, thus achieving one of the most remarkable and lucrative engagements in the annals of the American stage.

For the benefit of Mr. Barton Hill, his acting manager (who played *Edgar* on that occasion), he gave a notable performance of " King Lear," upon which the *Alta* of March 3, 1874, comments: " In ' King Lear,' McCullough filled the stage with the majesty of his presence. He seemed every inch a king. It has been asserted that McCullough does not sufficiently simulate old age in his impersonation of *Cardinal Richelieu*, and that therefore he is incapable of subduing his vigorous nature to counterfeit the decrepitude of age. This was shown to be without foundation in the performance last night, and perhaps it may serve as a hint to some, that his theory is that the *Cardinal's* infirmity was mainly assumed, and that the passionate outbursts are entirely natural. Certain it is that no fault could be found with his manner of counterfeiting the age of *King Lear*, either in the petulant exhibition of his infirmity in the first act, in the scene with his two daughters in the second

act, or the exquisitely tender and sad scene with *Edgar* and *Cordelia*. The curse was delivered with such an impressiveness that his spectators sympathized with the unhappy woman—unnatural daughter as she was—and would have averted the anathema, if possible."

The following issue of this periodical contains the *Alta's* estimate of his "Othello": "McCullough's impersonation of the jealous Moor is amazingly clear and powerful. In the first two acts, the confiding love and extreme tenderness of *Othello* is admirably portrayed, but it remains for the succeeding scenes to witness his grand display of jealousy under the tortures of *Iago*. The struggles between his pride and jealousy were given with indescribable power of gesture and facial display. He endeavors to maintain his pride before *Iago*, who with insinuations against his wife, arouses the green-eyed monster, then throws aside all reserve and allows the agony that fills him to have full sway. The scene where, goaded to frenzy, he seizes *Iago* by the throat and hurls him to the ground, demanding the proof, was tremendous in its sweeping impetuosity. His interview with *Desdemona*, when he charges her with his suspicions, was also impressively natural. The scene of the

murder is awfully real and terribly effective, adding still further to his triumph as the greatest tragedian on the stage."

CHAPTER VI.

THE GOLDEN GATE.
(Continued.)

" How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."
—*Merchant of Venice.*

Prior to McCullough's establishment in a theatre of his own, in San Francisco, in the interim following Mr. Forrest's departure for the East, an episode is related by a near and dear friend of our "genial John"—that charming author, accomplished scholar and world-wide traveler, Professor Charles Warren Stoddard, Ph. D., L. H. D.—which reveals the actor's amiable readiness to obliterate his own choice and interest to save a situation, or advance another's good.

He was playing an engagement at Maguire's Theatre as the support in leading characters, of Madame Celeste, a French actress of considerable note, but whose knowledge of the art of acting had outlasted the fire of youth, and she failed to gain the appreciation of the California people. The season promised to be a dismal failure, to the manager's great distress, when, at this juncture, a little lady

appeared upon the scene—Alice Kingsbury—who had come out to California, alone and unknown, and desired a position.

McCullough advised the perplexed manager, in his dilemma, to give Miss Kingsbury a trial, and with his sweet, gracious spirit, volunteered to play the part of *Laundry* to her *Fanchon*. Her success proved electrical; she captured by storm, the entire city, which bestowed upon her the title of the "Elfin Star," and for a long time she remained the idol of the theatre-going world. The press of that date announced daily the "Undeviating Success of Alice Kingsbury," a record still unbroken in her present role of estimable wife and mother.

With many actors and actresses, the gift of painting often craves expression in the intervals of their dramatic triumphs, the pencil or the brush thus relieving the arduous duties of their profession. An instance is related by Professor Stoddard (a warm friend of both McCullough and Miss Kingsbury), that on one occasion, she essayed to paint for Mr. Stoddard, a bunch of violets, but lingering too long to chat with the genial tragedian, the flowers faded and could no longer serve as a fitting study for her brush. While expressing regret at her failure to reproduce the violets,

and deciding to paint a rose-bud instead, Mr. Stoddard courteously deprecated the trouble this effort in his behalf was giving her, when McCullough's deep voice and ready thought, which so spontaneously found Shakespearian expression, reminded them that

"The labor we delight in, physics pain."

His gracious courtesy, the natural expression of a kind heart, always bubbled forth as from a full reservoir. Volumes could be filled with instances of his great generosity and nobility of spirit. The following is contributed by Miss Carrie Wyatt of San Francisco:

" There came one day to the stage door of the California Theatre, a young girl, who tearfully begged to be allowed to enter the corps of the ballet. She was being turned away, in a somewhat peremptory manner, by the keeper of the stage door, when Mr. McCullough arrived at the entrance. Seeing the girl's distress, he inquired the cause thereof. Not knowing who he was, she told him of a sick mother, a lame little brother, their rent due, and her need of employment imperative. Putting his hand in his pocket, McCullough gave her a twenty-dollar gold piece, telling her to go home for that time, but to return on the morrow to the theatre and she should find work. Six months later, this same girl,

with smiling face, indicative of her prosperity, handed McCullough twenty dollars. He looked at her in amazement, asking what it could mean.

" ' Oh, sir,' she cried, ' have you forgotten that you lent it to me and gave me work, and now we are so happy because of your great kindness,' but he could not recall the incident."

His charities were too perennial in their blossoming, to make one solitary instance distinctive enough for his remembrance.

During the engagement of Harry Montague at this theatre, Miss Wyatt was assigned an important part, which required handsome costumes. At the first rehearsal, McCullough came to her and asked: " Little woman, what are you going to wear? " She replied, " Oh, Miss ——— is going to lend me some of her dresses." He smiled, in his sweet, benevolent way (and who could withstand his smile?), and said: " Well, we don't want any borrowed finery; we want our own. Get what you need and send a bill into the box office of $150.00," and before she could thank him, he had turned away to discuss the scenery with Dion Boucicault.

When, early in her career, Mary Anderson visited California, and her engagement did not prove a success, when, as she herself has

since expressed it, she was "losing money nightly for this kindest of friends," the "Governor," as he was usually called by his troupe, suggested giving her a benefit, offering to play *Ingomar* to her *Parthenia*, but Miss Anderson replied: "I can't; I have no dress suitable for the part, and I have no money with which to buy one," whereupon McCullough wrote an order to a leading dry goods emporium for the most beautiful white china crêpe dress in its establishment, and, of course, the classic Mary was a dream of loveliness on the night of her first benefit.

Another anecdote reveals still a different side of his noble character, great in its humility. At a rehearsal, a raw recruit from the street, one engaged for the rabble in "Julius Cæsar," persisted in shouting in the wrong place. The "Governor" endured the annoyance for some time, and then turning on an unfortunate fellow, said with some impatience: "Get off the stage, or keep your mouth shut!" At the close of the rehearsal the real malefactor, who had performed the ill-timed shouting act, stepped forward to McCullough and said:

"Mr. Brutus, you cussed the wrong chap. He uns is too green to shout."

The "Governor" said "Where is he?"

and on being shown where he stood, this royal citizen of the kingdom of heaven, with his majestic port and leonine tread, approached the little ragamuffin, and said kindly:

"My boy, I am sorry; I made a mistake."

While disaster was not unknown to the great tragedian, for "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" did not pass him by, but often made his sensitive heart a target for their winged barbs, he was what might be called a lucky man. In games or sales of chance, he always won the prize; in every raffle his was the lucky ticket. On one occasion a lottery was held, being licensed by the State, in aid of the Mercantile Library of San Francisco. Several prizes were offered, among them a grand piano, to be raffled for, in connection with a performance at the California Theatre. McCullough was not playing that evening, but sat, as was often his wont, when not on the boards, in one of the proscenium boxes. A young man, coming in late to take a chance on the piano, was told that but three or four tickets remained. Noticing the great artist sitting near, the young man appealed to him:

"Mr. McCullough, which of these tickets shall I choose?"

Turning to survey the bits of pasteboard, and placing his finger on one of them, McCullough said:

"Take that one," whereupon the late comer thus became the fortunate winner of the prize.

At a charity concert in San Francisco, McCullough was on the program for a recitation. It was Bret Harte's "Flynn of Virginia." When he came to the concluding line, "Stranger, don't you know Flynn?" Edwin Adams, who was in one of the boxes, rising to his full height, said solemnly, "I don't." McCullough, smiling, replied, as he bowed himself off the stage, "Well, that doesn't surprise me." The audience saw the point of the joke and received it with great merriment and applause.

It was during his residence in California that an unknown aspirant of the drama appealed to him for advice and recognition as an actress. Realizing her possession of dramatic talent, he found her command of the English language most imperfect. He advised her to go back to her home and devote an entire year to the study of pronunciation and construction. During all the months that followed, he never wearied of her frequent appeals to him, patiently drilling

and teaching her, until the successful debut of Modjeska was accomplished, for whose appearance McCullough most generously relinquished the last week of his management of the California Theatre.

The great tragedian was a welcome and prominent feature in the social life of the Western metropolis and adored by every one with whom he came in contact. He was a member of the noted Bohemian Club, which has included in its long catalogue the names of so many brilliant stars in the literary and artistic firmament. He was perhaps present on that occasion when the grand poet of the Sierras was being teased by some of the members of the Club for his belief in immortality, and was even challenged to prove it. Whereupon, raising himself to his full heroic stature, and smiting his breast with his clenched hand, Miller proudly exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, my soul is not in a police court. It *disdains* to prove its immortality. I cannot prove to you the sun will rise to-morrow morning. *I know it will.*"

To many a listener on that day, as to our noble friend, the sun of proven immortality has since grandly arisen.

CHAPTER VII.

IN OTHER FIELDS.

" All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances."
—*As You Like It.*

But times changed on the Pacific coast. In 1875, Mr. Ralston committed suicide, other friends died, misfortunes overtook the earnest manager, and after ten years of brilliant record, the theatre passed from McCullough's hands and he again entered upon his starring tours through the large cities of the East, where he had already won an enviable renown, displaying each year a riper manliness in his art, as in his personality, while his performances were marked by an ever increasing brilliancy, grace and power, an advance attained by ceaseless effort, by most laborious and careful toil.

A friend has said: " The man who, in a quarter of a century, by reason of individual effort and talent alone, can take such rapid strides unaided, deserves all he can receive of

praise." John McCullough certainly knew no royal road to fame.

At this time, his imitation of Forrest was entirely overcome. He never achieved his true greatness until he had shaken off the classic influence of his great friend and preceptor, had outgrown the influence thus imbibed by daily contact. He did not prove his sterling metal until his true inner nature began to express itself, and his interior conceptions of human nature. While carefully observing all criticism, and perhaps no actor ever received intelligent criticism more kindly, was more eager to profit by it, he now began to work from his higher ideals and to express his own innate powers. Like a true artist, he constantly strove for perfection, and when his acting showed the most fire and vehemence, even sublimity, there was always a suggestion of still greater power held in reserve, which opulence of force and genius transcends the plane of imitation.

He was a man of great force of character or he could not so thrillingly have portrayed force; a man of a deeply passionate nature, or he could not so masterfully have delineated passion; of stanchest honor, or he could not so successfully have depicted his horror of deceit and intrigue, while the unvarying

sweetness of his guileless heart lent tenderness to his every artistic conception. He had great moral emotions, an intense love of nature, in short, every quality which endowed him with the possibilities of a great actor.

It were easy to believe that other and earlier experiences of the soul had enriched his powers, that, unconsciously to himself, he possessed an intuitive heredity. One might readily conceive that he had once known the life of a Roman, he seemed so born to the purple. No one ever wore a toga so regally, so naturally. In physique, bearing, in statuesque poise, balanced by an unfailing modesty and humility of temperament, in grandeur of head and face, with a voice that was marvellously rich, melodious and vibrant, a munificent Nature had seemingly lavished all her treasures on this favorite son, which his own true heart supplemented by loyalty, fidelity and industry.

Yet he had great difficulties to overcome, among these, people's stereotyped ideas of what *Lears* and *Hamlets* ought to be, which conception he could not blindly follow; then there was at first a feeling of resentment in the public mind, that McCullough should undertake the parts that Forrest had made

so entirely his own, but the earnest artist forged his way onward, evolving the basic conceptions of his soul, creating from his own ideality the characters he represented. Thus he could give the finest renditions of genius because it existed within him, and found its fitting outlet of expression.

It were easy to tell what McCullough did, but who can paint a soul, whose pristine light inspired his external consciousness and his action? It was this indefinable power, this spiritual quality that appealed to the hearts of his hearers, lifted them above the sensuous plane and thrilled them as few artists ever did. For his dramatization was subjective. Charles Dickens wrote what he saw, and his dramatic creations were objective. McCullough's art lay in expressing out of himself, his own being, as true art is ever thus evolved; and that inner self was brimful of all that was beautiful and beneficent in the ideal, and in its practilization. Dishonor in him could find no resting place.

His first appearance as a star had been made at St. Louis, Mo., in the Olympic Theatre (of which Spalding and Pope were then managers), on September 29, 1873. Coming thither from California, he was "con-

signed " like some precious package, by Mr. Ralston, to Mr. William H. Thompson, of the Boatmen's Bank, and Mr. Girard B. Allen, with this recommendation, " You can stake your bottom dollar on this fellow."

Great interest was felt in his Western home in relation to his reception and success in St. Louis, and several telegrams were exchanged in regard to his opening performance. Among the rest were these. The first is from Mayor Brown to Mr. W. S. Ralston:

" McCullough's opening night was a perfect ovation. A most intelligent and appreciative house greeted him with showers of applause."

To this welcome message, Ralston sent the following reply:

" Please accept the merited thanks of our best people for yourself and other kind friends who so nobly received and aided Mr. McCullough, the representative and gentlemanly tragedian of California, of whom all feel proud."

The *St. Louis Republican* of October 3rd pays this tribute: " Such a hard week's work is seldom undertaken by manager or star and a more legitimate series of performances was never afforded to the public, with the bill changed every night and no performance repeated. ' Coriolanus,' ' Othello,' ' Julius Cæsar,' ' Richelieu,' ' Hamlet,' ' Richard

III.,' six great plays, whose impersonation must have been exceedingly wearing.

" Perhaps at first our people did not appreciate the esteem in which McCullough is held in California. We know him now ourselves and can better realize the position which he holds at home. He has already made a name here, has established himself as a St. Louis favorite, and that is something to accomplish in just six performances."

The sincere admiration which he had won culminated in a flattering testimonial of which he was made the recipient by many prominent citizens of the city, as evidenced by the following correspondence:

St. Louis, October 1, 1873.

John McCullough, Esq.

Dear Sir: Deeply impressed by the originality and force of your renditions in the most elevated characters, and desiring to express our admiration of your genius in a public and emphatic form, we respectfully ask you, on behalf of the citizens generally, to designate an evening when a benefit performance can take place and at which we can collectively testify our esteem and respect.

We desire to honor you, sir, not merely because Nature has gifted you with a rich and singular genius, but because you have

devoted that genius to the noblest purposes of the stage. You have had the courage to grasp the most massive models in the great Shakespearian dramas, and by the patient study of their requirements and the might and enthusiasm of your genius, you have accomplished a success as memorable as unprecedented.

A great actor deserves the respect of the world and at the commencement of your career, we offer you our best wishes and sincerest admiration.

Joseph Brown
Henry Overstolz
George Knapp
John Knapp
James O. Broadhead
Theodore Lavelle
D. B. Armstrong
Oliver B. Folley
James C. Cabot
George W. Fishbach
Barton Abie
Charles P. Warner
H. J. McKellops
Chester H. Krum
R. M. Scruggs
Frederick Cromwell
Montrose A. Pullen
William Hyde
John Whittaker
Daniel G. Taylor
John G. Prather
Geo. Frank Gonley
Charles P. Johnson
Isaac Cook
Philip C. Taylor
W. C. Kennett
Samuel Pepper
D. H. McAdam
C. Frank Lubke
Girard B. Allen
J. G. Chouteau
J. C. Normile
Richard L. Compton
Adolph Busch
John Hodnett

Southern Hotel,
St. Louis, October 2, 1873.

Messrs Joseph Brown, Chas. P. Johnson, Isaac Cook, George Knapp, Henry Overstolz, O. B. Folley, Girard B. Allen, and others.

Gentlemen:

I am as much surprised as gratified by your kind expressions of good will. As an humble student of the great masters in Art, I feel proud to have merited this mark of attention and appreciation at your hands. Your letter almost persuades me that I shall succeed in the high walk of the drama I have chosen, and in any case, I shall ever remember with deep gratitude the cordial applause and warm encouragement extended to me by the people of St. Louis at this early stage of my career. I hope to come back to you at some future day still more worthy of your approbation. I would name Friday evening, October 3rd, for the " benefit performance " which you propose. The play will be " Hamlet."

Again assuring you of my heartfelt gratitude,

I am yours respectfully,
John McCullough.

The *Republican* reports this performance as "a very grand affair in every particular. There was a very large and brilliant assemblage, composed of our first citizens and their families, which left no available inch of space in

the house. It constituted an ovation of which McCullough can long be proud. Called out repeatedly, he received plentiful tributes of flowers, baskets of them, and more bouquets than he could hold, and he also made a short speech, which was well received."

His second visit to St. Louis was made in March, 1874, when the *Republican* of March 19th notices McCullough's rendition of "Hamlet" as follows:

"We have a stronger personal interest in McCullough's *Hamlet* than in Booth's, though it may lack some points of finish. It is a more live man, one therefore decidedly more heroic. It is healthy, symmetric, surpassingly sympathetic, and hints at a power of expression yet undeveloped, and will gradually win audiences to its purpose. McCullough's *Hamlet* is his own work, notwithstanding the traditions and a certain classic model, which has become a fixture in the gallery of dramatic figures. He does not violently disturb the traditions, but honestly construes them for himself. Neither does he demolish in iconoclastic style. But he reverently takes it out of the shadows and dust which have enveloped it and places it in a more healthful and a stronger light.

" His *Hamlet* is a flesh and blood man, and not a philosophic abstraction; his *Hamlet* has his five senses and his perfect mental poise, his normal affection, his sound philosophy and his vigorous manhood. He places himself in a strong and no ambiguous light. Nothing in his nature is misty or obscure, and he behaves himself like almost any young man of twenty-eight, in his surroundings, would do. He really loves *Ophelia* and meant to do honestly by her, a trait of character which is often blurred in treatment, or left entirely in the dark. His performance of *Hamlet* was a very fine and full success in conception and delineation."

Again, on March 20th, it is recorded: " McCullough's models are all the result of his own study. He has reached them by a process of gradual development, and a true understanding of his style and treatment unfolds itself to the auditor in the same manner. That McCullough invites and bears study is evidence of his originality. While he moves within the prescribed limits of art in everything he does, his enthusiasm gives an impulsive dash to his manner, which is sure to catch and carry the sympathy of his audience.

" He often produces those electric effects which can only be obtained by the power of striking fire in a thousand hearts at the same moment, responsive to the spark which flashes in his own. An actor cannot always do this with the same words, in the same situation, but the subtle power to do it is the genius of art. McCullough often reaches the highest triumph in the actor's art,"

From St. Louis, the tragedian journeyed to Cincinnati, New York, to New Orleans and to Washington, where the next year, he played a notable engagement, although he had hitherto appeared there many times, in connection with Forrest. But now, in his forty-second year, he stood alone, and stormed the doors of Fame with stalwart, valiant blows. In a two-weeks' visit in the Capital City, beginning November 29, 1875, he achieved a great success, appearing in a wide repertoire of characters, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Shylock* (followed by *Petruchio* in " The Taming of the Shrew "), *Othello*, *Richelieu*, *Spartacus*, *Jack Cade*, *Damon*, *Virginius* and *Metamora*.

The *Washington Chronicle* of above date says: " There is no other living tragedian in the country, since the death of Forrest, who has taken the hold upon the public and secured

their esteem and affection, as has this young and careful student of dramatic art. In all the characters he undertakes he differs from the majority of our great actors, in being an original and not an imitation; and in this fact lies his greatness. His acting last evening in *Macbeth* was as usual, most powerful. Free from rant, his elocution was easy and perfect and his delivery graceful and appropriate. McCullough is natural, and being so, is and ever will be successful in whatever he undertakes. His action possesses the great advantage of rising in energy, with the interest of the play, and when required, he pours forth a torrent of pent-up passion, with a force and power and at the same time a refinement which thrills and delights his auditors and elicits enthusiastic evidences of their appreciation."

In issue of December 2, the critic writes: "If, when McCullough played *Othello* as a novice, any one who witnessed the performance and saw that he was destined to rise, had been told then that his *Othello* would one day rival that of Forrest, he would have smiled incredulously. Fifteen years have passed and the most conservative critics to-day will not hesitate to give him the praise which he

deserves so well, praise which he has earned by years of hard and conscientious study, that has placed him in the front rank with the greatest histrionic artists of the day."

Again, on December 4: "As *Richelieu*, McCullough is without a peer, nay, without an equal on the world's stage. In watching his grand portraiture of the mighty *Cardinal* we lose all identity and become participants with him, his foes and his friends. Such is the power this truly great tragedian exercises over his audience. To compare him in this role with any of his contemporaries were worse than useless, his superiority is too self-evident. McCullough has presented us with an ideal which will outlive them and us, which will serve in the future, as it already does in the present, as a model for those who attempt its enactment."

By special request, this masterful performance was repeated December 11, and was attended by President Grant and several members of his Cabinet, a number of Senators and Representatives being also present with their ladies.

It is of interest in this connection to recall that on an earlier visit to Washington, as the support of Forrest, playing *Edgar* to the older

artist's *Lear*, President Lincoln was present, and in expressing his enjoyment of the play, especially mentioned "how much he liked *Edgar*."

CHAPTER VIII.

McCULLOUGH IN BOSTON.

"And one man in his time plays many parts."
—*As You Like It.*

Boston was very prompt at an early day to recognize the surpassing genius of the great tragedian, and to adopt him as an esteemed favorite and friend. And although in the comparatively few years which have elapsed since his transition, most of his nearest friends have followed him to the Land of Light (as if the magnetism of his love drew them thither), there are multitudes to-day, even those who were children when privileged to witness his great impersonations, whose faces light up with affectionate remembrance, and whose eyes flash with the old delight he afforded them, at the mention of his name.

On February 1, 1876, he began an engagement at the Boston Theatre. The *Daily Globe* of that date speaks of his conception of the role of *Spartacus* as "powerful, sympathetic and consistent, never overstepping the many temptations to extravagance, while in his fine physique as well as his dignified and graceful action, McCullough is the ideal por-

trait of the Gladiator. His facial expressions alone are worthy of the closest study. The Thracian hero becomes a living personality."

Of the rather gruesome old drama of *Jack Cade*, the rebellious Kentish bondsman, it was said: "McCullough won his highest triumphs in his exhibition of his power to depict the loftiest passions in a quiet, dignified intensity, rather than in noise and rant; and on his deep-toned, sonorous voice depends a large part of the general effect of his impersonations."

The *Advertiser* of February 8 alludes to his *Richelieu* thus: "We have certainly never heard any other artist give with equal judgment or effect the words, 'To thy knees and crawl for pardon,' a thrilling low-voiced intensity being substituted for the usual yell, which must often have struck every reflecting auditor as both unimpressive and preposterous."

Again on February 11, *Othello* is referred to: "He makes his love for his wife an all-absorbing, all-controlling principle, so that from the very rage of his jealousy, he constantly lapses into passions of tenderness, and develops the same idea most justly in the whole of the last scene; the auditor is made to feel that it is a 'sacrifice,' not a 'murder.' The

great oration to the senate of Venice was delivered with picturesque simplicity and had the underlying vitality which is communicated only from a strong character in the actor. His costumes were superbly Oriental in color and texture."

On the opening night of this engagement, he was seized with a sudden and inexplicable hoarseness, perhaps occasioned by the gentle amenities of the Boston climate in February, as it was never repeated, which condition caused him to step to the front of the stage and in a few words, quite touching in their manly sincerity, express his surprise and pain at his unexpected mishap, for which he "could almost weep with vexation; although it was likely to depart as quickly and strangely as it came," and he craved the indulgence of the audience.

To this temporary embarrassment he alluded on the occasion of his benefit, February 11, 1876, in a pleasant little address, although he said he was never much of a speech-maker and never regretted the fact more than at the present moment. He thanked the people of Boston for their kindness and good will. He had tried his best to fail on Monday night, but they would not allow it. He thanked the press especially for its kindness after

that lamentable attempt, and he never should forget it, however the papers might abuse him in the future.

February of the following year found him again in Boston, at the Museum, enacting on the 6th, *Damon* to Mr. Barron's *Pythias*. Of this performance, the *Globe* of current date remarks: "This powerful actor was at his best. The anguish of parting with wife and child and the almost maniacal joy of finding Pythias alive, though at the scaffold's foot, was presented as only a master of great acting could embody those emotions. The actor was in superb voice and his deep rich tones made even the cumbrously worded passages of the play, interesting and impressive."

Of Kotzebue's lugubrious play of "The Stranger," the *Globe* of February 14 says: "Though ridiculed for its pompous language and absurd incidents, it still holds a place in the repertoire of tragedies. McCullough makes that utterly impossible being, the *Stranger*, as nearly like a man as possible, and the rich tones of his superb voice keep even the absurd speeches and soliloquies that fall to his lot, from sounding as tame as they are."

Of his *Hamlet*, it is declared that Mc-

Cullough makes the role of the royal Dane "a much more natural being than most of the artists—Forrest, Booth, Fechter, Davenport or Barrett—who have assayed the role, and this is great praise. There is nothing of the excess of refinement that sacrifices the character to the actor's idea of the meaning of the poet's words. McCullough's reading was delightfully fresh and unconventual, and *Hamlet*, whether feigning to be mad, or plotting for the conviction of the King, is presented as a man whose warm heart feelings cannot always be kept from expression by morbid emotion or the indecision of his nature. These are special excellencies which should be accredited to McCullough's genius alone."

Of his *Richelieu*, the *Advertiser* of February 7, 1877, adds to its encomium of the previous year thus: " It is delightfully artistic and satisfying, a thoughtful study of a picturesque part. It is artistic in its finish and its fine proportions are satisfying to the highest demands of the best taste. But one *Richelieu* which we know—that of Booth—is better than this, and that is inferior to this in several particulars, none of the others which we have seen—and there are many of them—are much more than worthy to be compared with McCullough's. In concept, this artist's per-

formance is strong, clear and original, not meaning by 'original,' entirely novel, but fresh and rich in new combinations. It is self-consistent too, seemed in this respect like a piece of veritable life, not like a creation or a study. The leading characteristic of McCullough's *Richelieu*, as distinguished from all others, is its greater humor and good nature. These qualities are displayed in such a way as to make the part less remote, more human and less conventional than we have ever seen it, but they do not diminish its vast vitality or eclipse its splendid brilliancy in design and deed. The rich, many-toned voice is welcome to the ear and fits itself beautifully to the nice shades of thought in the text."

Again in February, 1878, McCullough is warmly welcomed to the Hub, and was entertained on the fifth by the Ace of Clubs, in a dinner at the Parker House. At this time he gave, in the Boston Theatre, a spectacular production of "Coriolanus," which, as a great pageant, few productions have ever equalled.

From the *Globe* again we quote: "It is a series of isolated tableaux or scenes in the life of *Coriolanus*, rather than a connected and consecutive drama. But the nobility of the central figure, the grand and lofty sentiments

of the text and the opportunity for pomp and pageant which it gives, make any adequate production of the tragedy a notable event. The character of *Caius Marcius Coriolanus* is one of the noblest in the range of tragedy, and certainly could not have more fitting representative than Mr. McCullough. In appearance he realizes the rugged grandeur of the personality—the noblest Roman of them all—his massive head and face, his stalwart and manly form, clad in the classic robes, his rich, powerful voice and broad, grand style of acting, all pre-eminently fit him for the personation of the role, which won for him as honest and earnest plaudits as ever rang through the auditorium. McCullough greatly improves from year to year."

Of this notable performance, that discriminating critic, Mr. Henry A. Clapp, also notes in the *Advertiser* of February 12, 1878: "More than fourteen years have elapsed since 'Coriolanus' was acted in Boston. In 1863 the part of *Caius Marcius* was taken here by Forrest, and last evening it was assumed by one who in many noble histrionic parts certainly equals Mr. Forrest, as in taste and moderation he surpasses him. The tragedy bears the very air of Rome, the mighty personality of *Caius Marcius* so fills each act and

scene that there is little need and indeed little room for aught else, while the hostilities between the orders patrician and plebeian are made so real that as one looks and listens, the strife of modern wars and politics seems faint and unbelievable beside them. McCullough looks and moves almost an ideal Roman of the ancient type, with a gait and bearing of one belonging to a race of conquerors. His *Caius Marcius* has the magnificent and ample dignity of one born to wear the patrician toga. His pride is almost passionate in its intensity, but this trait also is perfectly simple, is free from the least touch of self distrust; he has the negative virtue of modesty and loves no praise but that of his mother. To these qualities must be added his stern incorruptibility, his domestic purity, his lofty courage and truth, and his unflinching loyalty to his convictions. And the picture remains incomplete if we omit to name a violence of temper so extreme, that under its gusts of passion, every other power and faculty of his nature is swayed like a reed in the wind. McCullough presents all this, and more than all this, with exceptional force, and, as we have said, with rare directness and simplicity. His assumption seems a creation, not a composition."

CORIOLANUS

In his rendition of this great part, McCullough followed and defended the perhaps indefensible pronunciation which Forrest always used, of accenting Coriolanus on the second syllable, although those two short vowels, "oi," when coming together, Shakespeare ordinarily used as one syllable, so far as metrical quantity is concerned, as likewise the lines in this drama are thus correctly scanned:

> " In *hon*or *fo*llows *Cor*iolanus
> W*el*come to R*o*me, renowned *Cor*iolanus."

Among other notable productions of these engagements in Boston (to honor which excursion trains were run from Worcester, Lowell and other suburban localities) the *Advertiser* records, January 14, 1879, "Sheridan's tragic play of 'Pizarro, or the Spaniards in Peru,' was presented with new scenery and appointments, brilliant costumes, delightful music and over 200 auxiliaries employed, with full male and female choruses. McCullough makes the part of *Rolla* interesting and imposing. He shows the noble sustained dignity and vigor which are generally marked features of his work, which the more boisterous declamation of the part is on the whole well suited to. In the grand passages, his simplicity and sweetness—'sweetness' is the

only word—are beautiful, not having remotest kinship with pretense or affection. It is a pretty good education in the principles of acting to hear McCullough reply to *Alonzo's* fervent question, 'My friend, my benefactor, how can our lives repay the obligations which we owe thee?' 'Pass them in peace and blessing. Let Rolla witness it, he is overpaid.'"

The *Globe* also adds this tribute: "In 'Pizarro,' McCullough has no rival in this country. He stands alone upon a prominence that his genius and his labor have erected. It is not fulsome praise or flattery to call McCullough *the* American actor; it is simply his due. That the character of *Rolla* was played in a most artistic manner would be useless to assert, after mentioning the name of the actor. Every line and every word was given for all it was worth, and all the delicate shading which the human voice can give to words, was brought out strongly, not one tone too high, not one too low, but each finely modulated till they struck just the chord in the hearer's heart which the actor intended they should, and wove around an uninteresting play, the sympathy and emotion which bespeak the actor's art."

Again on January 24 the same periodical

accords a similar commendation of his *Brutus:* "The part is one which is unusually well fitted to McCullough's peculiar qualification as an actor. The rugged quality of the hero, his capacity for self-control, his patient endurance of insults and contumely and his change from the insane talk of the fool to the impassioned speech and resolute action of the man and patriot, formed an occasion for fine acting for which McCullough showed himself entirely adequate. When *Brutus* first appears, it would hardly be supposed that he was wearing a mask of folly, which could be torn off at will, but when he is left alone it drops from him like a toy face, and his earnestness is at once apparent. In his depicting of the transformation, McCullough showed the highest art, but when he appears before the husband and father of *Lucretia*, just as they are mourning for her outrage and untimely death, and appeals to them to revenge their own wrongs and those of the Roman people, he rises to a whirlwind of passion, which fairly carried his audience with him. It is in the last Act however, where he learns of the capture of his son, while in arms against his country, and later, when he is obliged to sentence him to death, that he rises to the height of excellence, the conflict between the

tender feelings of the loving father and the stern sense of justice of the outraged patriot were given in a manner so realistic that it seemed *Brutus* himself and not the actor who faced the audience. Acting equal to McCullough's is not seen every day upon the boards, and that he is heartily appreciated is to the credit of his auditors."

Of this assumption of *Brutus*, Mr. Clapp's ripened judgment adds, in the *Advertiser* of January 25, 1879, "Mr. McCullough never played a part here in which the feeling seemed more intense and genuine, nor one in which the whole impersonation took a firmer hold upon the imagination of the auditor. From the moment when *Brutus* throws off his mask of folly, McCullough plays with sustained and passionate power, a wise temperance giving 'smoothness' to his fiercest utterances, and the very spirit of an ancient Roman seeming to have taken possession of his face end action and speech. As the tragedy draws to its close, his acting grows more and more impressive, the tremendous feeling which moves his spirit, finds expression in tones and gestures from which all trace of artifice has disappeared, which seems to be the very language of passion itself and we see the very *Brutus* of romance, inflexible yet tender,

grandiloquent but not bombastic. Scores of brief speeches, a line, or half a line, or even a word, attest the actor's power by the swift conveyance of his character and his thought. For example, his 'Consul, for Rome I live, not for myself' seems to express and sum up in itself the high patriotism of a grand nature.

"In the last scenes with his son, the depth and strength of McCullough's feeling and the beauty and propriety of his art are truly wonderful, and all is said and done with the simplicity which marks the best work of a great actor. Seldom have the tones of a voice been made more eloquent and pathetic than his. They thrill with exquisite tenderness, with the yearning, despairing love of the father, yet never overdo the intense love, the strong undercurrent vibration of the iron will of the Roman Consul."

On January 28, 1879, "Henry VIII." was given, and of this role Mr. Clapp says: " McCullough's *Cardinal Wolsey* was well worth seeing. The artist labors under the disadvantage of having a face ill adapted to *Wolsey's* character, the predominant frank expression lacking sufficient craft, and the play of features not being suitably swift

and mobile. But in bearing, acting and speech, McCullough's *Wolsey* is strong and original. We have seen *Wolsey* more vivid, but none ever better expressed the idea of the dramatist. In the conventual stage assumption of the *Cardinal*, so much emphasis is laid upon his outward haughtiness and arrogance that *Queen Katharine's* own portrait of him, drawn with all the truth of sharp-eyed fear and hate, is made of none effect.

> 'You are meek and humble mouthed,
> You sign your place and calling in full seeming
> *With meekness and humility.* But your heart
> Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen and pride.'

" McCullough follows the plain instruction of these lines most faithfully. With inferiors or equals he may some times throw off the disguise and appear in all his pride, but before the King and Queen he never forgets the outward show of modesty. It is needless to say that the true character of the *Cardinal* is made to appear through all this seeming and the ambition, cruelty and greed of his nature are strongly shown. In the scenes which follow the *Cardinal's* downfall, McCullough plays finely; the barely restrained passions of his first encounter with *Surrey*, *Norfolk*

and *Suffolk* being most impressive, and the gradual elevation, through phases of dignity, extreme alarm, despair, contrition and forgetfulness of self to the last pious renunciation is made as natural as those puzzling scenes will allow any one to make it."

Of his *Lear* it was recorded: " Had McCullough given to the American stage nothing more than his impersonation of *King Lear*, he might well be content to rest upon that magnificent performance his claim to rank with the greatest tragedians of the age. His appeal to the winds and the elements when he is wandering in the storm is all the more effective because its vehemence and terrible earnestness are unmarred by any extravagance in declamation or action. The gradual coming on of madness, recalling the old-time authority in the fantastic scene at court on the waste, where only the disguised *Edgar* and his faithful follower are present to do him honor, while anything more effective than the marvellous way in which is simulated his slow recall to reason by *Cordelia's* voice, and the knowledge, at last, that she is his faithful daughter, we cannot hope to see from any American actor. The house almost 'rose' at

him in their desire to give him due meed of plaudits after the famous curse scene."

On Friday afternoon, January 31, 1879, a performance complimentary to the great tragedian, was given by the company named in his honor at the German Theatre, John Banim's play of " Damon and Pythias " being selected for representation. Cards of invitation were issued to the entire dramatic profession of the city, and McCullough honored the occasion with his presence.

In the lobby of the Boston Theatre, near the entrance to the Mason-street passageway, and beside the large portrait of *Virginius*, hangs to-day a handsomely framed testimonial to the favorite actor, indicative of the regard felt for him by many noted citizens of the Commonwealth, of which the following copy has been made by the kind permission of Mr. F. E. Pond, the present manager of the Boston Theatre:

Boston, January 24, 1883.

Mr. John McCullough.

Dear Sir: Desiring an opportunity to make a public and formal acknowledgment of your great abilities as an artist, and of the pleasure we have at the deserved eminence you have attained in your profession, we respectfully

ask that you will give a a special performance of John Howard Payne's tragedy, "Brutus or the Fall of Tarquin", on the evening of Friday, February 2, 1883, at the Boston Theatre.

Albert Palmer
Samuel A. Green
Patrick A. Collins
Charles Levi Woodbury
Hugh O'Brien
James J. Flynn
Wm. Wooley
R. E. Denman
Geo. G. Hall
R. S. Milton
George A. Marden
George G. Crocker
Stephen N. Gifford
Samuel Dalton
R. M. Pulsifer
John M. Clark
Chas. H. Taylor
Charles Albert Prince
Charles Field
Henry A. Green
Oliver Ditson
L. P. Farmer
Ed. A. Perry
Orlando Tompkins
J. P. Bradlee
R. H. White

Benjamin F. Butler
Oliver Ames
Michael Doherty
Benjamin Dean
H. D. Parker
Wm. R. Alger
Chas. A. Whittier
George Baty Blake
Sam'l C. Cobb
Robt. D. Smith
John Boyle O'Reilly
Silas Gurney
S. W. Langmaid
David Nevins
R. Chandler, M. S. N.
Francis Barlton
W. W. Clapp
R. Worthington
W. A. Simmons
Charles H. Andrew
Jas. J. Crawley
J. R. Whipple
M. P. Curran
H. A. McGlenen
S. Bartlett
Charles W. Dyar

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE METROPOLIS.

"He hath a daily beauty in his life."
—*Othello.*

Although traveling continously through the length and breadth of our broad country, McCullough made New York his headquarters, his professional centre, and here he played many notable engagements. His first manager was Matthew Canning, but in the spring of 1878, his faithful friend, Mr. William M. Conner, assumed control of his professional work, and retained it throughout his too brief career.

He made his first appearance in New York as a star, on May 4, 1874, in the role of *Spartacus*, later appearing as *Richelieu* and *Hamlet*. This engagement was played at Booth's Theatre, and here, when "King John" was revived on May 25, he took the part of *Falconbridge*. Later in the summer, after a flying trip to California, he assisted in a new play by Boucicault, "Belle Lamar," whose presentation was awaited with great interest, partly from the fame of the author, but also for the testing of McCullough in a new part.

The *New York Herald* reports, "The drama is remarkable for its deep pathos and vigorous action, and touches the chord of the national heart at once, which vibrates with the emotions of the recent civic strife. In *Colonel Bligh*, McCullough finds a role suited at once to his temperament and his aspirations for the heroic. His presentation of the character was full of manly dignity and power."

At the same theatre, on September 14, Otway's tragedy of "Venice Preserved" was produced and McCullough enacted the part of *Pierre*, which remained one of his favorite rôles. He did not appear in New York again until April 2, 1877, but on his every return, his great advancement was quickly noticed, the artistic finish, the classic grace and added power which marked his impersonations. He appeared in *Virginius* on this occasion for one week, and was then seen in several of his great rôles. Among these, *Richard III* is described in the New York Tribune of April 11, with all the keen discernment, ripened judgment and poetic touch for which its critiques are noted.

"McCullough's ideal of *Richard III* is based on intellect, conscience, sardonic humor, latent sensibility and fiery physical vitality; and his execution of it reveals nothing less than a

prodigy of structural power. The famous words once spoken to the poet Campbell, may justly be written here, in justification of this noble achievement. 'This will bear another wreath of laurel yet.' One test of the innate faculty in the dramatic art, we take to be the question of skill to differentiate character. McCullough is nearest to himself in *Virginius* and furthest from himself in *Richard III*, yet he is equally truthful to the substance of both and equally excellent in the method of its expression. Point by point, accordingly, he satisfies the sternest standard, that critical examination can apply. Morbid parts and parts that are largely saturated with finesse may, for a long time yet, clash against certain of the limitations of either his nature or his experience, but where the feelings involved are elemental, he moves to victory with the assured step and spontaneous grace of an ordained conqueror.

"Two qualities in his *Richard III*, superadded to all the essential merits, make it the best on the stage—elevation of the ideal and simplicity of style. There is nothing common in the quality of mind, and there is no oversubtlety in the temperament. It is remarkable also for identification. The instant this *Gloster* walked upon the stage, he was recog-

nized as a consummate type of malignant force. His face—as Quin said of Macklin—was marked not with lines, but with cordage, and the blight of deformity was felt to have diffused itself through every particle of the man. Commingled with these elements of the viper though, were the elements of airy duplicity and off-hand good nature. This was a demon of malignant purpose and he wore the bluff manner of a winning man of the world; and he wore these without ever sacrificing poetic ideal to the actual.

"In the scene with *Lady Anne*, the fascination that *Gloster* could exercise was expressed as we have never seen it expressed before. The glamor was that of an ardent, remorseful man, and therefore a charm that a woman could appreciate; and no spectator could marvel at the widow's surrender. This scene has been made more dazzling as a piece of brilliant acting, but never in our time so real with human passion. Mr. McCullough's *Richard* is of flesh and blood, and not too far removed from the life of men of action. And yet in some subtle way, its spirit suggests at a very early stage in the action, a nature that preys upon itself and has already begun to suffer from the tooth of gnawing remorse. The whole terrible aspect of this side of the

character stands clearly shown, of course, in the night scene, before the battle, and in the great dream-scene, but the beauty and power of these passages of presentiment and torture are ten-fold more impressive because these horrors are fore-shadowed. To feel this opportunity in Shakespeare's superb mechanism and to use it with a delicacy quite equal to that in which it is framed, is to rise to a great occasion, and this adequacy without the least reserve, we testify that Mr. McCullough exhibited in the whole of his treatment of the undertone in *Gloster's* nature. No actor can ever have done more with the delirium of the awakening. Its action and the almost inarticulate cries curdled the blood of many a listener; and the preservation of the illusion was terribly perfect. The tumult of the battle scenes had a distinct realism and the final conflict was of fearful earnestness. It is not by points though, but by continuous sustainment of a lofty ideal pitch, that this performance commands its rank. We give in this quiet statement of its character but a faint idea of its superlative excellence."

On April 25, the columns of the *Tribune* again furnish a scholarly tribute to the great actor. "If McCullough's interpretation of *King Lear* is not in all particulars the highest

and fullest embodiment of the part that has been seen within our time, it assuredly ranks with the highest and fullest in some of the best attributes that a performance of *King Lear* can possess. To the eye it is beautiful, reverend and majestic; to the ear it is sonorous, sweet, thrilling, tender and lamentable; to the mind it is grand, fruitful and various; to the heart it is woful, tragic, and pathetic. In ideal, it follows Shakespeare's conception so closely that no student of Shakespeare can reject it. In the presentment of the madness, it is profoundly and innately true. It has, physically, all the requisite size, weight, port and power. It is developed by imaginative means, out of a deep and loving heart. It is thoroughly imperial in the great moments. It shows enormous reserve power. It sounds an almost infinite depth of grief. And it is moulded and shaded with a remarkable artistic skill. These general statements indicate its character and worth.

"Forrest's *King Lear* was beyond all question a work of magnificent stature, in mind and emotion not less than personal presence, but it was always deformed by an exaggeration of the signs of physical vigor and physical decrepitude. In the artistic

method of McCullough's performance all this is toned by magnificent suggestiveness—a quality which we take to be the perfection of the dramatic art. It is less upon splendid unity, however, than upon splendid phases that the reminiscent thought will pause in reviewing the performance. There was, for instance, what we will call an autumn sunset light over all the mood and conduct of the *King* in the first scene with the *Fool*—that touching scene wherein manifest mental decay and vague mistrust of the future are first darkly indicated, and nothing could be in closer consonance than the sweet and almost forlorn manner is with *Lear's* condition.

"The curse—a gem of utterance—was made as afflicting with thwarted and delirious tenderness as it was terrible with frenzied passion, the outburst of impotent rage and broken-hearted, scorned and self-contemning love, with which the *King* finally breaks away, and with a beauty of vocalism seldom equalled within a long remembrance of the stage. The apostrophe 'Let the great gods' was made the framework of as much majesty of state and pose as ever was seen, and the entire great passage was thrilled with an imaginative portentous excitement in the highest degree poetic.

" ' I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee,' was spoken in the manner which the suggestion of innate greatness and limitless love makes memorable. It was in the mad scene however, that McCullough entirely reached and kept the height of *King Lear's* nature and experience. The stage can never have presented anything more true or more pathetic than—in the first mad scene—the actor's presentment of the gradual breaking up of the old man's mind, accompanied as it is, for a part of the way, with its own piteous and awful sense of the calamity that is in progress. The undercurrent of sweetness, the outward denotement of bitter misery, the madness of the eyes and of the whole figure, and the abject lunacy of the action, in the talk with the Bedlamite, made this a perfect scene. Better it never was in the interpretation of any actor.

" The next mad scene though less touching was not less true, and it denotes a keen study in the actor who thus deals with the characteristics of lunacy, that he now offered a condition of simple madness, permeated, of course, by the one idea of filial cruelty but no longer harrowing with the element of conscious mental disintegration. . . . Innate majesty, personal grandeur, and lovable no-

bility make up the original nature of the monarch and hence his experience of cruelty and misery is almost unbearably terrible and afflicting. McCullough gives the stage this interpretation of Shakespeare and the public received his work with much enthusiasm."

The same critic records an earlier triumph thus: "McCullough's splendid faculty of imagination to conceive and his extraordinary force of art to execute, so completely thrilled his auditors in his fine and superb attainment of spiritual control, that they leaped to their feet in a tumult of enthusiasm—an indicative fact which speaks for him, very eloquently." "McCullough, ' a man whom adversity could not conquer and whom prosperity could not mar,' rests his reputation upon some of the most solid and brilliant successes in the dramatic art that have been achieved on the American stage. His eminence has been fairly and fully won, it is the honest dignity of genius and culture."

At the close of this engagement on April 27, the artist was given a benefit, "Othello" being the play chosen. After repeated plaudits and recalls, at the close of the performance, he was presented with a laurel wreath of solid silver, all the actors and artisans in the theatre assembling on the stage for that pur-

pose. The wreath was enclosed in a handsome casket inscribed as follows:

Presented to John McCullough by New York friends
At Booth's Theatre, N. Y., on the occasion
Of his Farewell Benefit, Friday Eve
April 27, 1877.

Mr. Fred B. Warde, in presenting this beautiful testimonial, addressed the beneficiary thus:

"Mr. McCullough. It seems fitting that I should address you on this occasion, clothed as we are in the habiliments of the stage, for beyond a reference to your social excellence, I am charged to my colleagues and all of the attachés of the theatre with the pleasant task of congratulating you upon the artistic success that has marked the engagement by which the management of Jarrett and Palmer is so brilliantly closing. I beg that you will credit my words with more sincerity than those belonging to the character I have just impersonated (*Iago*) would indicate, for I trust you to believe that in all I say, I speak from the fulness of my heart.

"During the four weeks of your appearance here, the people of the stage have had abundant opportunities to receive correct impressions of your worth as a man. The press and public have determined your status as an actor. I am free to say without drawing invidious comparisons that no star has entered the precincts of the stage of Booth's

Theatre and gone away carrying a greater load of kindly wishes than will be borne by you when the curtain falls upon the last scene acted by you in this house. Every one of the many by whom we are now surrounded on the stage, feels indebted to you for some act of kindness, even the humblest, though it be but a simple word of encouragement. We all have for you as a man and as an actor, the highest regard. The sentiment has taken the appropriate form of a wreath of laurel, which I now have the honor of presenting to you, in the name of the company of Booth's Theatre, of the several mechanical departments, the orchestra, those in front of the house, the working force, and in fact every one in any capacity belonging to the establishment. I ask your acceptance of this testimonial, Mr. McCullough, and pray in the name of your friends, that your future may be all that is so promising for it, at the present time."

After the applause had died away, McCullough made this reply:

"Mr. Warde, Ladies and Gentlemen of Booth's Theatre.

"I have great reason to be proud to-night, for it seems that I have gained an approbation of my own craft in the efforts in our art that I have made during the engagement now about to close. Your reference to my gentlemanly deportment in all our business and social relations, is a courteous and pleasing

allusion for which I beg your acceptance of my grateful acknowledgment. The substantial and beautiful testimonial of your regard for me as a man and actor I highly prize and shall always value it to the utmost, as a souvenir of one of the most important engagements of my long professional career.

"I am indebted to the public for its attendance on my impersonations and to the press of this metropolis for the thought and commendation it has given to my endeavors. To all around me to-night, I have but to say and wish to be received as fraught with sincerity, that I am very thankful to Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer, we are all indebted, ladies and gentlemen, for the judicious liberty that has marked the conduct of the affairs of this elegant theatre. For my part, I wish them to know that I fully appreciate all that they have done to make my stay here comfortable, pleasant and successful, and to promote the advancement of the legitimate drama.

"Mr. Warde, ladies and gentlemen, I wish you all good night."

CHAPTER X.

IN THE METROPOLIS.
(Continued.)

" No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."
—*Owen Meredith.*

McCullough's next appearance in New York occurred at the Grand Opera House on April 22, 1878, an engagement made notable by the production of " The Fall of Tarquin " for the first time in the city, the tragedian enacting the part of *Lucius Brutus*. He was seen again here in May, in a varied repertoire, and in the following December revived " Coriolanus." On November 14, 1881, he made his re-entree in the metropolis at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, the occasion also emphasizing his forty-ninth birthday, to which the *Mirror* of November 20, alludes:

" At Fifth Avenue McCullough returned to the New York stage, in the character of *Virginius*. The occasion was further interesting as the anniversary of his birth, and his friends knew of no better means to celebrate it than by giving him a bumper in the way of a hearty reception, cart-loads of rare floral gifts, and tumults of applause, whenever

opportunity offered. That he is the most popular player of his time, all those who are accquainted with the story of his success and the great prosperity with which he has had the good fortune on every hand to meet, will frankly concede. This is largely due to his being what is popularly termed a thoroughly 'good fellow,' with a social reputation and a heart as big as his body. A princely entertainer, a genial companion, a liberal purse, these three attributes have gained John McCullough a good part of his fame, and nobody begrudges him one iota of it."

The same paper records that " his personal magnetism 'tells' even at the box office."

But McCullough's ever increasing excellence in dramatic art was a larger factor than " magnetism " in box-office receipts. As instance thereof, in his preceding season, he had cleared forty thousand dollars, and in two performances of *Spartacus*, given in one day in Brooklyn, his profits were four thousand seven hundred and twenty dollars. A four weeks visit in California netted him thirty-six thousand dollars. He played several engagements in Brooklyn, at the Park and Novelty Theatres, in many diverse parts, producing here in December, 1879, " The Honeymoon," in which he enacted *Duke Aranza*.

No American actor ever appeared in so many different parts, or possessed a repertoire of so wide a range. The following is an approximate list of the characters he represented, at various epochs in his career:

Parts.	Plays.
Virginius	Virginius
Othello	Othello
Lucius Brutus	The Fall of Tarquin
Marcus Brutus	Julius Cæsar
Iago	Othello
Macbeth	Macbeth
King Lear	King Lear
Coriolanus	Coriolanus
Spartacus	The Gladiator
Benedick	Much Ado About Nothing
Shylock	Merchant of Venice
Petruchio	Taming of the Shrew
Falconbridge	King John
Richard III.	Richard III
Cardinal Wolsey	Henry VIII
Hamlet	Hamlet
Pierre	Venice Preserved
Richelieu	Richelieu
Jack Cade	Jack Cade
The Stranger	The Stranger
St. Pierre	The Wife
Damon	Damon and Pythias
Metamora	Metamora
Claude Melnotte	The Lady of Lyons
Duke Aranza	The Honeymoon
Ingomar	Ingomar
Rolla	Pizarro
Alfred Evelyn	Money
Master Walter	The Hunchback
Febro	The Broker of Bogota

It would be impossible to recount in full, the occasions in which he gladly lent his powers for the benefit of some charity, or to aid some brother or sister in his profession. Although his aim was high and firm, it was for others as well as for himself. His great loving heart could not have accepted a position built upon another's downfall. No subordinate actor was ever driven to the wall to advance his interests, although such unselfishness is not a prominent trait in any profession. Mistakes were his, such as are common to mortals, temptations and weaknesses were not always overcome, but only good is immortal, error is but a limitation of soul growth, an ever lessening quantity. McCullough was meekness, gentleness and kindness incarnate, generous in lavish degree, both worthy and unworthy alike, being recipients of his large bounty.

Consequently, he was very prompt to give a performance (September 5, 1879) for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers, when this pestilence ravaged the Southern States, in consideration of which kindly service he was later presented with a gold medal by the people of Memphis, Tenn. Again he played in aid of those made homeless by the Mississippi floods, and this deed was also com-

memorated by a gold and silver medal from the citizens of St. Louis.

On October 12, 1877, he participated in a benefit at the Academy of Music for Edwin Adams, then on his death-bed, and it is interesting to record that at his transition, which occurred sixteen days later, that McCullough selected the lines from "Julius Cæsar" which are inscribed on his gravestone at Philadelphia, the same quotation later most fittingly utilized for his own.

> " His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, ' This was a man.' "

It is but simple justice to record that McCullough supported Mr. Adams throughout his entire illness, in so modest, unobtrusive a way that the invalid, while aware of it, was hardly conscious of it, never painfully so. His generous friend kept him at the Soda Springs in Napa Valley, California, for some time, during the preceding summer, and later, for a longer season, in the more equable climate of San Rafael, McCullough once remarking to an old friend that there was no one to look after poor Ned but himself.

McCullough assisted in a performance given for the benefit of John Brougham at the Academy of Music, January 17, 1878, giving

the third act of "Othello." On the following May 22, he appeared at the Boston Theatre for the benefit of Mary Anderson, playing *Claude Melnotte* to her *Pauline*, returning to New York on the 24th to honor his friend and supporter, Mr. F. B. Warde, playing *Brutus* in "Julius Cæsar" to his *Cæsar*. Other benefits were given in Washington, on June 3. Again in Boston, May 31, 1882, he enacted *Ingomar* to Miss Anderson's *Parthenia*, for her testimonial. On another occasion, when playing in St. Louis and thus could not assist this fair beneficiary, he telegraphed the box office to reserve a seat for him, sending his check for fifteen hundred dollars to pay for the same. Indeed almost every theatre throughout the country, where any need could be met, has witnessed some exhibition of his great kindness of heart. On the occasion of the Poe Memorial benefit, December 8, 1881, he played the wooing scene from "Richard III" to Kate Forsyth's *Queen Anne*, portraying the gloomy, fiery *Gloster* with weird and subtle effect.

The extent of his unstinted, private charities, no pen could possibly enumerate, or describe in fitting terms. But for this beautiful and lavish generosity, his estate at his decease would have been a large one, his engagements

were everywhere (because of his great popularity) so lucrative. A review of his accumulated correspondence after his departure, disclosed many such proofs of his munificence. His executor, who affirms that " the world will never know of the thousands of dollars he gave away in charity," kindly furnishes one of these letters written by a grateful heart whom McCullough's generosity had blessed.

" Dear John:

You have given me escape from the limitations and anxieties that have been oppressing my heart, and paralyzing the powers of my mind. You have done this with the delicacy of a woman, and the generosity of a great-hearted man. You have done more than this, you have brought me this release from misery with a trustfulness in my honor that enriches my reverence for friendship and inspires me to be in all ways wiser and better myself.

" If I could coin the tears of thankfulness that fall from my eyes as I think of your love for me, the money I owe you would soon be paid, while the debt of my affection, only the eternities before us can ever give me the opportunity to reveal.

With the blessings of my wife and children upon you, I am always

Your Own,
Heart, Head and Hand,
...."

CHAPTER XI.

HIS GREATEST RÔLE.

" Does no one speak? I am defendant here."
—*Virginius.*

What can be said or written to adequately portray McCullough's greatest impersonation of *Virginius*, that marvel of dramatic art, that rôle *par excellence* which he made his own, and by which he will be longest remembered? Words are powerless to do justice to this grand conception and masterly delineation of the Roman father. More than any other in his large repertory, it gave him opportunity to express that innate tenderness which was so salient a part of his own real nature. Heroism, strength, honor, virtue, and capacity for crucial sacrifice—all these characteristics of his own being were given free play. After the scene of his daughter's immolation, his noble face would often be bathed with its own tears, his strong frame would shake with its unfeigned emotion; none of his fellow actors ever presumed to speak to him after that scene.

Early in his starring career, before this rendition had attained that ripened perfec-

tion which afterward signalized it so remarkably, the *Boston Advertiser* of February 10, 1876, remarks:

" InVirginius, McCullough finds no difficulty in representing with due fullness and force, the character of an ancient Roman in all its traditional elements. He has a native dignity, a solid and vital manliness, not wanting either in those human touches that belong to the Roman father, which carry weight and power, at once. The affectionate shrewdness of the parent, watching with anxiety the first outreaching of his daughter's heart, was displayed by McCullough with real grace and skill, and yet was no ill preparation for the fierce virility with which he seemed changed in speech, look and attitude when he first heard the news of war and turned his back upon the peace and joy of Rome. His pathetic power, especially in the madness and misery of his last act, was truly touching."

After the lapse of another year, February 6, 1877, this great rôle is again reviewed by the same critic: " *Virginius* is a part peculiarly suited to McCullough, and his impersonation is ideally excellent. His portraiture of the antique Roman soldier and citizen of the old régime is noble in its dignity, its manly simplicity, its deep-seated strength. It is a

worthy reproduction of that type which knew how to subdue the world because it had learned to subdue itself, which loved the pure joys of home next after the clamor and tumult of the battle field. In the manly sweetness of the early scenes, in the solid force and then the frenzied energy with which he repels the assault of *Appius Claudius* upon his daughter, he is a worthy, discriminating, imaginative representative of 'the noblest Roman of them all.' "

Again on February 26, 1878, Mr. Clapp's deep appreciation of this artistic portrayal finds fitting expression: " As a presentment of the Roman of the pristine days—the man 'pure in life and free from crime,' the just man and firm of purpose, who loves liberty and hates falsehood, it seems to us it is almost ideal. It has superb dignity without bombast, and immense force without violence. McCullough's *Virginius* is a piece of strong , elevated and impressive acting, heroic in its proportions and sustained upon one high level from first to last."

The *Boston Herald* of January 16, 1883, pays this tribute: " After a year's absence, John McCullough appeared at the Boston Theatre last evening in his favorite character of *Virginius*. Bostonians are always glad to see this actor, and the applause which greeted

his entrance must have convinced him of this. Mr. McCullough is one of those rare artists who are never content with well-doing. The student of his method is continually discovering some improving feature. There seem to be many touches in his *Virginius* which he has never given before, yet it is by no means a performance of 'points.' McCullough has cultivated that evenness of style which is the true criterion of what is best in the actor's art. There is probably no tragedian on the stage to-day more capable of bursting into moments of fury, electrifying passion if he chose; but recognizing the fact that there are other and better things to accomplish, and that 'still waters run deep,' McCullough has almost remodelled his older methods. Not that he has gone from one extreme to another and become a tame actor—that would be impossible for him—but he realizes more the possibilities of his art and uses his powers to attain those possibilities. The old moments of fire and energy are still there, but their roughness is smoothed away, and has begot a temperance which brings out more vividly the noble tenderness of the Roman father's nature. His passion does not spring into existence suddenly and as suddenly disappear. On the contrary, as in the prison scene, we watch the

passion surge and grow until it bursts its bonds and we detect its ground swell as it dies away, and *Virginius*, kneeling above the prostrate form of the strangled *Appius*, seems more like a marble representation of an avenging god than a living man.

" The power of this scene was attested by the silence of the large audience, for enthusiastic applause is by no means the highest acknowledgment of an actor's efforts. It is a great thing, no doubt, to rouse a theatre full of people to the top pitch of excitement, but it is a greater thing to hush it into silence and keep its attention riveted to the stage. Not once, but many times, did McCullough command the hushed attention of his audience and, when he did break out with *Virginius'* terrible rage and anguish, the spectators, as if to vent the feelings which they had suppressed throughout an entire act, applauded until the theatre rang again, and the tragedian had to come four times before the curtain.

" Macready, who was the original *Virginius*, made the part his greatest impersonation, but we do not believe that even Macready in his prime could have thrilled us more than John McCullough does in this very rôle. It does not seem possible that anything could be more impressive in its way than the latter actor's

overwhelming utterance to *Caius Claudius* 'Are you the man who claims my daughter for his slave? Look at me and I'll give her to you !' Nor do we think anything finer was ever seen upon the boards than his scene in the camp when *Virginius* learns of the vile attempt upon his daughter's honor, and when in his exit, as we see rage, anguish, despair, resolve mounting to his face and suffusing every limb, each feeling chasing the other away and returning again, only to be succeeded by a well-nigh ungovernable rage, while terrible revenge is his supreme animating passion, he says to *Lucius*, 'I will be patient, oh, so patient !'

" Mr. McCullough is an artist who retains every worthy feature of what is vaguely known as the 'old school,' and at the same time embraces the better points of what is ambitiously termed 'the modern school.' Upon everything he does, he brings to bear a refined judgment, a great experience, a magnificent elocution, a grand style."

Later, January 6, 1884, when at the zenith of his power and finesse of his art, a tribute was given him in Boston which was attended by Governor Robinson, Mayor Martin and the Board of Aldermen, who desired to witness this touching tragedy, and, near its close,

when repeatedly called before the curtain, McCullough finally said, evidently much affected by his welcome from such a host of friends and of a class whose very assemblage it was said was "a great compliment to the star."

' Perhaps you don't think, ladies and gentlemen, that I appreciate this splendid reception. I would like to say to each one of you in person, 'God bless you,' and say to all, for all your kindness, ' I thank you from my whole heart.' "

Of this performance the *Globe* states " His great assumption of the Roman father stands in truth alone, unapproached by any rival on the stage, and it seems altogether unlikely to be excelled by any player in the future, however gifted. The actor fills the rôle—virile, impassioned, heroic as it is throughout—most perfectly. The simulation of patience where most impatient desire to meet those who have assailed his daughter's honor burns in his heart, was marvellously done. McCullough proved himself a master of the tragedian's art. Forrest could not have done so well. His acting is simply grand, unapproached certainly by any American tragedian in point of dignity and effect. In every demand upon him, it is the great Roman whom McCullough presents

to view, no cold abstraction, no mere declaimer, but the man himself with all the noble and heroic, the historic associations of the character of *Virginius*. It is a personation which one is better for seeing, and it is worth seeing twice or thrice, as a model of a school of acting which has to-day, few illustrations."

The *Advertiser* of current date also reviews this remarkable performance. "It is hardly possible to say a new word about this impersonation, but the reiteration of the old praise will have a new compass so long as it is supplemented by the thought that the greatness of the effort grows more and more striking every year. *Virginius* never seemed so strong so sweet, so superb in his magnificent investiture of manliness as on this occasion. McCullough is so easily 'the noblest Roman of them all.' The dignity and force that befits the toga and that heroic type of soldier and citizen which yet survived in the days of the 'decemviri,' are worn awkwardly, or at best heavily and with effort, by nearly every other modern actor, but they seem to belong to McCullough's very personality, making a part of his strong, stately step, his grand bearing, of his deep-chested sonorous voice that utters its frequent trumpet summons to the spirit of the listener.

" This is the ideal Roman of history and epic, whose only fear was toward the gods, whose honor and courage grew together under the one sacred name of virtue, who scorned to pollute his soul and weaken his frame with sensuality—the true son, the faithful husband, the loving father, the sincere friend, the framer and defender of the laws of marriage, the builder and bulwark of states.

" The simplicity of McCullough's assumption considered in connection with its immense effectiveness is the proof and vindication of its fine artistic quality and value. The impression is produced by the most direct and unelaborate appeal to the heart and mind, without any trickery or magic, except that which lies in a high imagination and an intense, concentrated dramatic purpose working therein. But simple as the impersonation is, it is never dull or monotonous, possessing as it does, the full vitality and variety which give significance and interest to almost every look and utterance of the man.

" For anything sweeter and gentler than the hero's look and word to his *Virginia*, it would be vain to seek upon the stage. And if ever a man had the movement, the bearing and voice of a lion, they are his in the forum when he confronts *Appius* and his pander; if the

anguish of love was ever borne upon the glance, it may be seen in his eyes when he takes his last look at his child.

" The spectacle of the finest tenderness combined with the fullest measure of virile force, of dignity without pretence, of power without effort, is to be seen in McCullough's *Virginius*, and once seen is not to be forgotten."

Some of the *New York Tribune's* fine and artistic delineations of McCullough's impersonations have been preserved in enduring form as ' Shadows of the Stage ' by William Winter, but we cannot refrain from quoting (from April 3, 1877) one that has not been thus perpetuated.

"Sheridan Knowles's familiar tragedy of 'Virginius' is a work at once severely simple and intensely human. There is no story in the treasure house of ancient literature that possesses more simplicity, tenderness and passion than the story of Virginius. Virtuous strength protecting innocent weakness—especially when the image of strength is set in the crystal of artistic form—presents an ideal that must always command human sympathy. That is the ideal of this work and that is its perfect charm. McCullough

meets as few actors can ever have met, the test of contact with this ideal.

"The character exacts in its representative, three elemental attributes, simplicity, goodness and power. The nature that is not clear as white marble and at the same time rich in spontaneous goodness and intense with feeling that flows up from the deep foundations of the heart's life, will go to pieces in *Virginius*. It is a tragedy which breaks trivial actors as a rock breaks the assailing wave. Forrest, who was magnificent in the humor and storm of the part, fell short in the tenderness, the grace, and in the forlorn portions of the delirium. McCullough lacks in nothing. The stately form, the massive ease of movement, the leonine repose, the rich variety of vocal treatment, the air of innate gentleness and the winning manner—all these elements are fused in his embodiment by an individuality which is virtue itself, and not virtue in drab commonplace, but robed with beauty and burning with the splendid fires of hallowed passion.

"The early scenes were suffused with a charming playfulness and a touching affection. The explosive passage in the camp scene was given with just the suppressed and

struggling fury that such a father as *Virginius* might feel. The arrival home was so perfect in the preservation of illusion, that a kind of hysterical sob, partly of joy and partly of expectation, thrilled through the house. The immolation of *Virginia* was preceded with such truthfulness of suffering, and was attended with such agony and delirium as made it almost unbearably real. And in the mad scene, the actor set before his public an image of laughing madness more pitiable than words can say. The effect of such a representation is so strong upon the feelings that slow-moving thought and particular specification as to the method of it, become for the time well-nigh impossible.

" Those who have seen it are not likely soon to forget the sense of absolute adequacy with which it finds its way into their whole-hearted acceptance. Special mention might be made of the points strong or subtle, the air of presentiment with which the lines about the coming feast are so beautifully spoken, the pathos of the appeal to the Roman citizen, the awful transfiguration of passionate agony, at the moment of the sacrifice, the tones in which the mad father, with a gleam of half extinguished reason, spoke the heart-breaking lines about the mother's having herself nursed

her child, and certain forlorn movements of the dazed maniac when in the dungeon. But the completeness of the work is what most impresses, and we shall be content now in recording our impressions of it, to name it as an impersonation which in these days, is an astonishment to see, and which in any days, it would be an honor to celebrate."

CHAPTER XII.

HIS WIDE TRAVELS.

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth."
—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

McCullough shared the usual penalty imposed upon the popular dramatic artist—to roam the wide world o'er, and this not with the ease and enjoyment of the tourist, who can find seclusion and refreshment from luxurious travel at every inn. The itinerant star pursues a life that must renounce all joys of home, the pleasure of occasional withdrawal from "the madding crowd," a life that knows no cessation from exacting demands upon every energy of heart and brain, no release from incessant strain upon the tension and endurance of every nerve. He is always on exhibition—the cynosure of every eye—the observed of all observers, the butt of every critic. As he makes his exit from one scene of excitement, he hurries to enter upon the same life-consuming turmoil, in another field. One cannot wonder that the professional career is usually brief, as it is brilliant.

So back and forth, from East to West, from North to South, all over our wide country,

traveled our gifted friend. Every large city on the continent has witnessed his triumphs. In St. Paul and New Orleans, in all the great centres of human life, on the Atlantic seaboard as on the Pacific slope, and throughout the cities of the middle West, notable engagements were played, again and again. To signalize any or all of these were needless repetition. His admirers were legion, an ever-growing constituency. His name is still loved and revered in every place his unwearied feet have trod.

Even in Texas, not often visited by prominent stars in those days, was his voice heard; and in New Orleans, notable engagements were played, until he became a great favorite in the Southern Delta. From the *New Orleans Picayune* of February 12, 1879, we quote: "All the good things that have been said of Mr. McCullough in 'Virginius,' and kindred strong plays, are well deserved by him. He is a student, an accomplished actor and a man capable of winning people to him. His efforts on the stage have always been made in the best direction and he now stands in the front ranks of tragedians."

John Dimitry, a well-known dramatic critic for Southern, Philadelphia and New York

papers, also writes in the *Picayune* of February 22, 1879:

" I hold it to be a good augury for the presentation of the highest traditions of the stage, when such an actor as John McCullough should have played an engagement during the present season, at the Academy of Music. His triumphs have been artistically all that he merits. His name has been full in the mouths of men and women for the past week. . . . Apart from the choice of characters, whether it be *Virginius*, *Brutus*, *Spartacus*, *King Lear* or *Jack Cade*, all resemblance to Edwin Forrest ceases, to whom McCullough has too frequently been compared.

" Edwin Forrest had majesty, kingliness and dignity. In fame he towered above his fellows. In a profound knowledge of the highest masters of the English dramas, he knew among us no rivals. Among our brethren across the sea, he found no master. In a strong, critical and scholarly grasp of the Shakespearian drama, he stands with Macready, without equal. Vast in body, Forrest was equally vast in voice. Miltonian in his muscles, he was stentorian in speech. Mr. McCullough, equally with Forrest, has majesty, kingliness and dignity. . . . He steps

on our American stage its foremost living figure."

The tragedian's arrival in St. Louis on one occasion, transpired just after a duel had been fought by two men whom he knew, in which encounter one Alonzo Slayback had been killed. The next morning, after visiting the survivor at his temporary inn—the jail, McCullough went down "on 'change" and made a brief speech, reminding the assembled capitalists that it was no time for recrimination or fault-finding. Their only thought must be for the widow and children of the slain man, heading a subscription for their benefit with one thousand dollars. Girard B. Allen gave the next thousand and thus a goodly sum was raised for a needy woman, who might have been forgotten in the excitement attending the affair, had not McCullough's ever generous thoughtfulness provided for her relief.

It is pleasant, in contrast to this gruesome incident, to record one of a different nature. The household of his friend, Mr. W. H. Thompson, was expecting a little visitor from Paradise, which McCullough was quite anxious should bear his name. At a later date, while playing in Louisville, Ky., he received tidings

of the arrival of a daughter upon the scene, whereupon he wired promptly "Virginia McCullough Thompson." He then shortened his Louisville engagement by two days, journeyed to St. Louis, and held the helpless little infant in his great, strong, tender arms while it was christened as he desired, an honored name, which this favored young lady still bears.

An interesting episode attended one of his visits in Memphis, Tenn., when he presented a stand of colors to the Chickasaw Guards of that city, an organization that for twenty-five years scored a record for fine drilling which excelled that of any other company in the United States, twelve first prizes and four second prizes having been won in competitive exhibitions. Although the military feature of this body has been now relinquished, it still exists as the "Chickasaw Guards Club," holding a limited membership of four hundred, with a long list of applicants waiting for vacancies.

In earlier years, McCullough was made an honorary member of the "Guards," with whom he was always an esteemed and popular friend. From the *Memphis Appeal*, of March 7, 1880, we quote an account of this pleasing occasion:

"Last night was regular drill night at the Chickasaw Guards Armory, and there were assembled between forty and fifty members, to whom Captain Carnes proceeded to give sufficient exercise to remind them of their camp life during the yellow fever epidemic. They remained late, and the majority could not understand why the drill had been protracted to so advanced an hour.

"Occasionally the officer cast a glance toward the stairway, as if expecting somebody. At last carriage wheels were heard, and soon afterward Mr. John McCullough, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Vredenburgh and Miss Effie Rogers of Louisville, entered the Armory. They were ushered into the drill room, where, without any ceremony, Mr. McCullough, who carried in his hand a flag, stepped forward and handed it to Captain Carnes, and then, in an equally informal manner, he began shaking hands with the boys.

"The flag is of fine, heavy silk, and of large size, with an ebony staff, surmounted with a gilt eagle. The body of the flag contained the following inscription:

'Chickasaw Guards, Memphis, from their friend, John McCullough.'

"He also presented them with two 'Markers' each containing the monogram 'C. G.'

"The presentation was the outgrowth of the strong personal friendship which has grown up between the distinguished artist and the Guards, within the past two years, during their meetings both at home and abroad. Mr. McCullough desired to pay the company a compliment that they could not fail to appreciate, and the gratification with which the flag was received must have convinced him that nothing could have been more acceptable. Following the handshaking was an introduction of a huge bowl of champagne punch, which was attacked in force. The occasion was one long to be remembered."

The *Memphis Daily Avalanche* of similar date records the close of this engagement in that city thus: "John McCullough's engagement at Genbries Theatre closed in a triumph, at least as far as the manifestation of popular favor is concerned. 'Virginius' at the matinee was greeted with a jammed house. Last night 'The Gladiator' was put on for the finishing touch; and its presentation was an occasion that will long be remembered in the annals of the drama in Memphis. The Chickasaw Guards, Mr. McCullough's sworn friends, had taken time by the forelock, and captured

the first two rows of the dress circle. Then came their legion of friends who packed the next two tiers, and finally the orphans who belonged to nothing and cared for nothing, except to see John McCullough, and filled the remaining seats in the dress circle and parquette. Upstairs the crowd was just as great and when the 'Gladiator' was on, just as enthusiastic. On the right of the stage was hung the handsome United States silk flag presented to the Chickasaw Guards by Mr. McCullough. On the left the flag which the company had borne through many a *coup d'œil*, with not a single defeat. It was a sight that any observer would be compelled to remember. In the dress circle a mass of fair ladies, brilliant uniformed soldier boys and sober citizens in gala dress; upstairs a miscellaneous crowd, equally appreciative."

Earlier in the week, on Thursday, March 4, McCullough had given a special matinee for the benefit of the Irish relief movement. "The Honeymoon" was presented, with McCullough as *Duke Aranza* and Kate Forsyth as *Julien*, concluding with the farce "A Conjugal Lesson." This performance realized a handsome sum for the starving poor of Ireland.

At last, in the summer of 1880, our hero

re-crossed the broad Atlantic, thirty-four years after the young lad had sought to earn a living on the strange soil of America. He visited his birthplace at Blakes, where he received a most gratifying ovation from the people, and he never thereafter tired of telling of the quaint, unaffected way in which those simple country folk testified their admiration of him, and he often said this visit held some of the happiest days of his life.

In London, he made arrangements for appearing at Drury Lane Theatre for six weeks, the following spring of 1881, which later visit proved a most successful engagement. His American countrymen who chanced to be sojourning in the city eagerly did him honor, and he speedily won the slower English admiration.

Among the honors showered upon him during this season, an especially pleasing incident was the attention shown him by Sir Henry Harvey Bruce, Lieutenant of the County of Londonderry, Ireland, a son of that Sir Hugh Bruce, who, as landlord of James McCullough's small estate, had evicted him in the years agone for non-payment of rent. It is possible that this recreant tenant's boy had often stood, cap in hand, by the roadside, eclipsed by the dust which the Bruce equipage

created, as it rolled by him, while deferentially bowing to the rich lord, but the mills of the gods grind "exceeding fine," and in April, 1881, McCullough, the great tragedian, possessed of a wealth not measured by lands or titles, was given a dinner by Sir Henry Harvey Bruce, at his home in Portland Square, and later, in re-visiting the scenes of his childhood he was entertained at the Bruce Castle and was again honored by those who in earlier days had known him and his worthy family.

Such an episode brings a thrill to the heart which is more than delight in the merited honor accorded to a favorite friend, it is a keen gratification to the lover of justice, when the sometimes too tardy manifestation of that divine law, finds, even to human impatience, its late unerring fulfilment.

A grand reception was accorded to McCullough while in London, by the Duke of Manchester, which the Prince and Princess of Wales honored by their presence, as well as many of the nobility, who were thus likewise honored in meeting one of Nature's uncrowned noblemen.

During the evening, the Prince, now King Edward VII, requested McCullough to recite something. The actor feeling a little dismayed in the presence of such titled nobility,

or uncertain regarding a suitable selection, turned to W. J. Florence who was present and asked him how he should get out of it. The comedian advised him to recite, " The Little Hero " by Arthur Mattison, reminding him that as the request came from the Prince, it must be considered as a command. McCullough then recited the poem with great effect, bringing tears to many eyes. The Princess of Wales who, during the recital, was sitting by the piano, rose at its conclusion and crossing the room, approached McCullough, shook him warmly by the hand, and said with tear-filled eyes:

" You have touched me deeply. You have reminded me of my two darling boys who have just gone to sea."

This royal compliment pleased the artist very much and often thereafter he referred to it.

On his return to America in August, 1881, he stated:

" I have nothing to say about my experience in England, except what is delightful. I was exceedingly gratified with my reception by the London press and people, and my associations with the English actors have been peculiarly gratifying. I never enjoyed anything in my life more than I have this summer.

I never received so many marks of kindness from the profession in my life as I did on leaving London, letters and telegrams bidding me God-speed and wishing me well."

His own genial attractiveness was invincible everywhere, a fact his modesty did not consider.

Soon after his return to this country, he visited Yellowstone Park, in company with General Sheridan, Generals Anson and Slayer, and Colonel Gregory, a trip which, from his keen love of nature, afforded him great enjoyment.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOUR NOTABLE BANQUETS.

" No star shines brighter than the kingly man,
Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears,
Who as grandly conquers or as grandly dies;
And the white banner of his manhood bears,
Through all the years uplifted to the skies !"
—*Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr.*

In both his personal and professional capacity, McCullough was repeatedly the recipient of public honors, of receptions, dinners and complimentary feasts of varied form. But four of these tributes deserve especial mention. The earliest occurred at St. Louis where, as his friend Mr. Thompson has recently testified, " He was worshipped here by everyone who knew him," and it took the form of a banquet at the Southern Hotel, which the press of that day characterized as " An ovation worthy of an Emperor." From the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* of March 14th, 1877, we quote:

" McCullough, whose successful presentation of the creations of the master playwrights came to an enthusiastic close on Saturday night, was last evening the recipient of a social reception at the hands of a coterie of his

warmest admirers. A banquet at the Southern Hotel was the vehicle chosen for the demonstration of the admiration held for him as a player and the esteem with which he is regarded as a gentleman. The affair was most elegant in its details and successful in its execution. The ladies' parlor of this elegant hostlery was chosen as the theatre of this episode, which should ever remain with a sunshiny freshness, in the memory of the distinguished recipient.

"Shortly before ten o'clock, the party, who had spent a pleasant social interval, were ushered into the banquet hall and seated. At each guest's plate was placed a handsome bouquet and a memorial bill of fare, executed upon tinted satin in the highest style of typographical art, by Compton. It was in folio form. One page contained the menu; occupying the centre of the opposite page was an elegant steel-plate portrait of McCullough, taken from a photograph by Scholl-len. Arranged about this were the names of the fifty gentlemen tendering the reception. On an outside page were printed the following lines suggestive of the three appearances of John McCullough in St. Louis, and expressive of his reception.

SEPTEMBER 1873.

Untried and new we saw thy rising star
And hailed the brightness of its early rays;
The light discerned, the promise from afar,
Greeting its glimmer through the morning haze.

JANUARY 1875.

Brighter it grew as we beheld it rise,
Foretelling all the greatness that should be,
And watched its progress with our partial eyes,
Assured that it must rule the galaxy.

MARCH 1877.

Full-orbed and brilliant now thy glories shine,
Illuming all the Drama's wide expanse;
Thou hast thy place secured—the zenith thine—
The whole world's space included in thy glance.

The title page showed a very handsomely arranged vignette with the legend tastefully displayed

COMPLIMENTARY TO JOHN McCULLOUGH
SOUTHERN HOTEL, ST. LOUIS.

" The art of Col. C. M. Ellsard had transformed the spacious apartment into a very bower of floral delights. The utmost resources of the horticulturist were brought into requisition and the decoration in point of beauty and taste was seldom if ever exceeded in the West, on an occasion of this nature.

" The menu, embracing as it did the luxuries and delicacies of the four quarters of the globe, was a feature of the occasion and the

delicate viands being assisted in their disappearance by the use of the sparkling beverage of sunny France, threw a gleam of geniality and good-fellowship over the assemblage, which manifested itself in the happiness of the remarks and addresses that obtained when the gastronomic part had received attention.

"The tragedian at whom the tribute was directed occupied the place of honor at the head of the table. At his right hand, as president and toast-master, sat J. B. McCullagh of the *Globe-Democrat*. The last-named gentleman called the assemblage to order, and after detailing the nature of the gathering, introduced with remarks of encomium, John McCullough, and proposed the toast, 'John McCullough, the actor and the man.'"

"That gentleman in response said: 'Mr. Addison, the great English essayist, was once asked why it was that one who wrote so well and so fluently could play so poor a figure as he always did in a social conversation, or a dinner table speech. He replied, very wittily and pertinently, that a man might have a thousand pounds in bank, and yet not have a shilling in his pocket. And so I feel to-night, in this presence, when asked to respond to

the toast of your chairman. The profession to which I have devoted my life teaches me to keep all my funds of speech in bank, and an occasion of this kind finds me without a single shilling of ready money of conversation in my pocket.

" ' The compliment of the evening touches me to the heart and excites within me feelings which no words of mine could fittingly translate. The life of an actor is an exceedingly hard one. The road to success is steep and thorny, and even many of those who attain the goal after the arduous struggle, without which it is never reached, would be unwilling to duplicate their experience. My own personal history is familiar to most of you, I believe. It is that of a poor boy, with perhaps more of fancy than of fitness for the stage, commencing at the lowest round of the ladder and determined to exhaust all the resources of a young and ardent nature before stopping short this side of at least a moderate degree of success.

" 'An occasion of this kind may well be called one of the richest compensations for the labor of life in any profession. To be thus honored is to be amply repaid for many of the experiences where fortune had more of buffets than rewards. Nor is this the first time that

I have been made debtor for honors and hospitalities, in this city. I shall never forget the warmth and cordiality with which I was welcomed in St. Louis, on what I may call my first professional visit, a little more than three years ago. What success I have met with since has been in no small degree due to the friendly greeting then extended, and the cheering words and kind encouragement with which all my efforts on the stage were received. And as each succeeding year has called me among you, I have found the welcome to increase and the evidence of your kindness to multiply. To record them all would be as impossible to my tongue, as to forget them would be impossible to my heart.

" ' Friends, one and all, I thank you. '

" The conclusion of the remarks was greeted with prolonged applause.

" Then followed the ' feast of reason and flow of soul ' that can occur only at such a gathering. Speeches were made by Col. Dyer, Joseph Pulitzer, and many others. The sentiments and responses were pleasantly interlarded with the highly appreciated vocal efforts of the gentlemen present. The enjoyment continued into the small hours, and it was with regret to have a scene so full of the elements that take the sting from the briars

of this work-a-day world, close, that the 'Goodnight, Godbless you' was given, and the occasion died away as a pleasant and delightful memory.'

During the evening, congratulatory telegrams, all happy and characteristic in their wording, addressed to the friend and fellow artist, were received from Edwin Adams, Lawrence Barrett, Lilian Adelaide Neilson, W. J. Florence, Edwin Booth, William Winter, and W. M. Conner.

The Knights of St. Patrick of St. Louis contributed their mite to the wealth of honor being paid the eminent tragedian, by sending a handsomely printed sheet which contained under the official seal of the society, the following lines:

SALVE ET VALE!

All hail to the Actor whose genius sublime
Interprets the Poet who wrote for all time;
While Hamlet, Othello and Lear, the discrowned,
Make the stage with the woes of the Drama resound,
The name of McCullough shall blend with the strain
And never shall history rend them in twain.

From Knights of St. Patrick to John McCullough, tragedian.

While the recipient of many minor entertainments, the next large banquet was tendered the great artist by the Lotus Club of

New York, an account of which we quote from the *Tribune* of February 11, 1878:

"A pleasant festival occurred on Saturday evening at the Lotus Club, when the eminent tragedian, Mr. John McCullough, was entertained at a banquet formally made in his honor. The company numbered upwards of seventy-five gentlemen. The spacious club parlors were beautifully decorated with flowers and green vines. Mr. Noah Brooks, vice-president of the club, occupied the chair in the absence of the president, Mr. Brougham, who is still unable to come abroad.

"The after-dinner exercises were more than commonly brilliant. Mr. Brooks made a cordial and graceful speech of welcome to the tragedian, and Mr. McCullough briefly responded in one of his frank and modest speeches, for which he is noted. Mr. William Winter, responding to the toast 'The Drama,' paid an earnest tribute to the simple, manly character, the broad and generous mind and the bright career of Mr. McCullough, whom, he said, he had known as an artist for sixteen years, whose genius he had long ago asserted, and whose eminence he had foretold. Although Mr. Winter began with the remark that 'Noah might plant and Appolinaris might water, there was no speech to be got

out of him,' he yet made an address of considerable length, dwelling on the grand and beautiful realms of the art world, wherein the actor lives, and into which he leads his sympathizing admirers. This speech expressed a very high estimate of McCullough's genius and achievements, his profound and unaffected devotion to art, and his freedom from all petty jealousies by which, in its selfish quest for admiration, the theatrical character is so often deformed.

" Mr. Winter's remarks were received with great enthusiasm and several humorous anecdotes which he introduced, occasioned the heartiest laughter. Mr. Oakey Hall made an amusing speech, in which he classified the different orders of theatrical artists according to the various mineral waters; his ingenious wit was much enjoyed. Speeches were also made by Isaac H. Bromley, who kept the tables in a roar for fifteen minutes, Mr. A. P. Burbank, Dr. McDonald and other gentlemen.

Mr. McCullough proceeded on the night train to Boston where he will this evening begin an engagement at the Boston Theatre, acting 'Coriolanus.' The tragedy is to be revived with great splendor."

In December of the same year, a galaxy of notable men assembled in Washington, united

in a flattering testimonial to their favorite actor. It is to be regretted that the speeches made on this occasion by General Sherman, Hon. James G. Blaine and others, were not preserved. Only a meagre report of the brilliant affair is found in the *Evening Star* of December 9, 1878.

"Perhaps for the reason that it was managed by newspaper men, the complimentary banquet to John McCullough at Willard's on Saturday night was an exceptionally bright and enjoyable affair, in which the good things supplied by Breslin and the good things said at the table, were all in a concatenation according.

"Aside from the speeches complimentary to Mr. McCullough, as an actor and a gentleman, the very presence of such a company, embracing so many men of distinction to do him honor, was the highest kind of tribute to his merits. Among those present were General Sherman, Justice Miller of the United States Supreme Court, Secretary Sherman, Senators Blaine, Gordon, Conover and Armstrong, Representatives Blackburn, Clark of Missouri, Paige, Frost, Hurd, Stenger and others; Governor Shepard, I. N. Burritt, Jesse Brown, George B. Corkhill, Stillson Hutchins, John T. Ford, J. H. Raymond, John A. Cock-

erill, editor of the *Baltimore Gazette*, J. B. Martin, Dr. R. B. Bradford, George Douglass, W. B. Shaw, Clarence M. Barton, Mr. Palmer, editor of the *Boston Globe*, Page McCarthy, W. P. Copeland, Crosby S. Noyes, Walter Hutchins, W. H. Clark, Hallet Kilbourn, James Christie, Col. E. C. Boudinot, Col. Rogers, William Dickson, S. S. Huntley, James Hagerman, William M. Conner and Joseph K. Rickey.

"The speech-making was uncommonly good, bright, crisp and felicitously apropos. Mr. James G. Blaine, unrivalled in off-hand efforts of this sort, was admirably seconded by General Sherman, (who presided), Mr. Blackburn of Kentucky, Senator Gordon, Justice Miller, Secretary Sherman, Mr. John T. Ford, Mr. Stillson Hutchins, Governor Shepard, Mr. George B. Corkhill, Senator Armstrong, Mr. Clark of Missouri, Mr. Paige of California, and others.

"The response by Mr. McCullough to the complimentary things said of him was in excellent taste, and showed him to have a fine mind, of no little cultivation. The songs contributed by Col. E. C. Boudinot and Col. Rogers served to fill out the enjoyments of the evening quite completely."

Again on the occasion of McCullough's approaching departure to fill his first professional engagement in England, in the spring of 1881, did his friends try to manifest the high esteem and admiration in which he was held, by a banquet in New York at Delmonico's to bid him a hearty God-speed. The *Tribune* of April 5th recounts this festivity thus:

"A farewell dinner was given at Delmonico's last evening to John McCullough, the tragedian, prior to his departure for England. The dinner was proposed and arranged by a number of Mr. McCullough's oldest and most valued friends, and was intended as an expression of their regard. The actor though for a long time identified with California theatres, having been a manager in San Francisco, has many friends in this city, who esteem him highly, and he is known to the theatrical profession as one of the most popular men in it.

"The dinner last night was not intended in any sense to be a public affair, and for this reason the number of guests was not permitted to be large. The persons present beside the guest of the evening, were Noah Brooks, who acted as chairman, William Winter, George Fawcett Rowe, John Russell Young, Judge

J. R. Brady, Algernon S. Sullivan, Judge Cowing, Chas. Eytinge, Henry Edwards, Locke Richardson, George Edgar Montgomery, Clinton W. Stuart, John T. Raymond, E. A. Buck, Alfred Wilkinson, Judge Benedick, T. Henry French, ex-Gov. Latham of California, Albert E. Bierstadt, J. C. Clarke, Dr. Montrose A. Pullen, J. H. McVicker, E. H. Vanderhoff, Frederick Gould, E. J. Buckley, John Hoey and Lester Wallack.

"The table was handsomely decorated with flowers and a picture of McCullough as *Virginius*, hung upon one side of the room, draped with American flags. A band of music led by Adolph Bernstein entertained those present while the dinner was in progress. Mr. Brooks, acting as chairman, proposed the tragedian's health in a brief speech in which he referred to Mr. McCullough's connection with California theatres and to his own acquaintance with the actor while there. The speaker touched upon the actor's great geniality and said that neither that room nor any hall in the city was large enough to hold all his friends. A. S. Sullivan suggested to the speaker that the actor's heart was large enough for them all, and Mr. Brooks agreed with him, amid much applause.

"Mr. McCullough replied briefly, saying

that he was not a speech-maker. He appreciated most heartily the compliment paid him by those who had given him this dinner. He was going to England as an experiment. He hoped to do some credit there to the highly flattering opinions of him by his friends of America.

" Ex-Gov. Latham of California referred to his acquaintance with McCullough, during early manhood, and to his first struggles for fame in California, when he came forward as a manager in San Francisco. Algernon S. Sullivan who was the next speaker, referred in very earnest terms to the actor's kindly influence in New York and his great faculty of making friends. He said that McCullough was a man possessed of great nobility of soul. John Russell Young told some incidents of his acquaintance with the actor in Philadelphia, when he was a boy.

" William Winter paid an earnest tribute to the good qualities of the man and the artist, and also read the following poem.

Long hushed is the harp that his glory had spoken,*
Long stilled is the heart that could summon its strain;
Now its cords are all silent, or tuneless, or broken,
What touch can awaken its music again?

*The allusion is to the great poet of McCullough's native land, Thomas Moore.

Ah, the breeze in the green dells of Erin is blowing !
If not her great bard, yet her spirit can flame,
When proud where the waters of Shannon are flowing
Her groves and her temples re-echo his name.

Float softly o'er shamrocks, and bluebells, and roses,
Blend all their gay tints and their odors in one;
And sweet as the zephyr in twilight that closes
Be the kiss of thy love on the brows of thy son !

Breathe tenderly o'er us, who cluster around him,
In this, his glad moment of triumph and pride;
Deep, deep in our souls are the ties that have bound him,
And life will be lone with his presence denied.

From the arms of the mother, in childhood a rover,
To exile he came, on the wanderer's shore;
To the arms of his mother, his trials all over,
And honored and laurelled, we yield him once more.

Speak low of affection that longs to embrace him,
Speak loud of the fame that awaits him afar—
When homage shall hail him, and beauty shall grace him,
And pomp hang her wreaths on the conqueror's car !

When the shadows of time at his touch fall asunder,
And heroes and demi-gods leap into light;
When the accents of Brutus ring wild in the thunder,
And the white locks of Lear toss like sea-foam in night;

When the grief of the Moor, like a tempest that dashes
On crags in mid-ocean, has died into rest;
When the heart of Virginius breaks, o'er the ashes
Of her who was sweetest, and purest, and best;

How proudly, how gladly their praise will caress him!
How brightly the jewels will blaze in his crown!
How the white hands of honor will greet him and bless him
With lilies and roses of perfect renown!

Ah, grand is the flight of the eagle of morning,
While the dark world beneath him drifts into the deep;
But cold as the snow-wreaths the mountains adorning
Is the light that illumines his desolate sweep.

When the trumpets are blown and the standards are streaming,
And the festal lamps beam on the royal array,
How oft will the heart of the monarch be dreaming
Of the home and the friends that are far, far away!

There's a pulse in his breast that would always regret us—
It dances in laughter, it trembles in tears;
With the world at his feet he would never forget us,
And our hearts would be true, through an æon of years!

The symbols may clash and the gay pennons glisten,
And the clangor of gladness ring jocund and free,
But, calm in the tumult, his spirit will listen
For our whisper of love floating over the sea;

For the music of tones that were once so endearing
(Like a wind of the west o'er a prairie of flowers),
But that never again will resound in his hearing,
Except through the tremulous sadness of ours.

Ah, manly and tender, thy deeds are thy praises !
Speed on in thy grandeur, all peerless and lone,
And greet, in old England, her hawthorns and daisies,
A spirit as gentle and bright as their own !

Speed on, wheresoever God's angels may guide thee !
No fancy can dream and no language can tell
What faith and what blessings walk ever beside thee,
Or the depth of our love as we bid thee Farewell.

" John T. Raymond spoke next. He said that a great many American actors went to London to get reputation; they did not expect to make money, and they were not disappointed. He hoped that McCullough would be an exception to this rule. If he made as great a success in London professionally, as he had made socially, during his last visit, his friends would have no cause for disappointment. Locke Richardson described McCullough's genial qualities. Henry Edwards of Wallack's Theatre spoke feelingly of the time when he was under McCullough's management in San Francisco. He could speak for every one of the tragedian's old company, he declared, when he said ' God bless John McCullough.'

" Judge Cowing also spoke in eulogistic terms of the actor and the man. The speaking lasted till a late hour."

CHAPTER XIV.

A SKETCH FROM HIS PEN.

" Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword."
—*Richelieu.*

Although McCullough possessed a somewhat inflexible hand, so that writing was a laborious task for him, and dictation in his day had not reached its present prominent usefulness, he still wrote occasional sketches and even a few poems, of which he never made any use, although his friends would occasionally gather them up and send them to some periodical, but all are now lost to sight save the following fugitive story, probably not the most meritorious that might be selected.

It would be expected that such a walking Shakespearian encyclopædia as McCullough was would make plentiful use of dramatic quotations. In fact his conversation bubbled over with such beautiful expressions, he lived so constantly in the world of art.

The following sketch was printed in the *New York Mirror* of November 9, 1885:

A TRUE STORY OF FALSE LOVE.

By John McCullough.

Souvent femme varie,
Bien fol qui s'y fie.

I am going to tell you a story with nothing new in it, for it is a tale of man's love and woman's treachery, and that is an old, old story, old as the everlasting hills. Has not the great master of the mind, Shakespeare, shown us the Queen of Denmark turning her fickle eyes away from

" Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New lighted on a Heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man,"

to abase them upon

"A mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother—
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord—a vice of kings,
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule—
A king of shreds and patches."

Has he not pictured the fair but frail Lady Anne, forgetting her young husband, Edward, for his murderer, who, in blank astonishment at his own success, wonders that she could forsake one than whom

"A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford;
And will she yet abase her eyes on me;
On me whose all not equals Edward's moiety;
On me that halt and am misshapen thus?"

True we have also the fair Ophelia,

"Of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,"

and who, for the love of Hamlet, "wilfully sought her own salvation." We know of the gentle Juliet, who, for love, dared the horrors of the charnel house, and, for love, died in very truth—sheathing her Romeo's dagger in her faithful heart. We read of Imogene, offering her life to Posthumus' unjust command, and we do not deny that there are women who are true as needle to the pole, but, nevertheless, wise men of all ages have crystalized woman's inconstancy into proverb, and condensed feminine insincerity and readiness to barter their beauty for gold, into axiom. How often do we see a lovely girl sell herself to a deformed Satyr for money or rank—nay, even the bribe of fine clothes and a few gaudy trinkets will outweigh the love of an honest heart, the pledge of an honest hand. The story I am going to relate is an example of this, and without further prologue I will tell my tale,

merely adding that it is all true, absolutely true—a tale in which " I do nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice," but simply tell the tale as 'twas told to me by one of the principal actors.

In the course of my peregrinations throughout these United States of America, I made frequent visits to a large and important city—so large and important, indeed, that it ranks among the very first of those centres of wealth and luxury that give reputation to artists and control the taste of the rest of the country. The manager of the theatre in which I always acted on my visit to ——, was a tall, good-looking fellow of middle age, and a man of true culture and refinement, in fact, a gentleman by birth and education, devoted to the kindred avocations of Literature, the Stage and Music, in all three of which he was a skilled adept. Community of tastes brought us together in private, and Frank Lorrimere and I became fast friends. He was getting up a grand spectacular production of one of the most poetic plays I ever witnessed, the cast of which absolutely required a young girl of good appearance and skilled in music and singing, to play one of the chief parts. Frank was almost at his wit's ends. The great production was to follow my engagement, and

that had only two weeks to run. The scenery was all complete; the rest of the *dramatis personæ* had rehearsed to perfection; but just one fortnight before the piece was to burst upon an expectant public, the singing juvenile lady was taken ill and forced to resign her part. What was to be done? None of the ordinary opera-bouffe soubrettes, with their bleached locks and burlesque style would do. The part called for a graceful girl of prepossessing features and of peculiar musical talent, inasmuch as the personator must not only sing well, but also accompany herself upon the harp, in the characteristic costume of the Spirit of Erin—the Graine Uaile, the Cathleen in Oulahan, that represents in Irish legend the impersonation of the romance and patriotism of " Bauba, the land of streams." Frank was an Irishman. So was I. To me he came in his trouble, for sympathy and counsel, and thus I learned the true story I am going to tell.

One day at rehearsal, while the prompter was reading the part of Deirdre with many growls and muttered imprecations, and the leader of the orchestra was vainly trying to give the wild and pathetic music that Deirdre should have sung, on a fiddle, the hall-keeper brought a note to the manager. Frank opened

the envelope and read. Then he came out to where I was standing apart and asked:

"John, did you ever hear of a young girl by the name of Janet Cruise, a singer?"

" 'There is none such in the army of any sort,' " quoted I from " Much Ado About Nothing."

" Well, but she's just arrived from San Francisco."

" The devil she has. Why, that's my place of second birth, my dramatic foster-mother. " Let's have her in by all means. "

"Show the young lady into my office," said Frank to the hall-keeper, and as soon as the act was over, we repaired together to the manager's sanctum sanctorum, where we found a young woman and an elderly woman waiting for us, or, rather for the manager. The girl was not exactly pretty, but she had that indescribable quality of sympathetic attraction—that magnetism that is surer to please than regular features and symmetrical form. Her face was of true Italian type—a low, broad forehead, deep blue eyes, clear olive complexion, with a tinge of color in her cheeks like the inside of a shell; a nose somewhat clumsy and indicative to the physiologist of a self-contained nature, but a nice enough nose when taken with the other features. Her

upper lip was a trifle too long and Celtic in form. Her mouth was like a rosebud newly opened, and her teeth like rows of India pearls. Altogether, although not a strictly beautiful, still, a very charming face, crowned by a wealth of gold-brown hair that was coiled round her shapely head in a shining mass—in fact, Frank told me afterward, in a kind of adoring rapture, that her hair was sixty-three inches long. She was very poorly dressed, so shabbily, in fact, as to suggest absolute want. Her boots were broken on her shapely feet, her gloves were mended, and her hat covered with a gauze veil, evidently to conceal its condition of shabbiness. Despite this, she looked every inch a lady, but a miserably poor one. As for Master Frank, I saw at a glance that he was gone. "Mashed" would be a word too feeble to express the state of goneness that my friend, surfeited with the ordinary types of stage beauty—adamant to the charms of aureoline-tressed soubrettes and pallid leading ladies—proof against prime donne and careless of coryphees—had been reduced to by that quiet, pensive, but withal intellectual face, and that lithe figure so suggestive of luxurious abandonment, and yet so almost conventional in its modest bearing.

The old lady opened the ball by saying:

" Mr. Lorrimere, we have been informed that there is a vacancy in your company for a singing lady, and my niece has come to apply for the position."

Frank bowed and said: " Yes, madam; you are right; our singing lady is ill, and I want somebody to fill her place. May I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

" My name is Mrs. Anna Oldtown, formerly a rather well known actress, but long since retired from the profession; and this is my niece, Miss Janet Cruise, whom I believe you will find to be thoroughly capable of filling the vacant place in your cast."

My introduction to the ladies followed, and then Frank proposed to hear the young lady's voice. A harp stood in the room, intended for the use of the missing vocalist, and Miss Cruise, modestly seating herself, began to play. A few rich, resonant chords, then a plaintive voice full of mysterious tenderness—a voice most musical and most melancholy—stole upon our ears in magic melody. Frank's face was a study. He seemed rapt in an ecstasy as the music " came o'er him like the sweet sough that breathes upon a bank of violets." She sang that most exquisite of airs, " The Coolum," that sounds like the breaking of a heart, and she sang it with a

meaning expression that seemed to come from her very soul. Of course, she was engaged on the spot, and descended at once to the stage, whither the long-unused harp was also conveyed. The part was given her to read, to the great contentment of the prompter, and the musical director handed her the score, which she read with the utmost facility. The rehearsals now went smoothly on, and the mutual attraction existing between the manager and the new actress was evident to all the company, and was, of course, the theme of many an ill-natured remark, born of jealousy and spite. In fact, the love-making was rather more on Janet's part than on his. She never seemed easy if he was not by her side. The smiles and sneers of the company were quite indifferent to her; she was polite to all, but to him she showed an affectionate tenderness of manner that would have ensnared the heart of a stoical German, much more that of a susceptible Irishman of mellow age and imaginative disposition.

The old lady disappeared. Lorrimere dropped into the habit of calling every morning to escort the girl to rehearsal, and to accompany her home every afternoon. They lunched together, and went together to the theatre. In fact, there was no disguise

attempted—the affair was public property. Lorrimere was unmarried; so was the fair Janet. His attentions were unmistakable; so was her reception of them. The thing was apparently settled, and when I, at the conclusion of my engagement, " folded my tent and silently stole away " to fill my date in the next town on my route, I bade them farewell with the expressed hope that I should return in time to be Frank's best man. The rest I learned from Frank himself, whom I met afterward in New York, " a sadder and a wiser man."

The piece was produced and made an immense hit. Janet's singing and modest beauty were the chief attractions. She electrified the audience by her performance of " The Coolum " in the original Celtic, dressed in a long white Druidic robe with a coronal of shamrock in her rich hair which hung in heavy braids down to her feet. Frank would stand at the wings enraptured, and when she came off after a hurricane of applause, his were the eyes she looked into for sympathy, his were the hands she put her own into, in trust and joyful confidence. Frank revelled in his fools' paradise. He had set up an image of gold, as he thought, and bowed down and worshipped it, as is the wont of men of poetic temperament, who are prone

to endow some pretty piece of flesh with their own spirituality, and thus become unconscious self-idolators. As for the charming Janet, she was all softness, all love. Her eyes met Frank's in liquid longing; her hand met his with clinging clasp; her waist seemed never so fitly girdled as by his arm, and her tempting lips pouted as if to ask for his kisses. The broken boots, the mended gloves, the shabby garments had vanished, and neat bottines encased her pretty feet, twelve-button mousquetaire gloves sheathed her arms, which, sooth to say, were somewhat too long for symmetry and needed a good many buttons to come high enough. The napless hat had given place to a pretty confection of silk, lace, and feathers. Janet Cruise was like a butterfly lately broken forth from the chrysalis. Needless to say that all this splendor was paid for by the infatuated Lorrimere, who deemed no offering too rich to lay at the shrine of his goddess.

But there is a seamy side to everything. The grand Hibernian historical, spectacular and musical drama of "Deirdre, the Daughter of Usnach," had cost fabulous sums to put on the stage, and, sooth to say, after the first week the houses fell off. Now when a manager begins to lose money he loses it with a

rush. Dramatic speculation is like gambling; you either break the bank or the bank breaks you. There is no middle path. Lorrimere began to drop his money with a celerity familiar to those who have been there themselves, and became somewhat crippled. From the first performance of the "Deirdre," an ancient Irishman, named Carroll O'Carroll, had fallen desperately in love with the intoxicating Janet. He was not a handsome man—indeed, he was quite the opposite. He was club-footed as Asmodeus and hump-backed as Æsop. But he was rich, very rich, disgustingly rich. He had come from Ireland as a boy, and had worked his way up from sweeping out office floors and "polishing up the handle of the big front door," to the proud possessor of a liquor-shop all to his own self. He graduated as ward politician, office-holder, alderman, and now could call himself by the sounding title of "Boss." He was a power in the land, notwithstanding his ignorance, vulgarity and deformity. As affairs grew worse with Lorrimere, Mr. Carroll O'Carroll became a more frequent visitor to Janet, and on the final collapse of the spectacular drama that young lady announced that she had accepted the charge of the Boss' young daughters as their governess for the summer.

Frank was astounded, but trusting wholly in his fair enslaver's honor and truth, he said nothing. He knew that Janet had an impecunious family to support, for he had many times supplied her with funds wherewith to relieve their necessities.

The summer was in full glare and the theatre had closed with a loss. Janet, with her head on his shoulder and her lips on his cheek, swore that she would never forget him and would come back to the theatre in the fall, "like a dove that seeketh its mother's nest." And at Frank's hinting at the evident amorous designs of the Boss, she had laughed in his face at the idea. Well, to make my story short, Frank Lorrimere agreed to her going away for the summer, with the promise that she would write to him every day. He paid her last milliner's bill, gave her her last instalment of jewelry—a bracelet, with his family crest and the inscription; "Cush la Ma Chree" (pulse of my heart); took her for the last time to the theatre and supper afterward; met her the next day to renew their vows of truth and love; kissed and parted with tears and oaths of constancy—and never heard of her from that day to the day on which I encountered him starting for Europe—pale, thin and wretched, the victim of woman's treachery

and man's folly—having given up his career, his theatre, his all, in the faint hope of being able to forget the poor " feckless " thing that had sold herself to a deformed dwarf for filthy lucre. I strove to comfort him by bringing to his mind numberless instances of like deceit that our mutual experience of the world and the stage had shown us; but the wound was too fresh—the scar had not yet healed—and I saw that the wisest plan was to let him "gang his ain gait," confident that his mental balance was too well poised to be totally overthrown by an unworthy woman.

And I was right, for the next season saw Richard himself again, able to laugh at his past folly, and even to see his false love seated with her crook-back tyrant, for a tyrant he proved to be, in a stage-box in his own theatre, directly opposite his own true bride, whom he had met in London, and who had found out the way to heal his famished heart, and to make him believe that there were Ophelias and Juliets in the world as well as Gertrudes and Lady Annes.

And thus I will leave them, and bring " my ower true tale " to an end with the comfortable saying of Benedick—

> " Men have died and worms have eaten them;
> But not for love."

CHAPTER XV.

TWILIGHT.

" Now see that noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."
—*Hamlet.*

" Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion."
—*As You Like It.*

Ah, but why should twilight fall at high noon? Why the full-orbed sun at its zenith, suffer eclipse? At the apex of his fame, standing, at last, without a peer in his profession, what richness of coloring might not the ripening years have brought, how they would have increased his excellence, expanded his affluent powers to still greater unfoldment, to grander achievement! Must this fruition be denied that great, true heart which lived only to love and bless the world? Or was it necessary that this mortal chapter, so worthily written, be closed that the sequel be unfolded, that a higher avenue of usefulness might open?

It is difficult to associate disease or decay with McCullough's superb health and unfailing endurance. But even his stalwart frame

and robust physique were not proof against the ceaseless wear and tear of nervous energy to which it was subjected, the inordinate tax upon the mental faculties, the emotional nature. In the spring of 1883 his health began to fail. He first noticed a waning of his power in public work, at the opening of the Dramatic Festival in Cincinnati, April 29, 1883, which was signalized by a magnificent presentation of "Julius Cæsar," with the following notable cast:

Julius Cæsar	Louis James
Octavius Caesar	Otis Skinner
Marcus Antonius	James R. Murdock
Marcus Brutus	John McCullough
Caius Cassius	Lawrence Barrett
Casca	H. A. Langdon
Plebonius	P. C. Mosley
Decius Brutus	B. O. Rogers
Mettelus Cimber	H. G. Barton
Cinna	P. Little
Popilius	Homer Cone
Titinius	Albert T. Riddle
Lucius	Miss M. Willett
Pindarus	Charles Rolfe
A Soothsayer	Errol Dunbar
Servina	Mrs. Charles Plunkett
First Citizen	C. W. Vance
Second Citizen	Charles Plunkett
Calpurnia	Marie Wainwright
Portia	Kate Forsyth

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald* of that date, reports that when McCullough and Barrett appeared upon the stage, they

were greeted with prolonged cheers, and it is evident that McCullough's slight weariness was not noted by the audience, for they called him before the curtain with every demonstration of enthusiastic approval.

His friends at this time, and often thereafter, besought him urgently to take a long rest, and early in May, he did consent to make an extended and restful visit in Quincy, Illinois, with his old friend, John B. Carson.

During his stay in this pleasant city, a breakfast was tendered him by one of the social leaders of Quincy, Mrs. Charles Henry Bull, and he gave to the assembled ladies an interesting and valuable address on dramatic art, illustrated by recitations from Shakespeare.

But the active spirit could not long remain inert, and, rallying somewhat, he began the following season in August, at Denver. The occupation he loved and the exhilaration of his dramatic triumphs, stimulated his flagging energies, kept the insidious malady longer at bay, so that he undertook engagements in New York, playing here for four weeks, making unconsciously his farewell appearances. He appeared in Boston also, where it was thought his powers were never more brilliantly displayed, and as usual in the

Christmas season, playing in Philadelphia. His recognition as a star here (while always warmly loved as a man and a friend) was perhaps a little slower in Philadelphia, where his debut as a novice had been made, than elsewhere, thus sharing the usual experience of "a prophet in his own country." He himself referred to this apathy, in conversation with a friend with whom he was walking down Chestnut Street, in the spring of 1877, after closing an engagement there, which had elicited favorable comment from the press.

"That," said he, "is the first real hearty word of encouragement and praise that I have ever received in this city, but they will have to come and see me yet, and I could feel during this whole engagement, which has been only fairly profitable, and by no means such as I shall play in Boston, that the ice is breaking up." He had no reason to complain of his later popularity in Philadelphia. The ice was melted forever.

Near the close of June, he once more crossed the Atlantic, visiting the German Springs at Carlsbad, but their healing potency proved ineffectual to "minister unto a mind diseased." He returned home, a little refreshed from his trip, but much broken mentally,

yet he still attempted the old work. When remonstrated with, he said:

" I must act; it is my life," and his friends hoping that his cherished occupation would re-enforce his waning strength, and prove a tonic to him as it had done the previous season, reluctantly consented. Cheering verdicts of his condition were often heard, and prophecies made that " John will work it off, and pull through."

But it was not to be, and it was in Chicago, on September 29, 1884, at McVicker's Theatre, that the final collapse came. Of his opening performance in that engagement, the *Chicago Tribune* of September 23 makes kindly comment. " It cannot be expected that an observer should mistake depression for subdued pathos, or weakness for reserved force, or discern merits at a time when McCullough has not fully recovered from his illness. Here and there during the progress of the drama " (which was *Virginius*) " some familiar line was spoken with a flash of live feeling, but in passages demanding cumulative power, there was an abrupt breaking of the chain of thought and a failure to master the climax.

" Lapses of memory occurred at critical periods of the action, but these embarrassing pauses may be overcome when he has warmed

up to his work. The cry 'If they dare,' which closes the fine scene in the fifth act, and the passionate smothered exclamation 'I am patient,' before the tent, these and other short outbursts in the dialogue, were uttered with as much robust vigor as McCullough has ever brought to bear upon his art."

But the same periodical of September 30, was forced to record a sadder story. "McCullough's malady last evening reached a crisis. A pitiable scene was witnessed when the pressure of illness which has borne so heavily on the great artist seemed to overcome him. He struggled manfully through his part with the assistance of frequent prompting, but his apathy deepened as the play progressed. Slips and mistakes occurred that were painful to his well-wishers. The audience misunderstood his condition.

"He broke down in his last speech, the pathetic death scene which closes the tragedy of 'The Gladiator.' There were hisses and ironical remarks from different parts of the house, which was regrettable, for one who has pleased the public so often, but playgoers could not be blamed for they did not know of his true condition.

"But the saddest finale occurred the next morning, when to humor his wish, the com-

pany consented to rehearse 'Richelieu,' although they knew the engagement was at an end, but they were all anxious to gratify his whim. He struggled through the lines of the great *Cardinal's* part, uttering now and then, sentences from 'Virginius' and 'The Gladiator' and other favorite parts. At last, he came to the curse scene and there was a momentary gleam of the former fire as the splendid and powerful words fell from his lips. Some of the members of the company who were sitting in the parquet, began to applaud, when, touched by this sudden exhibition of sympathy, the actor burst into tears. As he wept, the fond illusion of power that he cherished, seemed to fall away from him. Then the play went on, and Mr. Lane uttered a line descriptive of the *Cardinal's* breaking strength. McCullough looked at him in a sad, dazed way and again there was a pause of most painful embarrassment. Finally, he wandered from the part of the *Cardinal* to that of *Richard III*, which he had seen played by Keene, two nights before.

"Probably there is nothing more touching in the history of the stage than the fatality which induced the despondent actor to speak those infinitely sad lines from the fifth act of Shakespeare's play. They are from *Richard's*

soliloquy after the awful apparition on the battlefield, and when he was filled with the presentiment of his coming fate.

'I shall despair—there is no creature loves me,
And if I die, no soul will pity me.'

"Before the rehearsal was over, some one brought in from the front of the building, the huge placards bearing the tragedian's name and likeness, and this incident was a shock to him. He realized then that his engagement was at an end, and he saw at last the full significance of the line addressed to him the night before, when his strength forsook him in the last scene of 'The Gladiator.' The words were in the play, but it was a strange coincidence that they should have been spoken at the moment when John McCullough stood perhaps for the last time upon the stage.

'General, you are unfit for battle,
Come to your tent.'"

Another account of this unwelcome collapse is furnished by Joseph Haworth, who was supporting McCullough at the time, and an eye-witness of these affecting scenes, the young artist having himself also now passed on to higher spheres of activity.

His account is as follows (quoted from Lewis C. Strang's "Famous Actors of the Day in America"):

SPARTACUS

" For a long time signs of breaking down were noticeable, and on that last performance in Chicago, we all saw that the poor Guv'nor would not last much longer. The play was ' The Gladiator,' with McCullough as *Spartacus*. I played *Pharsarius*. When the brothers met in the arena, he seemed to forget his lines and he became confused. He placed both his hands on my shoulders and trembled, as he said, ' What next, Joe, what next?' I gave him the cue and we finished. After the act we received two recalls, where we generally got six or seven. He said, ' My boy, they seem to like it to-night; it's going fine.' He slipped up on the lines several times after this act, and once he accused me of reading his lines. The last act came, and those who heard the words of the boy attending him, can never forget how they sounded: ' General, you had best go to your tent; you are unfit for battle.' He was called before the curtain at the close, the audience seeming to understand that something was wrong. There were loud calls for a speech, and he spoke a few words. They were the last spoken in public. He said:

" ' If you had suffered as I have to-night, you would not have done this. Good night.'

" The company was disbanded, and the

next morning it assembled at the theatre on business. The Guv'nor came in, and meeting me in the lobby said,

" ' The show did not go very well last night, and the papers cut me up a bit this morning.'

" ' Never mind that,' I replied, ' you need not care for what is said.'

" I asked him if there was to be a rehearsal, and he answered ' yes.' Knowing his condition, the company consented just to humor him. The first play to be rehearsed was ' The Gladiator.' He was perfect in every line, and he had the entire company in tears during parts of his delivery. When he said to me, in giving me charge of his wife and family, ' *Pharsarius*, I give thee more than my life, guard them well,' there seemed to be more meaning to the lines than I ever heard before. It was with genuine sorrow that Mrs. Foster, the wife, replied, ' Husband, husband, do not send me away; if I leave thee now it will be forever.'

" There was not a member of the company that did not feel the deep meaning of this line, and even the strongest man in the company, Harry Langdon, was sobbing like a child. McCullough did not seem to mind what was going on about him. When *Spartacus* died, after the lines, ' There are green valleys in

Thrace,' his head dropped listlessly, as though he was dead in reality.

"When 'The Gladiator' was finished, he called for a rehearsal of 'Richelieu,' and of course his order was obeyed. He went through the play in the same perfect manner that characterized 'The Gladiator.' He delivered the curse in a magnificent manner, and, at its conclusion, the entire company joined in loud and heartfelt applause. When *Baradas* recited the line, 'His mind and life are breaking fast,' the Guv'nor turned to denounce him. As he did so, he broke down completely, and was taken away to the hotel. We all felt that we had bid a long good-bye to poor John McCullough, and that we would never see him again on this earth. I cannot add anything to the tributes that have been paid to the memory of McCullough. He was a dear, good friend, a whole-souled man, loved by his friends, and his enemies(?)—well, his kindly, genial nature was proof against them."

Nowhere in the whole range of sad and pathetic drama was ever scene enacted so pitiful, distressing, so unacceptable in its hopelessness, as this tragedy which has been recounted. To see this grand man, this giant in power, suddenly bereft of his noble reason,

even to a degree, the scene all the more affecting that its chief actor was so unconscious of the sad part he was enacting, wholly oblivious of his state, and of the lamentable truth that his work on this plane was for ever ended, the sword of mimic combat dropped from his listless hands, the toga and sandals which he could wear so royally, laid aside.

Oh, if there were not another world for the continued exercise of his genius, a realm of freedom from every malady and pain, this spectacle would be still more unendurable. As it was, the stoutest hearts were wrenched with the anguish of the world's great loss and with the personal sorrow of parting from this great artist, this true and beloved friend. But the gateway of exit was not attended with acute suffering, and was thus merciful.

There might be mentioned a possible originating cause for such strange mental collapse at so early an age, not yet fifty-three, in the prime of life, in the zenith of his power and vigor, which is not generally known. Some years before, in March, 1877, when he was playing one of his early starring engagements in the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as he was leaving the stage after one of the acts in "Virginius," by the right front entrance, he had not advanced far enough to

escape the descending drop curtain, whose heavy roller hit his head with such force as to temporarily stun him. The blow was not of such a nature as to cut the scalp, but rendered him insensible, so that a doctor had to be summoned, and, while the performance was delayed for his recovery, he was able to finish the rôle, though suffering from great pain in his head.

This accident was witnessed from the auditorium by Mr. Walter Hubbell — actor, author and poet — who has been seen more frequently behind the foot-lights, as the worthy support of Booth and other stars, as well as of McCullough. And might it not be (the effect of blows are so subtle and so gradual) that a clot of blood, occasioned by the injury, slowly formed until it encroached upon the brain, and the inspiring spirit could thus no longer perfectly control this avenue of intelligence. It would seem that only an accident could account for such early decline of an exceptionally vigorous manhood. But of this, more anon.

The world of creeds and puritanical prejudice has ever been too ready to regard the actor as a somewhat unworthy specimen of humanity, too prone to impute dissipation as the prolific cause of any malady that may

assail him, although the same infirmities visit mortals in any walk of life with equal impartiality. This gentle invalid perhaps received his death blow on the field of worthy service, while enacting a character of spotless virtue, while portraying the noblest of human sentiments—a father's love.

And his nobility of soul, the sweet serenity of his disposition, colored the advance of his incurable malady. He roamed about with freedom, and to a degree directed his own movements and affairs, until one day he came near being run down on Broadway, New York, and then his friends thought it best for his greater safety to place him in the Bloomingdale Asylum, where he might receive intelligent care, a move of which his own physician, Dr. Hugo Engel of Philadelphia, never approved, as he did not consider McCullough insane. There was caprice, there were erratic moods, when he would visit the theatres, under the impression that he had an engagement to play in them, but there was no "madness" in the common acceptation of the term, no raving, no violent ranting of old parts, as has been (alas !) presented to the world through the fraudulent phonograph, an exhibition now mercifully suppressed. The childlike sufferer simply slept and ate and lapsed into

vacancy, occasionally arousing for brief intervals to recognize his friends and then returning to the dream-land of his twilight existence.

In one of his wife's visits to the asylum, he said to her in his half confused way, " Isn't it queer, Letty, that I am always thinking of Lizzie" (his favorite sister) " coming to see me, and I know that she is dead." To many *sound* brains this consciousness may not seem "queer."

Only seven weeks before the glad awakening came from this living death, Charles E. Leland of the Sturtevant House, visited him in his retreat, and even at this late stage of his illness, the invalid talked of bygone days, recalling many reminiscences which in such busy career might easily have been forgotten by a healthy mind.

Even the angel of Life, so often mis-named Death, advanced with gentle, merciful touch to bring blessed release to this favorite son.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUNRISE.

"There is no death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call death."

—*Longfellow.*

"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

—*Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

The Bloomingdale Sanitarium (which occupied very nearly the present site of the Episcopal Cathedral in New York), constituted the abode of the invalid only from June 27 to October 25, 1885, at which date he was removed to his home in Philadelphia, 219 East Thompson Street. Here for several days he seemed to grow steadily stronger and brighter, his mind also cleared, and while the muscles of his throat were somewhat paralyzed, so that he did not regain the power of articulation, his eye showed intelligent cognizance of all that occurred around him, and his physician's hopes and expectations of an ultimate recovery grew very strong. Most encouraging reports went forth from the sick room; he became able to sit in an easy chair

and eat with increased appetite and enjoyment.

The *Philadelphia Press* of November 9 records the features of these last days: "He knew his friends, and with his eyes acknowledged their wishes for a bright future, and the meaning in the grip of their hands. His wife was ever near him, always ministering to him, as only a wife and woman can. With his eyes he thanked her, and his glance followed her as she flitted in and out of the room. Late on Saturday, when Mr. Johnson called, the invalid was bright and cheery, perhaps better than at any time during his illness, greeting his dear friend and legal adviser with much affection, and he made several vain attempts to speak."

But the throat which had done such noble service would no longer respond to the spirit's volition. And this gleam of the old intelligence proved but the flash of the expiring flame. Suddenly, on Saturday evening, there was a change for the worse. Violent and rapid breathing was noticed by his faithful nurse, William Nutt, and the physician was speedily summoned. Hypodermic injections of brandy and ether were administered, but without effect, although respiration gradually became more quiet, but all realized the end

was near. His face was still suffused with the hues of health, but there was upon it an expression of great weariness and weakness.

On Sunday morning, just as the church bells were ringing, he turned and looked at his wife, who was softly weeping. He tried to speak to her, but was unable to voice the sentiment which shone in his glance. Then he closed his eyes, and never again opened them, although he breathed softly until just after the clock in his room struck one, when the great heart ceased to beat. There was no struggle, no last word; he passed away peacefully, as a child would go to sleep. The morning of a New Day had dawned for him in the Land of Light.

Dr. Engel's theory of his malady was that the left side of the brain had become wasted and in a sense dried up through blood-poisoning, the artery that supplied it with blood having been choked up by some foreign substance. The theory of the physicians at the asylum however, differed from this diagnosis. They called it *paralytic dementia*, from which recovery was impossible. They did not treat him medicinally, but held that all that could be done for him was by gentleness and kindly service to ease his decline. None of these professional gentlemen knew that any blow

on the head had ever been received. There was no autopsy.

It was in the departure of this grand soul that the beauty of his private life, the strong grasp he held upon the hearts of the people everywhere, was most apparent. Perhaps no actor was ever so profoundly mourned. Mr. Johnson announced his decease to Mr. W. M. Conner of New York by the following telegram:

"John is dead. He passed away peacefully at one o'clock to-day. Funeral on Thursday. Have proper announcement made, and his personal and professional friends invited."

When these sad tidings reached Mr. Conner he was deeply affected, exclaiming: " He was nearer than a brother to me. You well know how two men can be knit together by bonds of mutual liking and sympathy closer than mere ties of blood can join them."

Other warm friends, called hither by the tidings, were too much affected to speak of McCullough save in fondest terms full of regret, and still more touching tributes were paid by his professional companions everywhere. W. J. Florence soon came in with tears in his eyes and a break in his voice, saying:

"Poor John! A noble soul gone! I first met him thirty years ago, in Philadelphia, and from that time till the present I was one of his closest friends. I knew John perhaps longer than any man in the profession, and I knew him long before he entered upon his distinguished career. His aspirations, when I met him at the age of seventeen, to become an actor, were very strong, and never shall I forget when I saw him the following year, the joy that beamed from his eye when he told me he had made his début upon the stage. I have met him often since, and we have been stanch friends. He would often refer to his small beginnings, and in his frank and winsome manner thank me for the words of advice and friendship which I spoke to him as a boy.

"John's death is the breaking of another link that bound the coterie together—Forrest, Adams, McCullough—only Booth and I left. I was in England when John was playing there in April, 1881, at the Drury Lane Theatre. He looked grand that night, and all the Americans present arose to their feet and cheered him. He not only impressed his own countrymen, but won his way to the hearts of the English, as well.

"John McCullough was always a diligent

student and in this, I think, may be found the secret of his phenomenal success and the alas ! so premature failing of his powers. He was not dissipated, yet knowing his mode of life, I can but wonder that he survived so long. The parts in which he excelled—those of *Lear*, *Othello* and *Virginius*—impose upon the actor's vitality a severe strain and shorten his life with every appearance. So many men who have excelled in tragedy, have met with similar ends, that I am surprised that some people have seen fit to ransack their heads to assign a cause for that which appears so natural."

Charles E. Leland, on hearing the unwelcome news, said:

" The stage has lost one of its noblest ornaments and I a friend such as a man is only blessed with once in a lifetime. We met in '61, and when our acquaintance ripened, we took a room at the Metropolitan, together, where we lived the whole winter. John was then about twenty-four, full of life, hope, and promising all that he afterwards became. A more estimable gentleman, a more lovable man never lived than John McCullough, and many thousands who knew him and loved him are saying the same thing, to-night, as the sad tidings travel from the Atlantic to the

Pacific, where he was regarded with real affection, and where many have been helped by his generous impulses."

In Boston the same deep sorrow was expressed. Said Harry McGlennan, of the Boston Theatre, "I have known John McCullough for many years. As to his histrionic ability there is but one conclusion, that he was without a rival. In the heroic, like *Virginius* he left no equal on the stage. In the characters of the robust and virile, the strong and those where the better phases of humanity are developed, he was peerless. There is no actor on the stage who combined his generosity of heart with the many attributes of the gentleman as he. His death will be much deplored."

John Stetson, of the Globe Theatre, said: "He was a man whose every thought was the alleviation of the sufferings of his fellow actors and a man to whose friendship one might trust implicitly. While he lived, a friend could always be sure of a true friend's advice, combined with the more substantial things which only those in need of them can appreciate."

Kind-hearted Mrs. J. R. Vincent, the soul of benevolence herself, and therefore able to appreciate the same quality in others, made

this comment: "I knew him well. He was a most able man and the stage will sorely miss him. He was always kind and affectionate, ever ready to lend a helping hand to a brother, always active in the interest of aspirants to fame, always cheerful even in adversity. The world will lose in him one whose life will be always a true example of honor, genius and munificence."

A writer on the staff of the *Boston Herald* recalled a conversation held with the great tragedian at the close of his last engagement in this city, when McCullough, being in a retrospective mood, related some incidents in his professional career, some of them unpleasant, and he was congratulated by friends present on having reached a position where he could look back with complacency on the difficulties which had confronted him in the past.

"You can now command success," was said.

"Yes," was the actor's reply, "but I had to conquer it first, and it was no easy conquest." Then, after a pause, he added, "Hard work is, after all, the only road to success."

The sentence was not original, but it was never more applicable. McCullough knew whereof he spoke.

Upon his first visit to Boston, to support Forrest (whom McCullough always idolized as "the greatest actor in the world," and as a man "with a heart of gold"), he arrived in the city with twenty-five cents in his pocket, and a meagre repertoire. He took a room on the top floor of the Tremont House and applied himself so closely to study that he hardly stopped to eat. He mastered and played fourteen difficult parts, in the eight weeks of this engagement, all entirely new to him, a task of tremendous difficulty. Years later, he once remarked,

"I would like to see the play bills of that era."

The book containing them was shown to him. After scrutinizing them carefully, he laid down the book with a sigh, both of regret and relief, saying,

"I pulled through, and the discipline, though terribly severe, was invaluable to me."

Toil of the hardest kind seemed to choose him as an especial mark. In those early days following his arrival in America, his position in the Philadelphia Gas Works was the very lowest place. As a barrow man, his business was to bring coal up to the furnace, dump the cinders and carry away the trash.

Another friend recalled an episode relating

to his next step in life, as an apprentice in the chair-making business. For after he had achieved fame as an actor, and was visiting in a private house in the Quaker City, he noticed an old-fashioned chair in the room, with the comment that the article looked familiar, and turning it over, found his own name inscribed in a scrawling school-boy hand upon the frame, and pointed it out with the proud remark,

"Ah, my boy, my work was done to last."

McCullough's old partner and fellow worker, Lawrence Barrett, was playing in St. Louis, when the tidings reached him, and he was deeply moved. "Poor McCullough" he said, "I knew him as intimately as any one else. He was a generous, genial, large-hearted man, full of charity, too much so probably for his own good." Then, in soliloquy, while he paced the floor with his hands clasped behind him, he continued: "He had a wonderful career and in many ways was a wonderful man. He appealed strongly to the popular heart. There are few actors whose individuality was recognized so quickly and who gained such a large share in the affection of the public. His personality was so charming, he made friends of all he met and that too without any

inconvenience to himself or any loss of manhood or dignity."

Mr. Barrett also telegraphed to Mr. Conner: "I share in the general regret for the death of our friend. Offer my sincere sympathy to his family and place flowers in my name over the remains of the kindest soul that ever lived and the truest friend."

Scores of telegrams of condolence were received by the family, among these messages of sympathy from Edwin Booth, Mr. McVicker, from John W. Mackay, who expressed the regret of himself and McCullough's friends on the Pacific coast, from Mary Anderson and Madame Modjeska, expressing her affection for him who had "tutored her for the British stage."

Mr. Thompson of the Boatmen's Bank, St. Louis, a close friend of McCullough, and who first induced him to save up his money and who invested it for him advantageously, when interviewed regarding his estate, said: "He usually had on deposit here sums ranging from forty to fifty thousand dollars. Everything in the way of stocks, bonds, notes and other property was left in my hands and aggregates perhaps seventy thousand dollars."

The tributes of respect and sincere affection which appeared in the press of the day, were

very touching. The N. Y. *Tribune* of November 9, stated: "The world that only knew him in his public capacity as an actor, could have but an imperfect impression of his spirit, but nevertheless honored him and loved him with an affection surpassing that bestowed upon almost any public man of his time. He was one who as an actor spoke from the heart to the heart, and this, almost without our knowledge, became an abiding possession of our lives. But his personal friends alone knew how worthy he was to be honored and loved. He was a noble mind, a most loving heart, a strong and gentle spirit and an exemplar who always cheered and strengthened.

'He made a Heaven about him here,
And took how much with him away.'"

Mr. William F. Johnson who perhaps knew him more intimately than any other friend, thus analyzes his sterling attributes:

"In McCullough's personal character, the qualities which first attracted interest were modesty, simplicity and manliness. . A certain sweet humility was natural to him. He never vaunted himself. He never was unduly exalted. He took success, as he took failure, with meekness. . This strain of modesty ran through his conduct because it was inherent in his character. He knew what other actors

had done, and he knew there were other heights to be gained, higher than any that had been reached by him. He did not wish merely to be *called* a great actor; he wished to *be* a great actor, and acting under this desire and purpose he studied and labored at all times to make the utmost that could be made of his faculties and occasions. . . . He did not wear his heart 'upon his sleeve for daws to peck at,' but he wore his heart in his bosom, and it was an honest, tender, manly heart, sympathetic with goodness, resentful of evil, charitable and generous, faithful in its affection, and easily moved to pity and to kindness. Wherever he went he carried this charm of personal worth and he found instant sympathy and kindness. He was naturally cheerful. His bearing and movements had the composure that comes of power. His smile was equally indicative of pleasure in life and kindness toward others. He was an attractive man to children, to all weak or helpless persons, to all such natures as lack self-reliance and therefore turn instinctively toward strength and sweetness. He had a protective air. Safety and comfort seemed to enter with him wherever he came. He was a sturdy, smiling reality of beneficent

goodness, and his presence encouraged those who work and cheered those who suffer."

The *Dramatic News* of November 10 pays this tribute:

"In the death of McCullough the stage loses one of its most conspicuous figures. Critics may differ as to the abilities and accomplishments of McCullough as an actor, but the indisputable fact will always remain, that he attained the topmost round of the histrionic ladder by the exercise of an individuality that is wonderful in the light of what he accomplished. Such a career as McCullough's should awaken the fires of ambition in the soul of every actor in the land. His beginning was the lowest, and his achievement the most brilliant. Nor will McCullough be remembered alone as an actor. His deeds as a man have endeared him to thousands of hearts, and his honesty and generosity compel an admiration as sincere and abiding as that awarded to his talents."

A writer in the *New York Mirror* of November 14 expresses her esteem for the arisen friend in touching terms:

"A multitude of friends have mourned over the still, cold form of John McCullough. I did my mourning for that splendid man nearly three years ago. He was playing at

Niblo's, I think, when, one afternoon at the Sturtevant House, I had several hours' talk with him on a subject in which we were both interested, and I went home convinced that there was something entirely wrong with the reasoning faculties of my dear friend. As I thought that day's conversation over, I sat down and mourned his loss as his friends are doing to-day.

"Dear John McCullough left the homestead three years ago and to-day they are putting under ground the worn-out habitation, the dismantled home that once held one of the kindliest, sweetest, noblest men God ever made. There was a sympathetic grip in his hand, a thrill in his deep voice, an earnestness in his handsome face that made his presence to any one in sorrow a sustaining comfort. There was a hearty ring in his manly tones, a cordial strength in his welcome clasp, and a thorough enjoyment of everything bright about him, that made him the most delightful companion when one was glad.

"Glorious John McCullough! The sweetness of that slow, tender smile that broke across the sternness of a naturally sad face, comes back to me continually—seen always through tears—for one loved that man on

account of that smile if he had no better reason.

"But how many reasons he gave the world for the love they gave him! Generous in heart and hand, faithful in friendship, quick in sensibility, with a soul as sunny as a child's and tender as a woman's, he won most men and all women. How deeply he took hold of the affections is shown to-day when so much love survives his long absence, to put away the deserted frame that held the beautiful picture, with a grief and sorrow that seem born of recent loss.

"You would think to look on Conner's sad face, to meet Florence's dear blue eyes, moist with undisguised tears, to hear John Carson's voice tremble as he mentions him, that McCullough, in all the pride of his glorious manhood, had been stricken down but yesterday in their midst. It shows how dearly we all loved him, when, after these weary years without him—now that the image that stood for him is broken on the shrine—the nearness of his loss is not removed. His hands hold us still; his sweet smile has not faded from sight, but with a sense of unconquerable pain we grieve as if John McCullough was, indeed, just dead.

"To name those men who are most sorrow-

ful to-day about his grave, is to mention the best and finest men in the land. And I feel very happy as I think how many of them I count as my personal friends, and feel that to the end of this uncertain life a bond of friendship between us will be the love we held in common, and the sorrow we feel for John McCullough."

In the same issue of the *Mirror*, Fred Lyster recounts his acquaintance with McCullough in California, in 1868, "when he was a handsome, strapping, broad-shouldered, classic-faced young fellow, full of life, hope and fun, but with a keen eye to business, as well as an immense favorite with the public of San Francisco. He was always ready to lend a helping hand to struggling talent, never jealous of another's success, amenable to counsel, open to conviction, frank and free in manner. John was the pleasantest fellow to work with I ever met."

Among his supporters and co-workers, Mr. Hubbell's poetic soul at this sad time found fitting expression in verse:

JOHN McCULLOUGH.

Born 1832 Died 1885.

By Walter Hubbell.

Farewell, McCullough, Nature's noble son!
Thou sincere friend and honest man, farewell.
None knew thee but to honor thy great worth,
None mourn thee more than those who tolled thy knell.

No more shall thy Virginius teach our race,
A Roman father could live out of Rome;
No more thy Lucius Junius wring our hearts,
Nor Cade, the bondsman, see his boyhood's home.

No more thy hoary Lear in madness wrapped,
Call curses on his thankless daughter's head,
No more thy Spartacus, brave Thracian youth,
Fight Gauls, and then choose Romans for his dead.

No more thy Metamora feel those wrongs
Our pale-faced fathers forced him to endure.
Alas! no more thy Richelieu, mark the ground
Within whose circle stood his ward secure.

Dead art thou to our stage—not so thy fame,
Which lives to shine for many hundred years,
Thy past, kind, genial friend, is ever ours,
And at thy tomb we offer up our tears.

This poem appeared in the *N. Y. Mirror* of Nov. 28, 1885 and was widely copied throughout the country.

CHAPTER XVII.

IMPRESSIVE OBSEQUIES.

" His sun went down in the morning,
While all was fair and bright,
But 'twas not an eclipse of darkness
That hid him from our sight.

For the valley of death was brighter
Than the hills of life he trod,
And the peace that fell on his spirit,
Was the calm, deep peace of God.

His sun went down in the morning,
While all was fair and bright;
But it shines to-day on the far-away hills,
In the land that knows no night."

—*Elmo.*

The funeral honors paid to the arisen tragedian surpassed in character, in their imposing grandeur, any tribute ever bestowed upon an actor in this country, or in Europe, and few public men in any walk of life, have ever been thus honored. For once, both church and stage cordially united in fraternal fellowship, to pay fitting tribute to a man most worthy of such homage, and the solemn obsequies were attended by all classes of people.

Abundant proofs of the respect and affection in which he was held were noticeable

throughout the city. The well known features in crayon or in photogravure were displayed in the windows of the newspaper offices and dry goods emporiums. At the Chestnut Street Opera House, where it was McCullough's custom to play an engagement every Christmas week, a huge pillow of roses bore the inscription in immortelles "Exit John McCullough," while standing back of this floral tribute was a large and heavily draped portrait. The spacious St. George's Hall at the corner of Arch and 13th Streets was secured for the services, although the largest auditorium in the city would have proven insufficient for the multitude who thronged to do him honor.

The deserted form remained in the front chamber of the family residence until Wednesday evening, when his faithful servant, Nutt, carried it down to the parlor and prepared it for the final reception. McCullough's dress suit which he had worn at dinners and receptions, and which he last had on at a banquet in New York, had been brought on from that city, by Mr. Conner, and Nutt very carefully, tenderly, dressed him in it, adding gold studs to the shirt-bosom, and patent leather boots to his feet. In the button hole of the coat, he placed a splendid Gloire de Dijon rose.

The waiting casket was of metal with a lining of cedar. It was richly upholstered with black cloth and ornamented with eight silver handles and also with a silver hand rail on either side. The plate bore the simple inscription

John H. McCullough.
Died Nov. 8, 1885
In his 53rd year.

When placed therein, a friend observed, "Virginius never looked more noble in life than in death. The light of the late month's wandering having fled from his face, there was nothing to distract from the contemplation of the beauty of the dead."

Before the simple services for the family and relatives took place on Wednesday evening, it was decided to give the neighbors and poor people of Kensington an opportunity to view the loved remains, for while they were to lie in state for some hours in St. George's Hall, it would conserve both the time and expense of the laboring class, many of whom had been recipients of McCullough's large bounty, to be accorded this privilege. Consequently, by the earnest desire of Mrs. McCullough, the doors of this dwelling were thrown open, and fully three thousand people passed in to take

a hurried look at the familiar face and then gained exit by the rear doors.

About forty were present at the private service, including, besides the widow, McCullough's two sons (who strongly resembled him although much smaller men), Mrs. James McCullough, his daughter-in-law; Letitia, the grand-daughter, his sister, Mrs. Wert and others. At 9.30, Rev. Robert Hunter of the Kensington Presbyterian church, where the McCullough family attended divine worship, made a short address and a choir from that church sang "On smiling and weeping," and "It is well with my soul." The eldest son, much overcome by his great loss, sat by the casket and kissed the dead face repeatedly.

Just before midnight, the body was conveyed to the Hall, but even at that late hour, a large concourse of people followed the hearse through its two mile course, thither. On arrival at the portals of St. George's Hall, the casket was received by a delegation from the Philadelphia Branch of the Benevolent Order of Elks, who stood beside the catafalque as a guard of honor throughout the night, while florists and decorators worked several hours until, at daybreak, hardly an inch of the walls of the Hall were visible, being eclipsed by heavy drapery of black cloth fastened at

the cornice with huge fan-shaped rosettes. On each side of the rostrum, where two large portraits of the tragedian were placed, one as *Virginius*, and one in citizen's dress, were marble statues and these were wound with black, contrasting strongly with their white outlines, revealed against the heavy folds of black drapery at the rear of the platform. The small stage was transformed into an altar surrounded by branching ferns and palms, and from near and far came innumerable floral tributes of reverence for the departed hero. No man in the profession ever had so many warm, devoted friends and hundreds came to express their homage and deep respect.

At 8 a. m. the public were allowed admission by ticket to view the remains as they lay in state, and for two hours and a half, a stream of people passed by the bier, at the rate of forty a minute; but while it is estimated that eight thousand people entered the Hall, over ten thousand failed to gain that privilege, while the surging crowd, pressing toward the entrance in the street below, effectually blocked the passage of cars and carriages as well as of pedestrians. Even ten and fifteen dollars were offered for the possession of a

ticket. And as the *New York World* of that date testified:

"It was not simply idle curiosity that took those crowds to the Hall and kept them there for six hours or more, but a sincere grief for the loss of so great and noble a man. It was a respectful, grief-stricken throng that moved silently along in an unbroken stream."

It was not an earthly monarch who commanded this homage, but a kingly man, with a regal soul, who by his own innate nobility was thus enthroned in the hearts of the people, and this is a royalty that can be attained by every mortal, even while wearing these bonds of clay.

At 10.30 the doors on the 13th Street side of the building were closed and entrance to the services was made from the Arch Street side of the Hall. Cards of admission were black bordered and inscribed with the words

"McCullough Obsequies. Admit one."

The family of the deceased was first conducted to seats near the flower-crowned bier. Other seats were reserved for a very large delegation of professional friends who came on a special train from New York, the hour for the services being an early one, to allow those who were actors to return by afternoon train to their evening engagements. Dele-

gations from the Order of Elks were also present from New York, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Boston and Jersey City. The musicians and vocalists were placed in the balcony at the rear of the Hall.

The solemn services, which lasted over two hours, began with a musical offertory from the combined orchestras of the Chestnut Street Theatre and Opera House and led by Simon Hassler. Scriptural selections were read by Rev. Robert Hunter and then Miss Bertha Ricci sang "Nearer my God to thee." Prayer followed by Rev. Dr. John S. MacIntosh of the Second Presbyterian church, who was invited to take a prominent part in the services because, like McCullough, he was of Scotch-Irish descent. A solo, "After toil cometh rest," was then rendered by W. H. Morton, manager of McCaull's Opera House.

The first address was given by Rev. Mr. Hunter who, although he had not the pleasure of McCullough's close acquaintance, had by his pastoral connection with his family, seen ample proof of the actor's large-hearted generosity and chivalric regard, which so liberally provided for their comfort and support, and he could thus speak intelligently of the deceased, in tones of deepest respect.

"The death of John McCullough is in a very

significant sense a universal bereavement. Who has not heard his name? Who has not known something of his brilliant career? Who has not admired his genius? But brilliant intellectual power and great genius are often associated with coldness of heart and almost utter lack of human sympathy. In the friend whose departure we mourn to-day, there was greatness of heart and this it was that, like a powerful spiritual magnet, attracted and gathered around him from all ranks and classes and from all parts of the vast country, and beyond it, an almost innumerable company of the warmest, most honest, most devoted and most constant friends.

"As I look over this vast audience, and as I read in your faces the sorrow of your hearts, as I think that many of you have traveled hundreds of miles to be here to-day, I am reminded of tens, yes, of hundreds and of thousands whose sorrow is just as keen, and whose sympathy is just as warm, but who cannot be here to-day. When I think of how many have by wire and by mail attempted to express the feelings of their hearts and to convey words of condolence to the bereaved family, and how many more would have done so but for the modest consideration that they

might possibly be intruding at a moment when the bereaved and sorrow-stricken relatives might choose to be alone with the Divine Comforter; when I think of all this, I cannot be insensible to the difficulty of meeting your expectations and satisfying your sorrowing hearts by anything that I may say.

"There is a deep, pervading sympathy, a subdued and silent sorrow, to which no addition can be made by any words that may be spoken on this occasion. I am here as the pastor of the bereaved family of our departed friend to join with you in paying our last tribute of respect to the memory of one who has in the varied relations of life, endeared himself to so many."

A quartette of male voices from the Carncross Opera Company then sang "Jesus Lover of my Soul," to the music of "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," both hymn and melody being favorites with their departed friend.

Next on the program, Rev. Dr. J. S. MacIntosh preached a sermon about thirty minutes in length, in which a very grand picture of the nobility of McCullough's character was drawn, closing by a portrayal of his struggles, and emphasizing the lessons they teach.

"I see," said he, "a great drama, a finished drama and a fallen curtain. I see as the first act, the lonely boy on the city streets. The poor lad stands a stranger in this strange land, seeking a friend and searching for a home. Homeless, friendless, he looks out wearily for a friend and wonders with a sinking heart where he shall find a home.

"In the next act our eyes rest on a joiner's apprentice, looking out wistfully through a just opened door upon another life. It is an humble scene. The third act of this death-sealed drama presents this young student of his art, face to face with a great model. The fourth act shows us the matured man of romantic friendships, and the most chivalric faithfulness. The feature of this period is the payment for a second time of a debt that had been paid in full.

"Act fifth begins the end. The drama grows tragic. It is a sick room with the patient watchers, the ministering angel by his side. He cannot speak, for his tongue has lost its cunning. Then the curtain falls. The lights are out and all is still."

Following another orchestral selection, the funeral oration was delivered in a most touching and sympathetic manner by Mr.

Henry Edwards of Wallack's Theatre, a warm friend of the deceased:

"It has been well and wisely said by one of the greatest of mankind that

> 'Death hath no tortures for a mind resolved—
> It is as natural as to be born.'

But though the messages of the conqueror reach us day by day; though the touch of his hand falls hour by hour upon some familiar form; though the symbols of his presence are ever before our gaze, it is only when we stand as we do to-day, beside the inanimate body of one we loved, and wander in thought over the past years, strewn with gentle recollections of the one who has gone before, that we can realize the power of the destroyer, or appreciate the unerring certainty of that stroke which must eventually be dealt to all by the 'reaper whose name is Death.' We come together to-day to look our last upon the features of a cherished friend, who had no enemy in his life, and who goes to his last sleep, blessed by the prayers and the tears of thousands. We come to offer our homage to his genius, to pay our earnest tribute of respect to the worth and grandeur of his character. We come to testify to the love we bore him, to recall the memory of his many kindnesses, and to bear him with tender hands and loving hearts, hearts bowed down by the weight of an affectionate sorrow, to his final worldly home. It has been thought well that a few

words might be said on this occasion by one associated professionally with him, and though there are many better fitted than myself to perform this task, there are few who have had wider opportunities of knowing the intricacies of his nature, and of observing the growth of his mind; and surely none who more valued and admired him for his unflinching heroism, for the unstinted devotion which he displayed toward his chosen calling, or for the unbounded and unselfish generosity which marked his life.

"Twenty years have nearly passed since, upon the far-off shores of the Pacific, I first met John McCullough. He was then just concluding in San Francisco an engagement with his great preceptor and friend, Edwin Forrest—an engagement doomed to be the last they should ever play together. He had already made for himself a name, being regarded as one of the young tragedians who had before him a bright and glowing future, and the kind-hearted people among whom his lot was then cast, holding their arms open to the aspiring artist, took him to their hearts as their protegé and friend, and induced him to make their city his home. For nearly nine years he lived amongst them, and though it is not my purpose to allude at length to his career, as that has been already sketched in the fullest manner by the journals throughout the length and breadth of the land, I feel myself compelled to touch briefly upon his management of the California Theatre, where

in conjunction with Lawrence Barrett, he inaugurated an era of theatrical representations second to none which have been given in his time, and raised the drama on the Pacific coast to a condition which it had never known before, and which may fitly be called its 'Golden Age.' If the names of the company which he selected, be written now, there will be found among them those of most of the eminent actors and actresses of to-day, who, graduating from that admirable school, have since fought their way to the highest place of their profession. It was toward the more legitimate drama that our friend's tastes and inclinations always directed him, and the productions of 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Hamlet,' 'Cymbeline,' and others, were such as have rarely been equalled upon the English-speaking stage. He was the means also of drawing toward a then little known region the more prominent actors of the country, and displayed throughout his management an enterprise and liberality as honorable as they are rare. There is not an artist to-day who played in the Califorina Theatre when it was under McCullough's direction, but will bear ample testimony to the almost lavish generosity which characterized his mounting of their plays, to the care with which all matters of business outside of the theatre walls were watched and tended, to the great excellence of the supporting company, and, more than all, to the atmosphere of thoughtful kindness which pervaded the

place and made every one who came within its influence experience the calm comforts of a home.

"I know well that it is somewhat the fashion to decry actors as men of business, and in this regard our poor friend has not escaped; but the amount of thought and skill required to work to perfection the machinery of a theatre needs to be great indeed, and to find a man competent in every department is almost impossible; but in all that pertains to the absolute knowledge of the stage and its own particular requirements, John McCullough was thoroughly at home, and had he not been a great actor he would, by the force of his love for his profession, have made an admirable manager. It is true that he disliked the position, but that by no means interfered with his capacity for filling it; and perhaps few men ever lived who possessed in so great a degree the rare and valuable quality of smoothing down differences, and of making the rough paths of labor bright and pleasant for those who had to tread them. By his own personal magnetism, he drew not only the warmest interest, but the affection of his people toward him, and they felt that the success of their leader was as dear to them as their own. A harsh word, even among the many tempers and dispositions with which he had to contend, seldom escaped his lips, and if it were ever uttered it was regretted as soon as said. No one ever approached him in a good cause without finding an attentive and

sympathetic listener, and the instances are not few in which his own interest was freely sacrificed for the benefit of others. Truly may it be said of him that he had ever

> ' A tear for pity, and a hand
> Open as day for melting charity.'

To every worthy purpose his professional services and his theatre were freely given, and the amounts yearly bestowed in aiding misfortune and succoring distress were such as to reduce, sometimes, to a very small sum the profits of the season. But he seemed to hold his position in trust for the good of his fellows, and to experience to the very full that ' it is more blessed to give than to receive.'

" Another remarkable feature of his nature was his uniform evenness of temper. Whether shadowed by misfortune, tortured by sickness, or hampered by the cares of a busy life, he had always the same gentle smile, the same friendly grasp, the same warm and welcoming words. No change of condition ever affected his character, and whether as the struggling man looking longingly, yet half despairingly, toward the goal which he hoped one day to win, or the distinguished actor, worshipped by admiring crowds, the end of his ambition attained, and the rewards which attend successful endeavor strewn before his steps, he was still the same genial friend, the same warm-hearted companion, the same kind and friendly associate as of old. Who is there amongst us that has had the privilege of his

friendship, that has not known this of him? Who is there that will not bear witness to some single-hearted, unselfish, generous deed, some kindly thought that cannot be forgotten? Throughout our long companionship I can recall no mean or paltry act, no shrinking from the duties of life, no neglect or forgetfulness of the friend who ever served or aided him; and on the other hand I *do* remember hundreds of good deeds done by stealth, hundreds of noble actions performed in silence, and made the purer and the brighter because of the secrecy by which they were surrounded. And, as it was remarked on a somewhat similar occasion to this, by one of the greatest orators of America, 'If every one to whom he did a loving service were to carry a blossom to his grave he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.'

"Who does not recollect too, the singular influence of his sunny nature, the laugh that sparkled in his eye, the fun that bubbled upon his lip, the merry tales that sometimes 'kept the table on a roar,' or the joyous humor with which he touched the eccentricities of his comrades, or told characteristic anecdotes of those by whom he had been surrounded? No one more than himself could appreciate the disadvantages of his early life; and the honest industry by which he rose out of the position in which fortune had placed him, and struggled to obtain the knowledge fitting him for that to which he aspired, is as worthy of admiration as of

praise. The fund of information which he had gathered was wonderful in its range of subjects, and upon all matters connected with his profession he spoke with power and authority. Always a good listener, he knew well when the right word should be said, and when spoken it was with clearness, force and dignity. He marked out a path for himself, and heedless of obstacles, he trod it to the end. He swept aside the obstructions before him, and by the force of sheer determination and energy he marched like a conqueror to his throne. But he knew no petty jealousies, and the leaves from his laurel crown were freely distributed among his younger and less eminent brethren, whom he was ever ready to aid by his advice and experience, with whose struggles he sympathized because they resembled those of his own early days. And beyond this, so open-hearted and so singularly generous was his character, that he excited no jealousy in others, but every step on his upward path was regarded with honest pride and rejoicing by his comrades, who joyed in all that elevated him, and who, loving him with more than brothers' affection, regarded his triumphs as their own. No man ever collected around him a greater host of friends than he did, and no man will linger longer in the sweetest memories of their souls than John McCullough. The great concourse assembled here to-day is a distinct evidence of the estimation in which he was publicly held, and I speak with certainty when I say

that could he have chosen the place in which he would prefer to 'look his last of earth and sky,' it would have been this very city of Philadelphia, a city which he always loved so well, and in which he first began to mount the ladder of his fame. It seems to have been in the very fitness of things that after his years of toil and struggle, when struck down in the strength of his manhood by the disease which mastered him, he should be permitted

'Here to return and die at home at last.'

And I may be allowed here to remark that his brilliant friend and teacher, Edwin Forrest, and his beloved companion, Edwin Adams, also died in this city, and yielded up their breath on the same day of the week as that which witnessed the departure of our friend. But, alas! that such a man should so soon, in the pride of his career, become *but* a memory, and that he should have been called so early away, not only from the stage which he adorned and elevated, but from the wider stage of a life which had so much of promise and so rich a harvest of fame and fortune yet to be reaped and gathered. 'To our dim vision all seems hard and strange,'—the mysteries of this life of ours are beyond our ken; but as we sometimes stand upon the seashore and look with longing eyes upon the seemingly limitless waste, wondering at the nature of the countries that lie beyond, so may we stand in the presence of death, and, crossing by our inner self the great dividing line between life

and immortality, gaze with speculative sight across the mysterious river, and behold the forms of those who are 'not lost but gone before.'

"And in such moments of peaceful contemplation can we not see our friend again before us, smiling on us with a holy smile, and bidding us be comforted, giving us the assurance that he is still near us, shedding a peaceful influence about our life, and telling us that 'souls once united in the bonds of love can never be dissevered, and the universe, still held together by the same great power, must perish before this divine ordinance can be broken.'

"He has left an example to imitate and follow—an example of earnest energy and perseverance; an example of a noble, generous and manly character; an example of patience under difficulties rarely met with in life, and an example of as honest and tender a soul as ever blessed our earthly pilgrimage, and made us thankful that such as he can come within the orbits of our lives. Farewell, then, gentle friend, faithful comrade, loving brother, fare you well! We part from you with sadness in our souls; but as through our tear-filled eyes, we look our last on your familiar features, we bless the Father that He has shortened your sufferings on earth, and we pray your happiness in your eternal home, whither the youngest and bravest of us soon shall follow you! The flowers which adorn your coffin are emblems of the purity of that

affection which will accompany you to your grave, which, unlike them, can never fade, but in the long years to come 'will keep your memory green.' And though we would have kept you with us for a longer space, we murmur not at a higher and wiser decree than any we can utter, and with our souls swelling with love and tenderness for you, old friend, we will endeavor to comfort your sorrowing one with the trusting thought that 'It is well.'"

The closing remarks by McCullough's devoted friend, Counsellor W. F. Johnson, were deeply affecting to the grief-stricken assembly and fittingly concluded these impressive ceremonies.

During the tender, plaintive strains of an orchestral dirge, the casket was lifted by the Elks who had guarded it so faithfully since midnight, and borne down the long central aisle, followed by the family and pall bearers, who had been chosen from among his closest friends. They were William J. Florence, John B. Carson, W. H. Thompson, William M. Conner, William F. Johnson, Joseph Jefferson, M. W. Canning, William Winter, Henry Edwards, J. W. Collier and John A. Cockerill.

Mr. Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett were prevented by their enforced absence from officiating on this solemn occasion.

The procession to Monument Cemetery, where the remains were interred in a tomb until the site of their final resting place should be determined, was headed by the Actors' Fund and a band of musicians. The hearse was drawn by four black horses and followed by nearly two hundred carriages, with a long procession of friends on foot.

Fully five thousand people gathered in the Cemetery grounds where the impressive ceremony of the Elks was performed. As the deceased was a member of the St. Louis Lodge of Elks, it devolved upon the highest officer of that body present, Mr. Charles R. Pope, to assume charge, but he resigned his prerogative to Mr. Harry Sanderson of the New York Lodge, and Grand Exalted Ruler of the entire order. A beautiful feature of these concluding rites was the music furnished by the Carncross Quartette of male voices.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FURTHER TRIBUTES.

" This is not he—this piece of marble—
That you drop as you pass your tears upon,
That you deck with palms and pallid lilies;
The noble prince whom you loved is gone.

'Gone?' did I say? 'Midst your quiet footsteps,
That slowly pace by the side of the dead,
Hear you no stir of his trailing garments?
Mark you no sound of his royal tread?

He moves among you, unseen, unnoted,
He lays his hand on the still cold face—
That cast off mask he had worn among you;
Beside his comrades he takes his place.

O closed, locked doors ! O harp-strings broken!
O perishable, fleeting breath !
These are the words you murmur, murmur,
While he—he knows not death.

These are the words you murmur, murmur,
While he stands apart in a strange surprise.
O could he tell what your ear unheedeth !
O could he tear the veil from your eyes !

Life's song has lost no note of sweetness;
Across life's harp sweeps a living breath.
His only pain is your pain—your blindness—
He lives ! He lives! He knows not death.

In the dark hushed Hall, those who had loved him
Draw near the pale form, speaking low of his worth,
Of his honor, his grace, his high exaltation;
But not one of them all heard this message of truth."

—*Annie J. C. Norris.*

Among the notable assembly that gathered to pay the last tributes of respect and affection to the lamented friend, very few now remain on the mortal plane of life, save in pleasant memory. But many of these names it is a delight to recall. Among those who came from New York by special train can be mentioned one whose heart is perennially young, and who is still with us — Joseph Jefferson. Others were W. J. Florence, Henry S. Sanderson, Edward G. Gilmore, James W. Collier, Henry E. Dixie, Arthur Wallack, Marcus Mayer, Edward Harrigan, John F. Poole, R. M. Hooley of Chicago, Col. Sinn of Brooklyn, Walter Hubbell, Edward Knowles, Joseph Haworth, Ben Maginley, Benjamin Baker, Henry Edwards, Andrew J. Dam, Jr., John Matthews, Harry Eytyinge, Nelson Decker, Harry Peakes, J. J. Spies, Eugene Tompkins of Boston, C. P. Parloe, Joseph Wheelock, Charles Wheatley, Harrison Grey Fiske, Harry Watkins, R. R. Miles, William Henderson, F. J. Maeder, Harry Brown, Mrs. Augusta Foster, Miss Louise Eldridge, Mrs. Rose Leland, Manageress of Albany, Mrs. W. Birch and Miss Alice Brown.

Others present were Charles Pope, proprietor of the Pope Theatre, in St. Louis, the managers of all the Philadelphia theatres,

Messrs. Rapley of the National Theatre, Washington, and Baton of the Grand Opera House, Chicago, John A. Cockerill, managing editor of the *New York World*, Col. R. E. J. Miles of the Bijou Opera House, New York, Atkins Lawrence, James H. Meade, John Lane, George Alfred Townsend, William Wheeler, George W. Arundel, Barton Hill, H. B. Phillips, John P. Smith, Bartley Campbell, Harold Forsburg, John Burleigh, W. T. Campbell, Lew Simmons, James P. Kingsley, John Chamberlain, J. H. Hague, W. W. Ripley, Richard Fitzgerald, Murray Woods, Col. Horace Fitz of San Francisco, Charles Fisher of the Daly Company, Sam Hemple, Charles Southwell of McCaull's Theatre, Digby Bell, Thomas Donaldson, Israel Fleischman, Fred Zimmerman, Samuel F. Nixon, John J. Holmes, Harry McDonough, Augustus Pictou, Samuel K. Murdoch, Morris Simmonds, Mme. Judic, Miss Jeannie Winston, Laura Joyce Bell, Mrs. John Drew, Mrs. Augusta Foote, Mrs. Sedley Smith, Mrs. W. Rice and Miss Carlotte Evelyn.

Mr. Henry F. Gillig, representing the American exchange in London, who happened to be in this country, was also present.

The floral offerings, which expressed so potently and fragrantly the abiding love and

memory of the tragedian's many friends, were numerous and notable in the extreme. Some of these deserve mention. There was the large design known as the "Gates Ajar," with the inscription "At Rest," from Mary Anderson, an urn of chrysanthemums and roses from John T. Raymond, a wreath from Emma Nevada, a harp from Mrs. William M. Conner, another, bearing the inscription "Al compianto Amico. John McCullough." from Tommaso Salvini, a crown over which hovered a white dove from Lawrence Barrett, a Vienna wreath of new design from John W. Mackay, an Elks' collar from William F. Johnson, a harp of white roses from W. J. Scanlan and Augustus Pictou, a pillow from Henry E. Dixie, a helmet from J. W. Collier, a large pillow at the foot of the casket with the words "He was good to me, he was" from Edmund Collier, a Roman cinerary urn, copied after one in the Gallery of the Candelabri in the Vatican at Rome, four feet high, a garland of ivy running in festoons about the bowl, imparting a most striking effect, the gift of Thomas W. Keene, a large bouquet of Jacqueminot roses and lilies of the valley from Mrs. W. Wright Sanford, a cross and crown of ivy and roses from Mrs. John W. Forney, a floral vase from Miss Willett, a pillow and

wreath from the St. Louis Lodge of Elks, a broken column and wreath from the Philadelphia Lodge, a scroll from the New York Lodge, a cushion of red, white and yellow roses from the Rochester Lodge, a broken pillar from the Brooklyn Lodge, a harp from the Pittsburg Lodge, a pillow from the employees of the Chestnut Street Theatre and Opera House, a pillow supported upon a tripod from Messrs. Zimmerman and Nixon, a harp from Manager Fleischman of the Walnut Street Theatre, an urn from Manager Holmes of the Arch Street Theatre, and from the Theatrical Association of Philadelphia a cushion of flowers and a "grip" in the centre.

From the rear of the hall, the rostrum looked like a solid bank of roses and flowering plants — a wilderness of beauty.

To these tributes can most fittingly be added a sonnet and a poem, which appeared in the columns of the *Boston Daily Globe*, on the morning following the transition (November 9) and which are too excellent to remain in oblivion.

JOHN McCULLOUGH.

By Albert E. Hardy of Springfield, Mass.

The Master hath, to fill his wise decree,
Created men with natures sweet and rare
As flowers that bloom upon the meadow side,
Men who designed for greatness, walk and wear
Their robes of genius, thinking but to please
The people of the world's great playhouse—Fame.
For such as these, hath raised a lofty throne,
And now upon it shines another name.
He stood alone. 'Mong all his compeers, there
Are none to form the part, to fill his place
Within the circle where he lived and loved.
So soon the end. Low lies the tired head,
The Master—tho' his name shall live—is dead.

IN MEMORIAM.

By W. A. Lewis.

Trailing to earth the crimson toga falls,
Before a tomb hewn from the massive stone.
Empty the sandals lie beside the grave
Within whose portals he has passed alone.
It was no common deed, this act of Time,
No common stroke of Death's remorseless blow;
A nation's grief attests the full accord
Of each and all in this our common woe.

He was a simple man; yet such was he
That every heart pulsates in honest grief
As now we pause beside the open grave
Of him who was our tragic hero, chief.
A tiny lad, he landed on our shore,
Of Celtic blood, he proudly claimed descent;
To honest toil his manhood ne'er rebelled,
He struggled on, tho' never discontent.

Faithful was he in humble labor's way,
With book and voice, he filled the leisure hour;
Each sturdy limb was bred in toil by day,
And mighty brain-work paved the way to power.
Called from the craft he early had espoused,
His patron saint* installed him in the art
Which later, found an artist in the lad,
Who, in his time, played well each minor part.

A score of years his name has been a spell,
A score of years his fame has widely grown,
A score of years—the veil is quickly rent,
And all of man and art in him has flown.
We, as a people, will recall with pride,

* Forrest.

All that he did to benefit his art,
He was a man with all that manly pride
Which makes an artist great in any part.

Dread be the fate that robs the gifted mind
Of graces fitted unto usefulness;
Great as he was, he might have greater been
Had he been spared the latest sad distress.
I knew him in the private walks of life,
When generous impulses prompted noble deeds.
A man he was of most unselfish heart,
A prompt respondent to a brother's needs.

He posed before us as a Roman père,
Paternal love forever filled his breast,
With shuddering dread he took Virginia's life:
He acted well, altho' most sore distressed.
"The noblest Roman!" Yes, he was indeed,
Born to be draped in graceful robes of state,
While armored dress became his person well,
And as the warlike Tuscan he was truly great.

Calm be thy rest, Prince of the Thespian art,
Hallowed thy tomb and precious be thy fame!
From humblest walks thou rose to high estate,
And thousands cheered the mention of thy name.
Loved as thou wert in this resolvent sphere,
Long as thy mimicry shall awake a chord,
Art and thy majesty go hand in hand,
And fame enduring shall bestow reward.

CHAPTER XIX.

FINAL HONORS.

" Thou wilt see him again in the happy land of the spirits, where the fair hunting grounds never know snows or storms, and where the immortal brave feast under the eyes of the Giver of Good."

—*Metamora.*

Three cities contended for the honor of sepulture of the remains of the loved tragedian. The New York friends were very desirous that they should rest in that city, the scene of so many of his triumphs. The St. Louis Lodge of Elks, of which McCullough was an honorary member, and in which organization he had always taken a keen interest, offered a burial place in the Bellefontaine Cemetery, of their city.

But his family naturally wished them to repose nearer his old home, and a site was finally chosen in Mount Moriah Cemetery, in the immediate suburbs of Philadelphia, an enclosure of pleasing undulating features, once the property of Horatio P. Connell and his aunt, Mrs. Wallace, who presented a lot for McCullough's burial which crowned an eminence of considerable elevation, the highest

in the grounds, which gift was gratefully accepted.

This city of the dead, of 240 acres, is now thickly occupied, the remains of 3000 soldiers, martyrs of the civil war, rest here, as does also the dust of Betsy Ross, whose nimble fingers, under the direction of Washington, made the first American flag, a flag-staff still serving as her sole memorial.

Very soon after McCullough's departure, his friends began to consider the erection of a suitable monument above his last resting place. His devoted friend and former manager, Capt. Conner, took the initiative in this observance, making no appeal to the public, which would have been so generously honored, but, esteeming it a privilege too dear and sacred to be promiscuously shared, he conversed with nearest friends regarding such project, all of whom warmly welcomed this opportunity of expressing a love that Time could not efface or dim, and their ready contributions soon ensured its speedy fulfilment.

Designs for the monument were submitted by Mr. John Lackme, a skilled architect of Philadelphia, and Mr. William Clark Noble of Newport, R. I., the eminent sculptor, who felt a warm enthusiasm for his subject; and these drawings were heartily approved. It

was decided that the monument should be constructed of polished Quincy granite, with a bust in bronze, of the great tragedian, in his favorite role of *Virginius*, as its most prominent feature and for which this granite temple should serve as fitting shrine.

The result of the combined efforts of artist, sculptor and designer was a memorial of the most imposing beauty and grandeur. It was the first monument ever raised to the memory of an actor in this country if not in the world, and few citizens in any walk of life have ever been honored by so grand a one. The sculptured urn of the apex stands thirty-six feet from the ground, and from it rises an ascending flame, typical of the aspiring soul in its escape from mortal encasement. The entire proportions of the structure are both graceful and grand. The massive base from which it springs, is adorned on its front face with a design of crossed foils, and the fasces of the Roman lictors, flanked on either side by the masks of Tragedy and Comedy, and crowned by the Scotch thistle. On the north side of the base are inscribed the lines from "Julius Cæsar," which McCullough himself selected, as elsewhere stated, for the gravestone of his friend, Edwin Adams, equally appropriate here.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world. 'This was a man.'"

On the reverse side are the equally fitting lines from Whittier:

"Tender as woman, manliness and meekness
In him were so allied,
That they who judged him by his strength or meekness,
Saw but a single side."

On the rear is the inscription:

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE
EMINENT TRAGEDIAN, JOHN McCULLOUGH,
BY HIS FRIENDS:
JOHN W. MACKAY, WILLIAM J. FLORENCE,
MARY ANDERSON,
WILLIAM M. CONNER, W. H. THOMPSON,
JOHN B. CARSON, W. F. JOHNSON,
AND OTHERS.

The names of all the contributors to this memorial are not known, but among those who craved the opportunity of expressing their undying affection for the great artist, it is safe to affirm (now that there is no longer need for the seal of secrecy, which embargo his modesty imposed) that the largest donor was the tragedian's stanch, abiding friend, that kind-hearted, intelligent, modest millionaire — John W. Mackay.

McCULLOUGH MEMORIAL

From this massive base arise four beautiful pillars, entwined by sculptured ivy, which, with the domed roof which they support, enclose a chapel-shrine for the noble bust, of colossal size, which, with a most life-like expression of repose and serenity, looks ever toward the sunrise. The standard of the bust bears as inscription that well-known line from "Virginius"

> "Does no one speak?
> I am defendant here."

This majestic work was modelled by Mr. Noble, and cast by the Henry Bannard Bronze Company of New York. The granite was sculptured by John Ferguson of Philadelphia, and the entire monument cost nine thousand three hundred dollars.

Very notable services marked the dedication of this artistic memorial on November 27, 1888. It was a cold, gray day of late autumn, cloudy and clear by turns, thus typical of human experience. But nothing could deter the attendance of the host of friends who "held his memory green," and who, three years after his departure, showed by their love and their tears how indelible was the impress that the sweet-souled McCullough had made on every heart that knew him.

The audience was large and representative of almost every phase of professional life, most of those present being personal friends of him whom they met to honor, and they had gathered not from Philadelphia alone, but from widely remote localities, from Chicago and Boston, while again a special train brought many friends from New York to honor this tribute of sincere friendship.

Among these were Rodolph Aronson, J. H. Barnes, C. W. Brooke, Col. T. A. Brown, Judge Bregy, A. J. Bates, J. W. Collier, W. M. Conner, Mrs. Conner, Miss Mignon Conner, William Winter, G. F. Coes, Luke Schoolcraft, J. Cunningham, John Courtney, George Davis, J. J. Dougherty, Henry Enoch, F. H. Gould, E. C. Gilmore, Laurence Hutton, Rev. Robert Hunter, Dr. W. F. Hartley, David Hayman, Frederick Helm, Matthew Jackson, W. F. Johnson, J. F. Kelly, John A. Lane, Frank H. Lane, E. A. McFarland, James H. Meade, Frank Moran, Steele Mackaye, W. H. Maxwell, M. J. O'Brien, William Ottman, J. B. Roberts, W. S. Rising, Locke Richardson, Henry Scheetz, Richard Stockton, S. S. Sandford, Eugene Tompkins, Alexander Taylor, Jr., S. J. Todd, Berry Hall, B. Warburton and Joseph Wood.

Of the tragedian's family, there were his

son James and wife, with their daughter, Miss Letitia, his sister, Mrs. Wert, who, with Mrs. Conner and daughter, Mrs. Rees Haskett, Miss Clara Poole, Miss Jenny Saunderson and other ladies, occupied chairs near the monument; his wife and youngest son having joined him since his own decease, three years before, and their dust now rests with his remains in the tomb below.

A platform was erected for the orator, poet, and others who officiated in the exercises, which were under the auspices of the Actors' Order of Friendship and the Philadelphia Lodge of Elks. A large floral chair was placed at the base of the monument, bearing the inscription "Sleep well, brother, sleep well."

There was first a solemn musical prelude by Bach, rendered by Simon Hassler's band, who contributed also other selections, and a chorus sang the "Prayer of the Actor's Child." At two p. m., Mr. W. F. Johnson, whose duty it was to unveil the bust which revealed the familiar classic features of the beloved tragedian, addressed the assembled company as follows:

"My Friends: There is an hour when we are called upon to mourn the loss of one dear to us; there is an hour when grief is soothed

and we feel that our tears were not in vain. The consolation that Nature brings is the compensation for our sorrow. We are not here to-day to mourn,—for mourning cannot give us back our friend,—but rather for exultation that his memory lives with us, green with the remembrance of his great charity, his sweetness of temperament, and his glorious geniality. Heroes have had their last resting-places marked with imperishable marble, in admiration of their power to slaughter men and wreak misery upon their fellow-creatures; poets for the sweetness of their songs; rulers for their excellence in statecraft; but few are honored, as our dear friend is to-day, for personal worth, unostentatious charities, and a beneficent life.

"Every American citizen can unite in this loving remembrance. The life of our friend was the embodiment of the possibilities of our civilization. A poor, lone, penniless and uneducated emigrant, from the Green Isle that has given so much to the world, he arose, by his genius and the capabilities of our institutions, to be a man of culture and intellectual force, the associate of judges and senators, and the advanced in culture of our land; and when he passed away he left a void, as the last and not the least of a long line of delineators of the romantic and heroic characters of poetry.

"The story of his life has been told, but the loving devotion of his friends can never be written.

' His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, " This was a man." '

"So has it been carved on this structure, that those who are to come may know the esteem in which he was held in life. He had his superficial faults. To be more than human is not to be of humanity. But in gentleness, sweetness of temper, self-abnegation, and broad and open-hearted charity we may never know his equal.

"As a friend of his early life and of his mature years—a friendship that was never broken by time nor dimmed by absence—I have been asked to withdraw the curtain that will reveal his effigy, placed here in enduring bronze.

"It is with affectionate remembrance of my friend that I do this, and a trust that it will in future years be considered not only the memorial of a great man, but a lesson that the remembrance of good deeds, charity and affection endures forever."

It had been hoped that an address might be furnished by Mr. Conner, the originator of this beautiful memorial, but a recent illness and hoarseness made public speaking impossible, still his generous office was recognized by warmest applause, as he arose to introduce the orator of the occasion, Mr. Steele Mackaye.

THE ORATION.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I regard this as a moment to be greeted by us without other tears than those born of the deep content of gratified love. While there is a profound solemnity about this occasion, it nevertheless should have, for those here present, no savor of sorrow or pain. On the contrary, in the whole history of the profession which this noble sleeper served, there has never occurred an episode freighted with greater encouragement to his co-workers than this which we enjoy here to-day, for it demonstrates the lasting hold that true manhood can obtain, through loyal service on the stage, upon the affectionate remembrance of our race.

"For the first time a monument has been raised, not as a private ceremonial, but as a public commemoration, over the grave of an American actor. This monument, apart from the charm diffused by its intrinsic beauty, performs three functions, invaluable to those interested in honest art and right living: *Firstly*, as a tribute to an actor it asserts the worth and dignity of histrionic endeavor. *Secondly*, it emphasizes the sterling quality of the man who rests beneath it. *Thirdly*, it celebrates the glorious and permanent force of human friendship. Never before in this country has a votary of the theatre received such a testimonial—declaring the love that outlives death—as this statue just unveiled and this assemblage from widely separated

cities, of hearts that are strong in memory because they were always firm in affection.

"If we inquire into the causes of this unique occasion, we shall discern much to encourage our faith in that human nature which cynics are so prone to despise. When the band of faithful souls assembled here have 'passed through Nature to eternity,'—into that freer and deeper communion of spirit which awaits us beyond the silence of the grave—our children and children's children will pause to gaze upon the massive manliness of this heroic head, and to ask why he only, of the illustrious dead of his great art, was selected to survive, in bronze, the crumbling memories of the fellows of his craft. Was it because he was greater or more skillful in his art than those who passed before him to the tomb? No! Few would care to press such a claim for the man whose spirit gave life to the ashes in this grave. Why, then, has he been singled out for this distinction?

"Because he played his part with such simplicity in life, and such unpretentious patience in art, that death, with all its dread omnipotence, could not destroy the remembrance of his winsome and achieving will. His story accentuates the beneficent possibilities of the land of freedom, in which he proved that his rank was due to naught but nature, endeavor and personal achievement. His origin was as lowly as the effort of his life was lofty. Without the advantages of education, wealth and social position, he won

them all through countless and trying vicissitudes; won them simply by the iron force of dauntless determination and the unflagging energy of an aspiring mind. Through his unflinching firmness in the fight of life, however, he bore within his breast an inexhaustible spring of 'the milk of human kindness.' He possessed that dignity and graciousness of manner which denote a nature of the noblest rank. He won all hearts, and the secret of his sway among all classes, was his unchanging truth and incorruptible integrity. He was unfalteringly true—true to his friend, fair to his foe, and faithful to the highest aims of his art. From such a record no wonder such an expression of respect as this should spring!

"And yet I have seen the oblique eye of envy cast upon this grave; have heard McCullough's title to this triumph questioned in the contemning tone that tells the jealous heart. If any in the future should echo the cavil of these petty minds, let them be reminded how single and distinct John McCullough's stand was toward his associates of the stage. While most of those his day saw crowned with laurel — actors who, without the glorifying glamor of the stage, would have lived unnoticed and been buried in forgotten graves — while, I say, the favored few of his profession held themselves haughtily aloof from social contact with the comrades whose co-operation enabled them to win their way, the unsullied manliness of this true gentleman moved

through the world untainted by envy, hauteur, or self-conceit. He bore himself equally with deference and courtesy toward the poor and unrecognized and with simple dignity toward the high-placed and mighty of the world. He met all the brothers of his guild, however humble the rôle that fate assigned, with a heart sincere in sympathy, a head quick and willing to advise, a hand strong and ready to assist. This is the final reason for the erection of this monument; because the stainless integrity and sensitive tenderness of an unaffected man were blended with the undying devotion of an unpretentious artist in the noble personality of John McCullough.

"Friends, this monument is as weighty with worth as it is rare in occurrence. We are not likely to know another such as this in our generation. It becomes us, therefore, to consider to whom our profession is most indebted for this precious experience. The man who in life was the guide, the trusted confidant, the steadfast friend of John McCullough — the friend who did most of the practical work in assisting him to attain success — was equally energetic, faithful, and efficient in service to this artist after he was dead. Though the grave had hidden his hero from sight he still bore him in mind. Friendship did not falter, devotion did not relax; but with patient and tireless toil this loving comrade refused to rest until the great actor whom he had served when living had attained to even greater singleness of honor in death

than he had ever enjoyed in life. That man to whom the Dramatic Profession is in everlasting debt for the work completed here to-day, is the twin in sterling manliness, of the beloved spirit that once animated the dust beneath this bronze. All honor then to him. If dear John McCullough is looking on and listening to the words I speak, his soul echoes mine when I say that intertwined with the immortality of his own name is that of his loyal friend William M. Conner.

"On April 4, 1881, at a feast given in honor of McCullough, a poet (William Winter), whose friendship he prized beyond expression, paid him the tribute of a poem. The opening verse voices with strange truth the sentiment of this hour here; and therefore I close by taking this flower from that gay garland to lay now upon this bier:

'Long hushed is the harp that his glory had spoken,
Long stilled is the heart that could summon its strain;
Now its cords are all silent, or tuneless, or broken,
What touch can awaken its music again?'"

Following the oration and a plaintive dirge by the band, Mr. William Winter, with whom McCullough had been associated for years by ties of closest friendship and profound esteem, delivered the following exquisite apostrophe to his departed friend, while every eye sought the face in bronze which he addressed, as if

expecting to see upon it the old-time genial response.

THE ELEGY.

How different now, old friend, the meeting!
Thy form, thy face, thy look the same—
But where is now the kindly greeting,
The voice of cheer, the heart of flame?
There in thy grandeur, calm and splendid,—
God's peace on that imperial brow,—
Thou standest, grief and trouble ended,
And we are nothing to thee now.

Yet once again the air is cloven
With joyous tumult of acclaim;
Once more the golden wreaths are woven,
Of love and honor, for thy name;
And round thee here, with tender longing,
As oft they did in days of old,
The comrades of thy soul come thronging,
Who never knew thee stern or cold.

Why waits, in frozen silence sleeping,
The smile that made our hearts rejoice?
Why, dead to laughing and to weeping,
Is hushed the music of thy voice?
By what strange mood of reverie haunted,
Art thou, the gentle, grown austere?
And do we live in dreams enchanted,
To know thee gone, yet think thee here?

Ah, fond presence! ah, sweet beguiling!
Too well I know thy course is run.
There's no more grief and no more smiling
For thee henceforth beneath the sun.

In manhood's noon thy summons found thee,
In glory's blaze, on fortune's height,
Trailed the black robe of doom around thee
And veiled thy radiant face in night.

This but the shadow of a vision
Our mourning souls alone can see,
That pierce through death to realms elysian,
More hallowed now because of thee.
Yet, oh, what heart, with recollection
Of thy colossal trance of pain,
Were now so selfish in affection
To wish thee back from heaven again?

There must be in those boundless spaces
Where thy great spirit wanders free,
Abodes of bliss, enchanted places,
That only Love's white angels see!
And sure, if heavenly kindness showered
On every sufferer 'neath the sun
Shows any human spirit dowered
With love angelic, thou wert one!

There's no grand impulse, no revealing
In all the glorious world of art,
There's no sweet thought or noble feeling
That throbbed not in thy manly heart!
There's no strong flight of aspiration,
No reverent dream of realms divine,
No pulse, no thrill, no proud elation
Of god-like power that was not thine!

So stand forever, joyless, painless,
Supreme alike o'er smiles and tears,
Thou true man's image, strong and stainless,
Unchanged through all the changing years—

While Fame's blue crystal o'er thee bending,
With honor's gems shall blaze and burn,
And rose and lily, round thee blending,
Adorn and bless thy hallowed urn.

While summer days are long and lonely,
While autumn sunshine seems to weep,
While midnight hours are bleak, and only
The clouds and stars their vigils keep,
All gentle things that live shall moan thee,
All fond regrets forever wake;
For earth is happier having known thee,
And heaven is sweeter for thy sake.

As if echoing the music of this verse, the Quartette of the Actors' Order of Friendship, consisting of Mr. J. F. Davis, Mr. Joseph Wood, Mr. W. H. Maxwell, and Mr. J. J. Dougherty sang sweet requiems for their lost comrade, the Warrior's chorus from Lombardi, and Mozart's Triumphal March serving as fitting finale to these touching services.

Again the press of the day rang the praises of McCullough's fame, and in the *New York World* of that date, we note this paragraph: "To-day in a cemetery near Philadelphia, a monument will be formally dedicated to the memory of John McCullough, the actor. The event recalls the pathetic story of the poor boy who landed upon these shores a stranger; who lifted himself by earnest application, sacrifice and study to the very head of the

dramatic profession, and who 'cheated by fortune of fair hours' fell in the very prime of his manhood and the fruition of his life work. Honors such as came to few men were his. He was of gentle spirit, his ambitions were lofty, his heart was ever filled with high resolves, and he loved humanity. There was no envy in his soul. He loved his friends, and no man ever lived who attached people to him as did John McCullough. Three years have passed since he was blotted from existence, — a long time in this harsh world to cherish a good man's memory, — and yet the tears which will bedew the eyes of those who meet to-day to pay him tribute, will be as fresh as those which were shed beside his bier. To have lived to write such tender tracings upon the hearts of men was to have lived well."

The writer recently revisited the hallowed spot where this monument stands, in the golden glow of a warm Indian summer's afternoon, and just before the declining sun sought the horizon. The atmosphere was ideal; a glory and a peace that seemed not of earth, rested everywhere.

From the eminence, one could look down into the very heart of the tree-tops in the

valley below, now clothing themselves with beautiful russet tints. At their feet, a quiet little streamlet rippled along its course, and across this valley, on the opposite slope, a soldier's burial was in progress. The comrades of the G. A. R. had followed the carriages to the spot, with the accompaniment of drum and fife, playing the familiar Pleyel and Portuguese hymns, the sibilant strains of the fife sounding in the distance like the soft sighing of a human voice.

After the simple service, came the three slow salutes which sounded the impressive "taps" for the dead, and over all this scene, McCullough's silent face and serene eyes seemed to hold watchful, sympathetic observance; and yet his gaze seemed lifted above the ceremonial of this plane, as if scanning a realm we cannot yet behold, save in day-dreams and visions of anticipation, as if witnessing the welcome accorded to the newly-arrived soldier. One could not help but talk aloud to this noble companion, whose response was not unfelt, nor resist the impulse to rest the hand upon the ornate granite, with caressing touch.

The experience brought a blessed baptism and upliftment, from which it was hard to turn away, as twilight approached (though

with many a backward look of greeting and farewell), and enter again the valleys of earth. Ah, but the sun of mortal life will some glad day find its horizon, and the echo of the solemn "taps" be then resolved into the *reveille* of an eternal morning — a Day which knows no night.

CHAPTER XX.

BEYOND THE BAR.

"Truth subsists eternally, and finally triumphs because it is eternal and strong even as God himself."
—*Pascal.*

But is it true that "we are nothing to him now?" Is there for this genial, humorous nature "no more smiling 'neath the sun?" Is heaven some distant, walled-up locality where the dear departed are held imprisoned and cannot "come back from thence again?" Ah, they do not "come back," because they *go not away.* Heaven is not a place, but a condition, which all can attain, while enmeshed with clay. There is only one world — the world of spirit — and we are its denizens, here and now.

Is love an impulse of the clay alone? Does it die when the material form of the lover crumbles to dust? Love is as eternal as its source, and the true lover is *per force* immortal. Are fidelity and friendship's loyalty features of the flesh? If not, then these must survive its loss. The same necessity for expression of Love's sweet offices must be keenly felt, as it would be if the separation were measured by

earthly miles. The body is not the man. It is only a sheath, which even on this plane often proves a fetter to the soul's complete expression.

One feels the keenest pity for the soul that is not conscious of its own innate immortality, with the same surety which it holds of its present existence, when such widespread hunger everywhere exists for some tangible proof of the intelligent continuity of life after transition. When our academic fountains of learning assay a treatment of this theme, their lecture halls are crowded to the doors by an eager, yearning audience, keenly desirous of gaining light on the subject of immortal life. Do they receive it? Alas! no. The lecturer knows no more about it than they do, is painfully conscious that he does not. These public teachers are blind leaders of the blind. They are always grand, noble men, accomplished, gifted, erudite; they would almost give their lives to feed these waiting mortals with living bread, rather than offer them a rhetorical stone; they even deprecate in a frank, manly way their inefficiency for the task, the unfitness of their selection for this office, and their lectures are models of excellent thought, most beautifully expressed, but they leave this important subject exactly

where they found it. The universal lack of open conviction of this truth is both pitiable and amazing. A cultured intellect is so often exclusive, narrowed to its own especial interests, and color blind to the truths of the spirit.

If this same College was to furnish lectures on geology or bacteriology, it would not be guilty of the travesty of selecting a lecturer who knew nothing whatsoever of his theme. One would be chosen who, like Agassiz in his field, could construct an entire fish from a single bone. Then why not a specialist in spiritual consciousness to reveal spiritual truth?

There is nothing in human life more pitiful, more incredible than the stolid acceptance by intelligent mortals of complete separation from their friends who pass through the blessed gateway of death, thus to calmly allow a voiceless silence to fall between them, henceforth. If the friend had journeyed to Asia or Africa, it would be considered rank disloyalty to turn away from all possible communication with the absent loved one.

In fact, the most important inventions of modern times hinge upon the innate human instinct to communicate with one's fellows more perfectly, at any distance. The tele-

graph, ocean cable, telephone, phonograph and wireless telegraphy, all owe their inception and birth to this potent, yearning demand. It is even a feature of human aspiration at the present day, to open communication with our neighboring planet — Mars. Only at one portal does a materialistic world draw back from this sovereign privilege of intelligent communion. Though hearts break with the agony of loss, though the loneliness of bereavement, the missing of the loved companionship yearns unendurably for one word or sign of the old affection, without which life is a dreary blank, although it would seem that the hunger and thirst for some proof that the dead are not dead, would almost induce the yearning spirit to long that it might tear the heavens down, in its effort for intelligent reunion with its own; and again, although the Judean Master lent the sanction of his example to such interchange between the two spheres of conscious life, both before and after his crucifixion, and although history abounds with such instances all down the ages, yet we behold the amazing spectacle of a world which refuses to enter upon its divine privilege. If a friend travels to a distant State, we would walk miles to reach one of the post offices which Uncle Sam provides for such emer-

gencies, on this plane, but scorn to seek a spiritual post office for similar interchange of thought with an arisen friend.

How often is the remark heard, "If my dear one can return to commune with me, why can he not come directly to me, instead of to an uncongenial stranger, of whom he never heard? I am ready to receive him."

Why, indeed, if your friend wishes to send a telegram from New York, does he not use the clothes line hung in your back yard, instead of coming to a strange telegraph operator, in a down-town office, whom he never saw? Law still abides, and is immutable on both the spiritual and material planes. As a battery is necessary to transmit and receive messages over material wires, a human battery is likewise essential for the transmission of messages from the spirit world.

Praise be to the Giver of Good that there are such gifted beings, and if there are pretenders in this field (of whom we hear much and see little) a counterfeit always presupposes a genuine, or there could be nothing to imitate, and there are few people who scorn to seek genuine dollars because there have been counterfeit coins made of baser metal.

The Society for Psychical Research (an organization forced into existence by the vast

phenomena in myriad form, which had accumulated since the "dawning light" of 1848, and which is doubtless a part of the divine plan — we bid it a strong God speed !) undertook in 1882, or so it seemed to many observers, to prove that all claims to spirit communion were false, or if, peradventure, obliged to admit their genuineness, to make this fact respectable by their scientific patronage. But now after most laborious and painstaking effort, with praiseworthy patience, for many years, they have falteringly re-discovered some old truths, already abundantly proven and enjoyed for years, and which can never become truer by any mortal sanction, however scholarly.

These worthy gentlemen (and no truer, nobler souls exist than some who have composed the Society's membership) advanced scientists, supreme in erudition in their own field, have been sadly handicapped by lack (in themselves) of psychic tools for their investigations, their spiritual eyes and ears being as yet unborn, their intuitive receptivity of spiritual truth, unfolded. They would be similarly disqualified for the exploration of a strange country, of whose language they knew nothing, for which work the veriest peasant,

"to the manor born" and master of its native tongue, would be better equipped.

Paul was right. Spiritual truth cannot be intellectually apprehended. A strong, keen, intellect is often a bar to spiritual discernment if its possessor is at the era of his intellectual culmination. He is then only conscious on that plane. Intellectual giants are often spiritual pigmies. And to the man on this limited plane of unfoldment, a perusal of the classified list of haunted houses, apparitions and other phenomena, which are most interesting, whose compilation is most important, would not bring conviction or conversion until by his own spiritual unfoldment, and from his increasing grasp of truth, he would quickly recognize all truth that appealed to him from without, independent of any data. Only the awakened spirit can discern the things of the spirit.

As an example of the blunders the most learned scientists are capable of making, a request was once sent out from this Society that all who had ever experienced any "hallucination" might forthwith report the same, duly attested, sworn and witnessed. The meagre response to their appeal convinced these worthy souls that such experiences were far less common than had been supposed.

Did these scientific investigators imagine for one moment that any one who had enjoyed the sacred privilege of beholding or conversing with a dear mother, sister, or friend, would at the point of the bayonet allow such holy experience to be labelled an "hallucination" (which, according to Worcester, means "error, delusion, mistake, a perception of objects which have no reality, arising from some disease of the mind, imagination or nervous system"); would any intelligent truth-seeking person thus brand himself with dishonor? Never! while the ability to stand by one's sacred convictions endures. An "apparition" never can be held for examination on the point of a surgeon's scalpel, to be duly classified and labelled.

Another more amusing error in psychic investigations has been to forget the law that "like attracts like," that

> "If you bring a smiling visage
> To the glass, you meet a smile,"

and vice versa. In other words, that a potent law exists that one always gets from a medium what he clothes him with. If he intently watches for deceit and fraud, he is merely calling the roll; and deception usually answers "here!" and the Psychical Research Society for years has striven to prove an immortal

truth by resorting to trickery, by endeavoring to "catch the spirits," placing worthy media under detective surveillance, with many another dishonorable device, even to the unworthy travesty of wearing a mask and disguise when seeking communion with saints of the upper spheres,—a spectacle to make the angels weep. That, in spite of this most unworthy policy, genuine proofs and a few converts have been made (while other cults have rolled up their intelligent millions), discloses how anxious is the spirit world to be recognized, in its close relation with our own sphere of consciousness. The angels "stoop to conquer" even to the level of human ignorance and blindness.

But as it is too late in the history of the world's advancement to need any proof of spirit communion, the incidents therefore about to be related in this volume scorn any support or endorsement but their own unimpeachable verity. Facts are strong enough to stand on their own feet. The almightiness of Truth will take care of its own, and it will prevail.

As it was not necessary in the foregoing chapters when alluding for example, to a sudden hoarseness which seized the great artist, on one occasion, to have the fact sworn to by the

attending physician before a Justice of the Peace, and witnessed by the entire audience, and invalidated if any one present failed to notice the temporary embarrassment, so, since spiritual facts are just as self evident and more so, than physical episodes, it is equally unnecessary to more than state the following facts.

The ardent disciple of Truth, not starting from the standpoint that all men and women are falsifiers and deceivers until laboriously proven reliable, will not condescend to admit for one moment, that invincible truth ever needs proving. Its simple statement is sufficient.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NEXT ACT IN LIFE'S DRAMA.

" Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?"
—*King Henry IV.*

But the chief office of spirit communion is less for the gratification it yields as proof that if a man dies, he lives again, or for the continued expression of affectionate regard, than for the opportunity it affords for service to humanity. There is a vast work to be done for this world of shadows by the angelic workers who bend earthward from their spheres of light, to pierce mundane darkness and error, to uplift the downcast, protect the tempted, strengthen the weak, heal the sick, comfort the sorrowing, enlighten the ignorant, to impress upon the aspiring mind thoughts of wisdom, of illumination regarding the world of Spirit, a revealment of spiritual laws, thus encouraging an unfoldment of a true spiritual life, which will eventually redeem the materiality of earth and usher in the Light of a New Day.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent

forth to minister unto those who shall be heirs of this salvation?

Can we conceive, then, that a soul like McCullough's, whose every thought was to minister to the needy of earth, to help and serve humanity, ever on charitable work intent, could so change its every fibre and impulse that it could be contented to remain idle even in Paradise, or to selfishly think only of its own progression, onward and upward? We cannot accept such a violation of the law of being. Snatched away in the prime of power and usefulness, with its impetus toward kindly service unexpended, if it were possible for this grand soul to turn from the higher spheres, from the blessedness "that called after him in vain," and minister to every heart that he could reach on earth, we know he would gladly, eagerly embrace such opportunity.

The necessary gateway for this work, of course, is a mortal instrument to use, a pliable psychic nature, whose spirit is not so enmeshed with clay that it cannot withdraw from its organism as it does in sleep, or as the hand is slipped from the glove, and allows another hand to wear the glove, temporarily; the umbilical cord of spiritual connection not being severed, but the embodied spirit stands

aside while a spirit disembodied is permitted to ensphere the relinquished form and use it briefly as its own. This visitor from the spheres has not lost the power of speech, but lacks the material vocal organs that would enable him to be heard in this realm of lower vibrations, and so is enforced to borrow these tools of use, by which to transmit his message.

The limitations of the medium's brain are often a serious detriment to the perfect expression of the inspirer's thought, as the medium may never have evolved brain-cells which the arisen spirit, when embodied, possessed and used habitually, and to now perfectly represent himself would be as difficult as for a harpist to awaken perfect melody on an instrument from which several strings were missing. There are other laws which also restrict a satisfactory magnetic and electric rapport, and adaptability between operator and subject. The spirit who seeks the opportunity of noble service on this plane, often has to search long and diligently for a suitable agent for his control, or co-operation. Sometimes a close affinity between two natures, or some connecting link with a long bygone past, where once their souls were one, is the deciding cause which binds two entities together.

Of this nature may have been McCullough's attraction toward his chosen instrument. But that *some* channel for humanitarian endeavor was a necessity for this royal soul, none who knew his active spirit, his charitable impulse, could doubt. As the poet has so beautifully said, if any soul was "Dowered with love angelic, thou wert one." and his "heavenly kindness" still is "showered on every sufferer 'neath the sun." That "kindness" with renewed force, since all of dross has been purged away, craved expression and exercise. As he himself has since said, regarding his premature departure from this plane:

"My work in life was never finished in many ways. It was not enough that I should deliver well the thoughts of others; my own thoughts and ideas craved expression, and to-day I find my greatest pleasure in giving forth truth to the world. When I once gave expression to the highest portrayal of emotion, I always felt there was a something left unexpressed." Then he added, with a little hesitancy and self-deprecatory tone: "They used to think I did considerable good in charitable ways, but I feel that I did nothing compared with what I now want to do. The ideal of my life was never fulfilled, so much that I wanted to do was never accomplished."

And so he turned from the realm of peace and joy, the spirit world where he might have remained continuously if he chose, and took upon himself a laborious work, rigidly keeping appointments like any day laborer with needy mortals, ministering unto their necessities, healing their heart-wounds, a work which he has carried now these many years, making more friends, who are always his admirers, a perhaps wider acquaintance than he enjoyed in life, among those who have watched eagerly for his eloquent utterances, who have been educated, comforted, uplifted by his kindly offices.

The medium through whom he has performed so many labors of love, is known to the world as Rev. F. A. Wiggin, a very gifted psychic, now pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society. This well known worker was educated for another field, being in his youth prepared for the Baptist ministry, at Colgate College, then Madison University, situated at Hamilton, N. Y. Later, he preached in the Spring Hill Baptist church, Somerville, Mass., the First Baptist church in Rockport, and assisted for a time in the work of the Ruggles street Baptist church of Boston, of which he was a member six years.

But there came a time, while fulfilling his clerical office, when the light of the Spirit descended upon him, as upon Saul of Tarsus, and a voice sounded through the chambers of his soul, "Come work in my spiritual vineyard." Marked phenomena began to occur unsought in his presence, his spiritual eyes and ears were opened, the sentient touch was developed and complete entrancement followed, when he began to deliver long addresses from one and another inspiring intelligence, of which he was not cognizant, and for which his own brain did not furnish the subject matter.

While speaking thus on one occasion, in the autumn of 1886, in the city of Portland, Maine, a great change in his manner was noted, an increased grandeur of thought and utterance, with most dramatic mien, poise, and gesture. He strode the platform, or stood with folded arms as only a master of the tragic art could, and when at the close, a gentleman in the audience, in his admiration and surprise at this notable discourse, so unusual in its delivery, asked if the controlling intelligence would kindly give his name, received the reply:

"I am John McCullough, the actor."

Of this the medium was told, on coming to

consciousness, to his own great marvel, for he had never known the eminent tragedian, and why this avenue of expression should be chosen by the noble spirit was then a mystery. This was the first instance, so far as known, of McCullough's inspiration, but by no means the last, and the number of hungry hearts he has since helped and instructed through this agency in the years that have followed, only the recording angel can number.

If the incredulous doubter suggests that any tricksy spirit might have used this well known name, or even the medium's own subliminal, subjective, sub-conscious Ego (whatever that prolific source of most unscrupulous deception may be), and ask for further proof, the answer can be made that "seeing is believing." The manner in which one assures himself, when he meets a man on the street, whether the stranger is black or white, an Italian or a Chinese, is to *use his eyes*, as McCullough's clairvoyant auditors have always done. Those whose spiritual vision is unfolded can see him on the platform as plainly as they see the medium.

As illustrative of this possibility, an instance can be related of more recent date. It has been the occasional custom of a lady who gratefully loves the grand spirit, to send

to this platform, which he has honored and blessed with his presence, some floral offering, in observance of his birthday. Once, when a basket of flowers had been placed on the desk in Berkeley Hall, Boston, where the society then worshipped, a lady in the audience, who can be labelled as Mrs. A., saw McCullough come onto the platform before the service began, approach the table and inspect the flowers with an interested, pleased expression, and then raising his eyes, he turned toward the farthest corner of the hall and sent a glance of grateful recognition in that direction. Turning to follow his gaze, Mrs. A. saw sitting there, the lady who had honored the day with her floral gift, although the hall might have been searched for her in vain, without this hint from McCullough.

How does he look, what garb does he wear? He looks every inch a king, as he ever did, but with a new grandeur of expression, an exalted aspiration, an indescribable light upon his face. And he habitually wears the white toga which was indeed a part of his personality, which perhaps was familiar to him in ages agone, before he walked these earthly paths. Only twice in the writer's recognition, has he assumed a purple, gold-embroidered robe, similar to the one which adorned his

VIRGINIUS

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rôle of *Coriolanus*. But he seems an apotheosis of *Virginius*. Indeed the writer herself once heard the beloved voice whispering at the gateway of the inner ear:

"You never like to call me 'John' as others do. Why not call me 'Virginius'? I have a right to that name."

At an early era of his work, Mr. Wiggin was speaking in Pittsburg, Pa., and giving also private interviews at the Anderson Hotel, to which service McCullough always lent his aid, to bring private messages from the friends of the sitter, or enlightenment to any seeker for Truth. To the medium's room came one day, a stranger and a skeptic, for purposes of investigation. The interview was granted, and when Mr. Wiggin again recovered consciousness, he found the gentleman was in tears, in explanation of which he exclaimed:

"I am Thomas Keene. I have been talking with my old friend, John McCullough, and *I know that it was he.*"

One summer, a year or two later, another stranger visited Onset, Mass., to witness the phenomena then occurring through a lady medium resident there. He was unknown to any one present, but soon McCullough, whom he had never hitherto met, came to him, assuming so tangible a form that he could see

the spirit distinctly, and requested a favor of the visitor. He informed him that the young man through whom he usually worked was at that moment in the Marcy House of that town, very ill, with an attack incident to the summer season. He was alone, and McCullough feared he would have a very sick night and need personal attendance, but seeing the stranger was possessed of some medical skill, he begged him to go and minister unto his medium.

At the close of the seance, the stranger asked those present what the spirit meant. He was informed that McCullough worked through a Mr. Wiggin, and that this gentleman, then unknown to the Camp at Onset, was advertised to speak there for the first time, the coming week, but they had not heard of his arrival. Thus importuned however, the visitor sought out the Marcy House, learned that Mr. Wiggin had arrived, coming on the last train, and therefore the gentleman sent up his card. Following the servant, he heard a voice say:

"No, I am too ill to see any one to-night." So the stranger pushed open the door, and entering, was enabled to render timely aid, in an hour of sore need, remaining with the sick man throughout the night.

CHAPTER XXII.

HIS PUBLIC WORK.

"When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning."

—*Victor Hugo.*

It is a well known fact that the *manner* in which a truth is uttered impresses the hearer with greater or less import, in proportion to its excellence of delivery, a simple message, accompanied by magnetic fire in the speaker, often thrilling the heart more potently than a more profound idea if stumblingly, falteringly conveyed.

It is this matchless feature of McCullough's utterance that has enriched his addresses and made them impressive. He has made no attempt at profound discourse, his desire was to touch the hearts of his auditors with a practical message, to inspire them with a love of spiritual truth, with an incentive to duty, righteousness, of noble service to others, and thus in a simple way, to sweeten and beautify the world in which they live. His yearning tenderness for all humanity is ever felt in all that he does and says. But the potent

inspiration of his presence and aura (so keenly felt, even when unseen), the fire and fervor, eloquence and dramatic intensity of his delivery, what pen can ever describe? At the present time, Mr. Wiggin speaks most frequently in his normal state, although the presence and thought of the beloved inspirer are often felt.

A few extracts are here re-produced as examples of McCullough's practical teachings. On October 15, 1899, his Sunday morning's discourse began:

" 'All the men in the world can't make a statue walk.'

" Every human being is only a statue, unless infilled with the Spirit. The time is coming when the Spirit will speak to the hearts of men, intelligently. The Voice will be heard within, as well as without. The man who gains the knowledge of Spirit in this life, does not enter the next life in the kindergarten, but in the advanced course. Now how can a merchant, absorbed in business, unfold his spirituality? By throwing all the spiritual thought he possibly can into his dealings with the world. Spiritualize every action, even in the sweeping of a room. Send forth the best, most faithful force of the spirit, and you will develop more spirituality

in one day, than you could by sitting in effortless silence, one hundred days.

"Did these flowers go and sit before they bloomed? No! From the moment the seeds were planted, aided by the chemical properties of the soil, the warmth and dews of heaven, the central germ of life was struggling for expression every moment. There was not one second of idleness, or of sitting still. Then work, work, work constantly, work that ye may grow in the natural, as in the spiritual world. But, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all these other things shall be added unto you.'

"Then take your Spiritualism down from the pedestal where you admire or criticize it as a statue, and so fill it with spiritual life that it will walk forth into the world bearing its potent message to humanity.

"For it is not all of life to live, it is the all of life *to love.*"

On November 5, 1899, the speaker announced:

"My text is from Milton.

"He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim: the sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell."

"Milton is one of the poets of the past.

Every individual is a latent poem, and the reason why every man or woman is not a poet is because the poem of their lives has not yet been written. Until the innate poetry of their own lives becomes a part of their experience, they cannot write poetry. For poetry is not a mass of sentimentalism, not the weaving together of words that will rhyme at the end of a line. The true poet is the man who lives nearest to the thought and being of God, who almost lays his finger tip on the pulse-beat of the Almighty, one who feels poetry in every experience of life, sees Life in everything, one who hears through flinty rocks, sermons more eloquently preached than any through lips of flesh.

"The earth was considered flat until man attained more sphericity, until man had absorbed more of God within, and then the world to him was round. It is round because God made it, and he never made anything flat. God formulates sphericity.

"The true man only speaks because the spirit within must express itself. It is *in* him and must come out, those words of Truth 'whose sudden blaze' illumines the darkest hell of ignorance. And man can speak, and use no language at all. A man can speak through music what he fails to tell me,

although music is often but an attempt to bring into proper relativity certain discords. Ah, but the poet hears the music in the soft ripples of the waves, the music of the wind as it rushes through the pines, and sets the leaves to dancing in graceful courtesies, he sees the music in thy life, oh mortal, in conditions not expressed by thy soul.

"Poetry is the music speaking as man never spake, for it is of God; the soul is lifted thereby, nearer to its own self. The Book of Job is not of Hebrew origin but Arabic, more Koran than Bible, more Truth than either. How I love to read it, and do read it a great deal. Byron was a genius who went before you had time to take his hand and say 'I love you.' Byron! I see him now, with his scarf loosened, his neck bared to the winds, or to the heat of the scorching sun, which burned into that greater light and heat within his soul, that he might speak of it to you.

"Does love seem merely sweet to you? Man may say 'Love? O Love is so soft.' True love can turn to the one who utters such sentiment and say, 'Thou fool of ignorance; thy heart is so hard that I cannot penetrate it, but I am God that speaketh, for I am Love. I will meet you yet when your heart is softened.'

"Much that passes for love is mere sentiment. True love is never a reflector but always a radiator. Can you radiate love, or are you simply the mimic, the imitator? Are you a Christian because an imitator of Jesus? Is your life a counterfeit, or do you show forth the principles of Jesus in your everyday actions? If you are radiating the life of Christ, then thou art a Christian, whatever thy name. It is not the man who lives in a palace who lives the life that shines. King George could not help being King, but I know a boy who was a rail-splitter, and, stretched before a fire, learned his lessons that helped him to be President. I would rather be one Abraham Lincoln, than one thousand King Georges.

"Honor to the man who speaks because he is a radiator of Truth. You may imitate such a one sometimes, but you will sometime forget to imitate, and then your falsity is apparent. That man is not a gentleman because he is a reflector of some one else who is a gentleman. Try to develop your own manhood and womanhood here, and for the hereafter, too, so that when the Word for thee is spoken 'thousands of blazing swords will far around illumine' all darkness for thee."

By request, on a later occasion, McCullough spoke on ' Mediumship ' taking for his text, "To him that hath shall be given."

"It is a rich and beautiful gift to be a psychic, and, to develop mediumship, it is not necessary to retire from the world, to shut out all noise and sit in the silence, but rather by using the tumult as a mighty rushing wind, as every force of Truth to bear you onward. Mediumship is becoming conscious on the spiritual plane, being conscious of spiritual things. But watch carefully. The time has come to be wary. More and more is the world crying, 'Show me the Truth; give me a bridge over into the realm of Light.' O the beautiful Light of Truth, which the Great Divine Law-Maker and Soul of the universe has bestowed upon us.

"What is the Light? The Light is yourself —the Light is God. Live no more in darkness, but live in the Light. When you die, you do not leave your body; your body leaves you. You are the reality; the body only the thing created, the product of your thought. You will not cease to live; you will live more every year, rather than less.

"All men are good, equally good, all children of the same Parent, all living for the same end, all bound to find the same result in life, all

cast into the same crucible, in which are certain chemical properties, from which a ripened humanity is evolved. Once in awhile, there is a pair of eyes which are used as windows for some comprehensive soul, through which to gain a view of the hill-tops of eternity. For what is eternity, if not the sum total of time; and one of the grandest features of soul-consciousness is the realization of immortality. To gain this consciousness is the greatest bulwark of power; it is a union with the heart of Almighty God, in which the vibrations beat and throb and teem with life, in which 'I and my Father are one.' All evolution struggles for the consciousness of the immortal. Everywhere the great seething sea of the universe is struggling for life; it is the prophecy of its living voice, and the destiny which is its own.

"Mediumship is universal; every one is a medium. Mediumship is the result of certain combinations of life and certain chemical activities, in expression. In its perfect state, it is the result of the individual's spiritual development and unfoldment. Mediumship depends on the organization, not on morality, but while not dependent on morality, the value of mediumship to the world is dependent and enhanced not only on morality but

on many other features. It does not rely on boasting of its own powers, and it is a pitiable picture for a medium to pose before the world as the possessor of great gifts. Jesus or Mahomet did not fill the world with their own laudations. The honesty of purpose of true mediumship needs no such bolstering as flaming advertisements. People are not such dupes that they cannot *feel* as well as hear and see, if one's purposes are guarded in the light of honesty. There is a very great difference between the ring of a bell that is cracked and one that is not, and all I want to know about the bell of mediumship is that it is whole and sound.

"The object of mediumship is to further the need of a spiritualized manhood. The time is here and this is the hour, when mediumship must be sought for, by a purer and holier purpose than the advancement of commercial interests. The world is asking to-day for the bread of life, and some so-called mediums hurl into the faces of such honest seekers a stone. Did Jesus do his work and tell people to blazon it broadcast? No! but counselled them 'see that thou tell no man.' He called to the fishermen, 'Cast your net on the right side,' and there never is but one side that is 'right,' all others are wrong, that is the side of

Truth. Cast your net there, and it will be filled.

"When mediumship is more intelligently understood, it will be a grander, more beautiful help to the world and fraudulent mediumship will be driven from the world forever. You may discover all the frauds you desire, but you have not thereby added one iota to the great monument of Truth, but when you have placed that monument before the world, its light will shine out with a potency which will not only reveal fraud but will burn it. There is a great difference between the revealment of error and its destruction. You never will destroy error or fraud until you have illumined the consciousness of humanity. That will be its death blow; the consciousness of Truth will ring the knell of all error, because the consciousness of what is true or false becomes a possession of every person, who thus escapes the consequence of being led by error.

"Scripture says, 'The mind of man is at enmity with God." This statement is untrue. The natural mind of man is *not* at enmity with God; it is in love with God, subject to His will and inhaling His love for His child. It is perverted naturalism, the carnal mind, which is not in union with its Father. Hu-

manity is so subject to these shadows of life, that it forgets its privilege to live in the sunlight of realities.

"Now if all possess mediumship, how can it become beautifully expressed? Its unfoldment is related to the temperament of the person and the means of unfoldment lie within the consciousness of the Ego. No one can unfold mediumship for another. It is the soul, the conscious Ego which climbs the ladder of spiritual consciousness, rung by rung, until the head reaches out into the consciousness of spiritual life, up into the Light of God, where one knows spiritual things when he sees them, and can make others feel them, rising up from the consciousness of man to the consciousness of manhood—angelhood—Godhood—a grand trinity! Let evil into thy life, and you drag the angel within down, down, down, into the mire of dirt and distrust, while if mediumship is unfolded in the right way, it brings the consciousness up, up, up, into the higher selfhood in its union with God, to dwell on the heights of the soul, where you can show to the world the pathways and bridges of Truth.

"Oh this restless striving after something mystical, something unnatural, instead of seeking the things of God. The beauty of

life lies in its naturalness and simplicity. It is the universal power that speaks through the medium, as also through the healer. You cannot heal yourself unless yourself is realized. When you come to this realization, it is far more than knowledge; you realize that the power of God is within you, and will work through you.

"The great and beautiful help which the metaphysical thought is bringing to the world is to show that sickness has no reality or power over you, or it gives you power to rise above it. Many sit and sit for the development of mediumship. What did Jesus say? Why stand ye here all the day idle? You destroy yourself with inertia. Go ye and work in the vineyard of the world. Work for the good of humanity; be a true evangel of light to shine into a darkened world. Some seek to be a light, simply to shine before men. Seek instead to be a transmitter of Truth, to meet the heart-hunger of your neighbor.

"By unfolding your own consciousness, you rise above the common atmosphere of the world and feel the quickening of the God within. This is the quest of life, but *thou art Him whom thou seeketh.* Thou art God; and thine imperfect, unawakened self is the devil. You cannot erase that tablet on thy soul,

and the recording angel is thyself. You hurl the shuttle through and through the warp and woof of your life, and what is that shuttle? It is thought—thought on which you are building. Ah, note that scarlet thread of revenge which you placed there yesterday—ah, what a bloody smirch it makes! Note the dirt of material desires! How will you erase them? For out they must come, if the whole warp and woof have to be unravelled, for the web *must* and *shall* be—*white*!

"In the Roman arena, when the victorious gladiator hesitated before plunging his sword into his adversary until cultured ladies cried, "kill—kill," often when raising the helmet, he found the face of a brother. May we never find out there in the Beyond, where the masks are lifted off from all faces, that we have ever stabbed the heart of a friend, whom we thought an enemy. There is only one enemy in the world; his name is ignorance, and only one God, whose name is Truth."

The writer hesitates to do injustice to the noble and eloquent speaker by adding further of these imperfect notes, taken at random, with no thought of publication, and which, lacking the earnestness and warm atmosphere of the strong entity back of them, seem

like the scaffolding of a temple, or the skeleton from which the spirit has withdrawn. They are merely withered rose leaves which dropped from a vase full of beautiful flowers of thought and aspiration.

McCullough often takes his text from his beloved Shakespeare, a recent discourse choosing for its theme, this quotation from "Macbeth":

> Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
> And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?"

The mere recitation of these lines was a feast in itself, but to justly appreciate the discourse it must be enjoyed in its entirety. In closing, he exhorted his hearers, with the beauty of simplicity, to "Be uniformly kind, and in this way to 'minister unto minds diseased.' There is no virtue in right living like the habit of being kind. There is nothing very difficult in that, but there is no truer religion, no higher Spiritualism ever preached to the world than the religion of being kind, and who is there that can't be kind?

"Every day is a judgment day, the recording angel still a record keeps of each deed thou dost perform, of every thought which thou

framest, of every kindly deed thou hast done, of every act in which duty shines. Do right because it is right to do right."

On another Sabbath morning, the text chosen was from "Hamlet":

> "What is a man,
> If his chief good, and market of his time,
> Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more."

from which a brief extract is added.

"Man is a being, not destined for, but ever living in eternity. The world where mortality obtains is but a passing panorama, a vestibule through which all have passage, introductory to a universe of immortal existence. There is an intellectual principle which marshals all corporeal frames as implements for expression, and when it ceases to animate these, it continues its never-tiring activities, associated with a spiritual body. The spiritual world needs its nursery, preparatory to entering upon the highway of advanced enjoyment, and the world of human experience furnishes all this, and that man is indeed wise who embraces God's beneficent and munificent opportunities.

"Experience has revealed to me the important fact, that vices or virtues, not only have their influence upon all, while dwelling

in the realm of mortality, but also stretch out into the future world and every disposition cultivated, points with unerring accuracy to that which will constitute weal or woe, in the unseen existence. As an excarnate being, I will affirm that the sunset hour of death is but a brief moment of shadow which is quickly broken by the dawning of a most perfect day. But I must insist, and with emphasis, that as the mortal wings his way to the immortal heights, that all knowledge acquired and dispositions cultivated while in human embodiment, will be, yes, must be borne along with him. And let it not be overlooked by any that they are daily winging their way thitherward.

"When man is ushered into this bright world, his joy is transporting for at last there is not a 'glass between' to prevent his very soul from mingling with the 'Soul of Things.' O ecstatic rapture and joy unspeakable! And, here, where we can at last more perfectly understand, looking back over the path of mingled sorrows, troubles, storms, sunshine, happiness and pleasure, we are enabled to truly say that 'God is Love.'"

For the next discourse, the text was chosen from Matthew 22, 37. "Thou shalt love the

Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," but the sermon, delivered with most impressive earnestness and sincerity, and replete with valuable thought and suggestion, does not lend itself to reportorial dissection. A meagre extract would misrepresent the noble speaker.

Of Spiritualism, he once said: "Spiritualism is a religion, or it is nothing. It is likewise a science; necessarily a philosophy, because of its phenomena, but it is a message of Truth to the souls of men, and Spiritualists are recreant to their high trust in not serving it better than to seek fresh tests continually of spirit presence; they should feed the spiritually hungry, uplift the downcast, enlighten the ignorant and consecrate their energies to place Spiritualism where it belongs before the world, as the purest, loftiest religion on the globe, for it is of God, while theology is of man. It is an outpouring of the Spirit upon humanity."

CHAPTER XXIII.

CLASS WORK.

" When a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

—*Anon.*

Thus faithfully, Sunday after Sunday, has McCullough endeavored to adapt his translation of Truth to the immature comprehension of his hearers, but he has occasionally also, in addition, sanctioned the holding of small classes, or coteries of students and inquirers, that thus through his human mouthpiece, he might come in closer touch with individual needs, or answer questions that were puzzling the minds of seekers after Truth.

The following notes were taken from a class convened in Brooklyn, in February, 1898, while Mr. Wiggin was held in complete entrancement, a large charm of the utterance always consisting in the beauteous modulation of the voice, the touching quality of its tones of tenderness, strength, and the high ideal to which he sought to lift his disciples, a force and a charm which no report can ever suggest.

Being once requested to give some of his

experiences since reaching that sphere of consciousness known as the super-mundane world, the spirit responded: "I do not know of anything in the days that are gone more unwelcome to me than to be compelled to listen for a half hour to the experience of any individual in whom I was not particularly interested. I think it is frequently better to keep our experiences to enrich our own souls with, than to use them in the attempt to enrich the life of another. Therefore I will not confine myself entirely to my own experiences here, but will perhaps relate features of spirit life as I observe them.

"I doubt if there is any one on earth who can remember the day he was born into the world of human expression. There are likewise many on the spiritual side of life who cannot remember the day of their birth into this, the spirit land.

"I shuffled off the 'mortal coil' very much after the manner of many men, and I found myself freed from many things thereby. The first thing that seemed to excite thought-action was the relief from burdens I had dropped, for I left behind some very unpleasant features. I felt otherwise very much the same as I did in earth life.

"There is always one most pleasant feature

in passing into the spirit world. It is a similar experience when you go away from your earthly homes for awhile and return; you know very well the reception awaiting you which is likely to be one continual ovation and a source of deepest pleasure as you meet your loved ones. This is a feature of the pleasure there is in coming into the spirit world. Perhaps this is the best, in the consciousness of a new-born spirit.

"There are many other things, friends, which I cannot speak of because you can know nothing of them all, until you have tasted them for yourselves. You cannot comprehend them. If I were to bring you from some other planet, some fruit that was entirely unlike anything you ever saw or tasted here, I could not tell you by any process, what the fruit was like until you had tasted it yourselves, because there is nothing grown on earth with which I could compare it. This is true of some of the experiences in the spirit world which I could not elucidate or explain in any sense that you could comprehend; it would be impossible.

"The degree of progress any person has made in spiritual development decides how much he can appreciate surrounding conditions, when born into the spiritual state of

consciousness. Human memory of a certain kind is not enduring, while there is another kind that is everlasting. You retain in the spirit world, the memory of that which has impressed itself on your spiritual consciousness, while yet in the material state. A contract is often made between two friends, that if one dies and he finds that he can come back, he will make it known, a certain sign being agreed upon by which he can be recognized. Now if the spiritual consciousness of the deceased grasped the contract completely, he will be able to fulfil it, because he will remember it. On the other hand, if there is only physical speech, a mental contract, which made no impression upon the spiritual consciousness, he will not be able to remember it and keep the agreement, though he may often return. Many spirits who remember the names by which they were known in earth life are not able to give them. The machinery of communion between the two worlds of consciousness is very delicate, not easily comprehended. Therefore be thankful for what you do get.

"Now, possessing a spiritual consciousness before entering the spirit world, you begin life there with an appreciation of its realities and its beauties in all departments, at once.

If your physical powers have not been spiritually employed, if the spiritual department of your mind is not unfolded, when you enter upon your career in the spirit world, you will understand about as much of what you see, as a child born into a palace would comprehend of wealth and luxury.

"Love relations are always retained, that is, if your love has been a power in your life, and not a mere fancy. Love is something very deep and difficult to comprehend in its true significance. You may think you do; but to the degree you love, will it form a part of the beauty of the spirit world. True love is experienced nowhere else save in the spiritual consciousness, and according to the manner in which your love has been exercised here, will you enter into the enjoyment of that love over there, as a connecting link to the love you have left behind, in love's relations. The love extending from spirits to you is far in excess of what you know and feel as love. Love is a power that holds dominion — one that the process of time can never rust or dull.

"You may be interested to know what we do in the spirit world, and here let me say that your world is ours; you are in the spirit world this minute, although it is not consciously your world yet, but it is to be yours.

When will you mortals get the idea firmly established in your minds that the worlds of which I am speaking are only related or disrelated to each other by relative degrees of consciousness? To use a homely illustration, the dog is in your world and you are in his, and yet the dog does not appreciate many features of life that you do. And why not? Because he is in a different world of consciousness. He knows many things but not all that you know. He may see a flower, but you recognize in that flower a spiritual essence, a relation of yours. You might call the lily, a sister, and not be far from truth.

"So we are employed right here with you; we work, not with our hands but with yours. The reason why we use your hands no better is because of your unwillingness to let us; but we build into your consciousness. You have not projected an invention from the earliest history of man; you have not corrected one condition, or modified one imperfection in your mortal life, without the help of the spirit world, not one single thing. Now you may ask, have you builded our palace cars for us? What reason have you as spirits, to be interested in railroad cars? We have every reason to be thus interested. What did you build freight cars for and equip them with

troughs for water and food, then refrigerator cars to transport beef after it is killed? Because you saw the necessity therefor, or, rather, the spirit world saw it for you, and helped you to build them, because former methods were inhuman and cruel, so we started humanitarian ideas in your minds. Then we made you see the necessity for better accommodations for you *human* animals. Many people who live only for pleasure and comfort, would not travel at all, otherwise, and by tempting them to cross the continent, and coaxing the people of California toward the middle West, they come in touch with each other, and thus get more civilized. Civilization is the great educator, and travel is the great civilizer; it enlarges and develops the race. By and by you will not touch the earth at all when you travel, but go as the spirit goes — float, if not fly.

"Mortals think the world grows slowly, but when God wants a text he preaches — Patience. When Nature puts down a granite floor, if it takes a million years, she uses that time; she never hurries. The valuable things of life must take time to accomplish. A spirit looks upon eternity in considering growth; you, upon time. It is necessary that you suffer the prick of disappointment, the

sharp sword of injustice and sorrow. Your loved ones, watching near, welcome the visitation, knowing the result. Your spirit friends would not have you escape it. The grindstone of experience is always employed to brighten the diamond of capacity.

"Are spirits out here certain of immortality? Strange as it may seem, there are those here who have no realization that they ever lived in the mundane sphere. Their spiritual consciousness was not sufficiently aroused while here, although many of them had a life expression of seventy-five or eighty years. Others have very little remembrance, as if their life here was but a day, so little of their spiritual consciousness was aroused. There are perhaps one hundred people in this room besides yourselves, of whom you are not conscious. We have spirits here who vibrate to the thought world on a higher plane. I have heard from spirits in the third sphere higher than the one I am in.

"There is no necessity for any mortal to fear the process which you call death. If you do not take your own life, or it is not taken from you, it is never painful. I seemed to be borne away in the arms of friends, and felt the arms of their love about me, for love in the spirit world is something tangible. The

time will come in human life when no such thing as death will be recognized. It may be a million years first, it may be five thousand years. It all depends on the development of your spiritual consciousness. Death is dreaded simply because of ignorance.

"The spirit world bends toward you, yearning to lift you into a higher plane of vibration. It calls to you, 'Come up, come up higher,' and instead of making effort to meet these spirit helpers in their own realm of consciousness, you persistently reply, 'Come down, come down, give us another proof that you can come down,' and so you grovel on the material plane of phenomena, giving small attention to growth in spiritual realization, to the unfoldment of soul possibilities.

"Lift up the gates of your spiritual consciousness, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and let the spiritual essence of Life flow in."

When asked by a student how to develop psychometry, the spirit teacher replied:

"Many deny that psychometry is anything more than spirit influence or clairvoyance, but it is a true science of soul perception. The brain of man has been likened to a sheet of tinfoil, a sensitized plate, which is indented

with every vibration that is excited by the experience of life.

"Every man keeps his own record. The legend of the recording angel has not been by all, well understood. The angel is yourself. The record is in your own handwriting. You cannot erase or deny its verity, or the authenticity of the author; you decide your own destiny. This record is not kept in secret; it is a public document. I can read it, and, through the study of psychometry, you can read another's record.

"Psychometry can be developed by all to some extent, for it is soul perception, a coming to the very centre and core of things, the most beautiful power in the world when understood, and consequently appreciated. Its highest significance is that it prepares the soul of the mortal while inhabiting the body, to come into proper relation with the soul of things, until it can comprehend the voice of the excarnate world.

"Spirits cannot speak to this world, because humanity seeks to hear their voices and see their faces through the natural channels of sense perception. And you are all endowed with the powers of the Infinite. They are yours. Then commence to develop through soul study, your relation to other souls, and

to the Over Soul. Unfold and manifest the powers you possess. Think, think, think, you cannot think too much. Strong and mighty is the man or woman who has outgrown the personality of ordinary humanity into the birthright of immortal consciousness.

"Your soul and your spirit gain expression through your brain and physical body. Thought can construct a temple, can build a city or span a river with a suspension bridge; and grander than this, thought can build a man. Your faces and forms to-day are the result of your thinking. Psychometry goes deeper than this, and enables you to understand with your soul. Then strive to gain this soul perception. There is a difference between a *desire* to become something, and a *determination* to be such. Put your whole life into this endeavor, and you will come into soul relations with life.

"Thought transference is a fact, and is not debarred by distance. I, as a spirit, can speak with any spirit, wherever he may be, if I can locate him. You can go anywhere in thought; literally and actually you are there. You leave an impression also on everything you have ever touched. You never can, altogether, get out of this room, because you have once been here. Think of it;

though its walls crumble, this house, as the product of thought, must remain throughout all eternity. There is something in the immortality of thought which time can never touch.

"This idea holds the key to the answering of sealed letters, and to 'ballot tests.' When you write the name of some friend, you cannot write it, unless *before* you write it, and *during* that time, you are thinking of that person whose name you write. You send on swift wings a telegraphic message of welcome which draws that friend to you. You are simply carrying out the scientific truth of mental telegraphy. See, then, how important is the line of thought in which you indulge, and the kind of reception you provide for your spirit friends, and for mortals as well. You are sister and brother each to the other, although by choice or chance you gained expression through different channels. But, by the attraction of soul reaching out to soul, you are eventually led to where the heavens open and the revelations of truth are yours."

In response to a query as to how to develop automatic writing, this was given:

"There is no phase of mediumship more pleasant than automatic writing. The best

way to develop writing is this: Sit down at your table with pad and pencil, place yourself in a passive mood, then, as inspiration comes to your mind, write out your thoughts. Do not destroy the writing, however simple. Sit for twenty minutes. Remember that an inspiration comes from an impresser; you cannot impress yourself. The spirit who impresses you, (while you smile perhaps at the worthless result), is getting control of the arm. Bye and bye, you will feel a prickly sensation at the wrist. This will indicate the attempt of the spirit to cut the train of thought from your brain, and to introduce, at this nerve terminal, his or her own thought. Physicians of fifty years ago held that nerves only served to convey sensation; now they generally admit the nerves to be conveyers of ideas and thoughts. The ability of a spirit to control, depends on the sensitiveness of the nerve terminals at certain points of your body. Preserve your patience and passivity in your sittings. Make conditions and do not let conditions make you. Never aim to draw any spirit down to your plane of development. Bring your spiritual life up in harmony of vibration with the influences above.

"But remember in your endeavors to unfold any phase of mediumship, that it does not

consist merely in being *controlled* by a spirit but it is the *co-operation* with spirits for wise and beneficent purposes. Mediumship is a beautiful gate leading through soul unfoldment to the wisdom of the spheres.

"Mediumship has never been recognized and appreciated by the world, and is far from being universally recognized to-day. There are more mediums, however, who fail to know that they are mediums, than those who have come to a recognition of the truth. The great majority of people are creatures of five senses, and more or less slaves to custom; they grow small instead of large, because of not growing in the right direction. Only a few steer the boat of their lives according to the right course. There is only one right course, that which spirituality indicates.

"Mediumship is a God-given and beautiful thing, for the purpose of illuminating this dark world and uplifting and instructing humanity. It throws a flash light on the so-called future; and certainly that man is best qualified to act who walks in the light of the Spirit — to whom spiritual revealment is indeed a lamp unto his feet and a light to his path."

"Clairvoyance is a feature of the perceptive

organs which all mediums do not possess; and all spirits are not clairvoyant. I am not; therefore I cannot see your physical bodies. But one thing I did not know when on earth. I was inspired as a medium. Forrest was my teacher, and when he went out, he remained my teacher. The elder Booth also inspired my acting, though I held the people by my personal magnetism. But it all seems so far away, that at times I can hardly recall it, in this life."

To a student who felt a little discontent with her meagre life and limited field of usefulness, he spoke these words of cheer.

"I would like to give you a picture of a little episode that occurred in my past life, that may give you a little encouragement, temporarily, and linger as a pleasant thought for a long time. The country roads of old-fashioned days had a path in the middle for the horse's feet, another outside for the cart-wheels, while between the two was a double row of green turf. I remember of seeing springing up at the edge of the green grass, a delicate flower, about one and a half feet high, not quite tall enough to be hit by the axles and just far enough in to escape the tires of the wheels. Well, I watched that little flower,

and although countless carts passed over that road, it grew, it blossomed, it ripened and shed its seeds, fulfilling its purpose and mission in life as perfectly as if it had a thousand acres to grow and do its work in. I often think that those who fail to make the most of the least opportunity they have, would not improve any better a greater opportunity. Resolve to achieve. Greater than Niagara, yes, greater than one hundred Niagaras is the power of the will; and remember that patience is the law of true growth."

CHAPTER XXIV.

AS MESSAGE BEARER.

"They are not dead! They have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have but wandered far away—
They are not 'lost' or 'gone.'

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread—
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead!"

—*John L. McCreery.*

Phenomena must still serve as proof of the continuity of life, the bed-rock upon which the superstructure of a spiritual philosophy is built. *Other-world testimony* is imperative as sign that there is another world than this, that conscious life survives death. The dove going forth over the waste of waters must bring back the olive leaf to prove that a world of verdure and reality exists. The voyager to distant islands of the sea returns with some products of the new soil. The ladder at Jacob's pillow, upon which the angels ascended and descended, has never been drawn back

into heaven. Every human gateway, through which intelligence from Beyond is transmitted, is crowded by those arisen spirits who yearn to reach their friends, as also every other soul in need.

McCullough, while still embodied, did not neglect to fathom this welcome mystery. Whenever his imperative engagements would permit, and opportunity offered, he used to investigate this psychic gateway of interchange with the spirit world, although little dreaming then that it would ever be his work to provide such proof of immortality, or to meet such need. Yet how faithfully he has performed this labor of love, thousands of grateful hearts can testify.

His method has been a little unusual and unique, for while in private interviews, he has conversed naturally as any friend would with another, offering advice, consolation, or encouragement, according to individual needs, his public work in this field has been accomplished through what is known as ballot reading. Those persons in the audience seeking a message from the unseen realm, write the name of a spirit friend, or perhaps some question, on a piece of paper, fold it securely, and place it upon a table devoted to this purpose upon the platform, or in the basket

placed in the vestibule to receive these ballots.

After the usual Sunday evening services, and a brief talk by the pastor upon matters of current interest, Mr. Wiggin seats himself before this table, blindfolded (to make a dark chamber for clearer clairvoyance), and is soon entranced, when he is influenced to pick up these ballots and read from them as the spirit directs, passing rapidly from one to another, often one hundred names and proofs of spirit identity being given during the hour, all of which are recognized as correct.

As illustrative of this branch of phenomena, let the testimony of another be given. Mr. Walter Hubbell, than whom no more strictly honest and conscientious gentleman exists, having no acquaintance whatever with Mr. Wiggin, learned through a lady, that McCullough was wont to control this medium. Having an innate horror of all trickery and fraud, which his former intimate acquaintance with McCullough's manner and personality might easily detect, and having also a wide experience in investigating psychic phenomena, as his book, "The Great Amherst Mystery," abundantly proves, he at once set about testing the genuineness of this claim. The result shall be told in his own words:

"I have had such a remarkable experience to-night that I hasten to write it out, as a matter of record, while it is still fresh in my mind.

"Having heard that the Rev. F. A. Wiggin, pastor of the Spiritual Temple, would close his lectures and seances in Potter Hall to-night, until September, I attended.

"It having been stated that Mr. Wiggin is controlled by the spirit of John McCullough, the tragedian, whom I knew, I obtained a piece of blue paper of a deep and uncommon shade of color, not easily matched or duplicated, and with purple ink wrote these words upon it: 'John McCullough, do you remember this? "Does no one speak? I am defendant here!"'

"After Mr. Wiggin had given a number of remarkable messages to the writers of letters placed on the table, he stopped for a moment, and said:

"'Friends, I wish to say that I, the spirit of John McCullough, the actor, control this medium, and that some person in this audience has written some words I often spoke upon the stage in earth life, upon a piece of paper, asking me if I remember them. I know the person who asks this question well, and he has appeared upon the stage with me. The words

he asks about, I spoke for years before *Appius Claudius*, in the Forum Scene, of the Fourth Act of "Virginius," after my return from battle, and they are: "Does no one speak? I am defendant here." The paper containing them is now upon that table and I have not touched it.'

"I replied that this was all correct. He then addressed me and said, 'And you have been in that same play?' To which I replied: 'Yes, but not with you, John, with another.' And he answered or rather affirmed my statement, by saying: 'Yes, I know that.' All of which is the truth, I having appeared with him in 'Coriolanus,' 'Jack Cade,' and 'The Gladiator,' but never in 'Virginius,' appearing afterward as *Appius Claudius*, when another man enacted *Virginius*, after John had passed away.

"The seance then proceeded, letters being answered for a score or more of persons, Mr. Wiggin being blindfolded all the while, as from the first, with a black silk handkerchief.

"When I heard him remark that the seance would soon close, I said: 'John, may I ask you a question?' He replying in the affirmative, I asked if he had met Edwin Forrest in the spirit world? The answer was: 'Often.' I then asked if Forrest was now happy? He

replied that no man knew Forrest better than he did in earth life, and that he knew Forrest's surrounding conditions made him, while on the earth plane, unhappy, but that now he was with people who understood him and that he was contented.

"He concluded his conversation with me by remarking that there were but few tragedians on the stage, owing to the strange ideas of the managers, who were wrong about it all, and that he would talk with me again.

"I shall close this account by remarking that instead of putting the piece of blue paper upon which I had written the words already mentioned, into the large basket at the door, on entering the hall, I kept it concealed in my inside coat pocket, until the small box for collecting coins was passed in front of me. I placed the paper in the box, and it was carried directly to the platform, consequently never being out of my sight. I do not know Mr. Wiggin at all, and did not know, either personally or by sight, even one of the one thousand intelligent ladies and gentlemen composing the audience, all of whom can corroborate this statement of facts.

"As I have never appeared on the stage of any theatre in Boston, I am sure no person in

that audience knew or recognized me—except the ghost or spirit of John McCullough.

"I have heard that Mr. Wiggin was once a Baptist minister, before he became a 'medium' and hope that other clergymen may profit by his example so that their congregations may receive the proofs of immortality. Since living in that haunted house in Amherst, Nova Scotia, in 1879, I have not been present at a seance so convincing as this one, held in Potter Hall to-night."

Sunday, 10 P.M. [Signed]
May 29, 1904. Walter Hubbell.
1038 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

As soon as this meeting was ended, Mr. Hubbell returned to his home and immediately, while every detail of the evening was fresh in his mind, he wrote the above statement, which has since been published in the *New York Sun* of June 4, 1904, in the *New York Mirror* of June 11, in the *Banner of Light* of June 25, and in part, in the *Boston Evening Traveler* of June 8, and has attracted wide attention all over the world. It has brought to Mr. Hubbell a flood of letters, showing how deep is the hunger which exists everywhere for some tangible proof of the continuity of life. It is the earnest wish to

meet such sincere yearning, seconded by Mr. Hubbell's suggestion, after receiving the above test, which has led to the inception of this volume, if indeed other incentive were needed than the desire to offer tribute to one so highly esteemed and admired.

A prominent minister of New York affirms that he is constantly in receipt of letters from lawyers, doctors, editors and brother clergymen, stating that they would give all they possess to be assured beyond a doubt that conscious life survives death.

Could there be any sadder commentary on the incapacity of a cultured intellect alone to discern spiritual truth, or to realize its own spiritual reality, which is without beginning or ending, deathless, eternal?

CHAPTER XXV.

REMINISCENCES.

" Why shrink from Death? In ancient days, we know
The slave was raised to freedom by a blow:—
Man's prison house, not man, the hand of Death
lays low."

—*Aubrey De Vere.*

Mediumship is not a solitary phenomenon, as the methods of investigation sometimes adopted might lead one to suppose. It is a universal law, the innate possibility of every human being, to some degree. It is as natural to have spiritual sight and hearing, as to use material organs for physical contact. The soul's sense of touch should be equally unfolded with the cruder sensitiveness of bodily nerves. This is legitimate spiritual unfoldment for every individual, and it is small credit to any mortal who lacks it, that he has not yet entered upon this birthright.

But the ability to yield up one's organism for the use or inspiration of another intelligence, whether by complete entrancement (a form of mediumship which is growing far less common in these latter days) or by harmonious co-operation in the conscious state, is a gift, differing from natural clair-

voyance, clair-audience, or clair-sentience, since it can be possessed without a high spiritual development of the medium's own being.

Yet, while mediumship does not *depend* upon the culture of the instrument, it gains therefrom strength and value. The nature and temperament of the medium color every message transmitted through such agency. Water still tastes of the pipe through which it runs. While one not understanding this law, and observing the widely different types of the same personality manifesting through diverse channels, under one given name, might cry, "Fraud! this is not the same spirit I talked with through the medium I met last week," it is still a most interesting psychological study to watch these seeming transformations.

Through a nature of an affectionate type, for example, a friend from the spirit world, seeking to commune with a mortal on this plane, would display a strong love element, indulge perhaps in fond expressions found in the medium's brain, or it would be possible to thus more naturally express his own past endearments, which the same personality would find it quite impossible to produce through a medium of cold, stern nature. Yet

it is the same affectionate friend; there is no deceit involved. In the latter case he is trying to build bricks without straw, seeking to give expression to an emotion with which this human battery cannot vibrate.

The same difficulty is apparent when an advanced philosophical mind strives to convey his ripened thought through an illiterate instrument, whose own limited vocabulary restricts the spirit's power of expression. The world indulges in much merriment when a message that purports to come from Shakespeare, for example, is of the calibre of a school boy. Well, it is barely possible that Shakespeare (himself a marvellous medium) might not, when uninspired on earth, have talked like a demi-god, or manifested a more than ordinary intelligence. Therefore it would be necessary to make connection with the advanced intelligences who inspired or controlled *him*, rather than with Shakespeare himself, to invoke his matchless thought. And spirits now passed beyond this plane, have to commune, if at all, through long-distance, celestial connection with our atmosphere, or third dimension of consciousness, or else through intermediary agencies, standing on different rounds of the ladder sloping

heavenward, which transmission also interferes seriously with a perfect communion.

The law of adaptability is a very subtle but potent one. A spirit may search long before finding an instrument attuned to his touch, and again a certain versatility of temperament (often noticed in mortals on earth), may enable a spirit to touch with equal facility several diverse mediumistic organisms, although manifesting through each, a different side of his nature, according to the capacity or pitch of the key with which he temporarily vibrates. Very grateful is the returning spirit for any open gateway through which it can reach this plane with its mission of love, fidelity and service.

Therefore while the noble spirit of McCullough has accomplished a grand work for many years through the instrumentality referred to in the foregoing chapters, a service not yet completed, let us hope, for other years to come, the writer has exchanged greetings with this helpful spirit-friend on the distant Pacific coast, or in the South, wherever a suitable mouthpiece was found for his use, and in this way, pleasant conversations have been held, the ties of a deathless friendship have been forged. For it must not be supposed that a controlling spirit is ever chained like a slave to any medium, a state of bondage

which would be intolerable in any sphere, for freedom is the vital breath of a spirit, and surely one so universal in his love and interests as McCullough always was, as a mortal, would still desire to touch many notes on the vast human key-board, and thus reach more avenues of usefulness than one slender organism could furnish the requisite endurance therefor. And he is always, everywhere, a most welcome guest.

A few of these "reveries" (as he sometimes called them) to which the writer has listened, may serve to show the genial, guileless nature of this lofty soul, more than can public work, where perforce his own personality was largely obliterated.

On one occasion, in the writer's home, the following extract seemed especially touching, coming from a personality who for so many years was deprived of the joys of home.

"I think," said he, "if one should take the dictionary and read every word, there is no word to be found therein that signifies any more, or appeals to the individual so keenly, as the simple word — Home. It is the word I love. It is so sweet, so beautiful, so helpful and it is in the home, I believe, that we get our best inspiration. Home is associated with the thought of purity and growth. How I

love the home and the things that are made in the home, even the cooking of home; such a simple thing as that. How good it is! So many times I have thought of my old home and during the years of my greatest successes and triumphs, the wedge of home would always creep in, the elements and hopes and all that goes with home.

"The house is not of so much importance, for its hearthstone and its fireplace grow deeper and wider, its logs are greater and draw heat more intense. But I see a picture in the fire of a ragged boy, ambitious to reach out and grasp the world and hold it; but the picture comes and goes so rapidly. . . I love to come into this home and I do so on the material plane. I enter its every room. I look out of every window. I know every chair and picture, and I like it all, because it is home."

On another evening, when McCullough was, as ever, a beloved and welcome guest in this home, his presence most tangibly sensed before the audible word was spoken, a medium was present, a young man possessed of varied powers, as healer, inspirational lecturer and message bearer, with a character of strictest honor and integrity — Mr. George A. Porter of Boston, — who became entranced under

the overshadowing influence of the inspiring visitor, the complete change in manner, in voice and presence being so great that it seemed as if his own personality had left the room, so little was it felt, and only McCullough thought and spoke.

While talking thus, with a touching pathos and great beauty of diction, the writer placed in his hand an Oriental silk scarf of richest texture and soft delicate coloring, which had only just come into her possession, one which the great tragedian had worn many times in public, wound about his head as a turban, when playing "Othello." The medium had never seen it nor knew of its existence, but, at once, the spirit started with an exclamation of surprise, smiled, grasped the scarf in his hand repeatedly, and then gave expression to one of those curious similes which forms such a marked feature with all communicating spirits.

"If you had been for many years in a country, where you never saw a cow, and if your boyhood had been passed in the pastures, or in a little cottage, with its lean-to, where cows are kept; and many years later, you had come back in the night to the old place, not knowing you had reached it; you *would* know, by the smell, where the cows were.

"So" (adding with an amused smile) "when I hold this, it is like smelling those cows in the night. *I smell the cow.* It brings back old scenes and emotions — the fire and light and glitter of the old life on the stage, and the more I hold it, the clearer grows its voice."

Then after a pause, he proceeded more seriously and with a change of figure. "And now that last night in Chicago comes back to me. It is connected, in association, with the downfall of the wall. Many assaults had been made upon the wall and it withstood them, but at last, it tottered and fell.

"If you were to see a beautiful race horse straining every nerve to pass under the wire, amid all the plaudits of the grand stand, the music of the band, the cheers that rent the air, and then suppose the horse should stumble and fall before he gets to the wire, while groans and agony arose from the multitude, you could form a picture which comes to me with the memory of this I hold. It seems closely allied to the stricken race horse, because it was used before I fell, before I passed under the wire.

"How the memory comes back to me. I may not see clearly from the spirit, but in my heart and in my brain, it burns with a brightness that is like those sacred fires of the

East, which never cease to burn. No one knows so well as I the pain of that last effort, no one knows the agony I felt when I first stumbled, and when memory played tricks and wrecked me. How have the mighty fallen! It might well teach us not to build houses of sand on earth. It teaches us to build on the firm basis of spirit. The real and lasting things of life are the unseen. This in my hand represents an ornament that I often used in my starring stands. You might label it 'Finis.' No better name could I give it than Omega, the last—the last!"

As on this occasion, the present volume was already begun, the spirit friend, later, made reference to it:

'O Fortune, thou art indeed a fickle goddess. Thou dost smile and frown even as the varying moods touch the breast of the vast ocean, and from its still sleep doth arouse and lash it into fury, and so does Dame Fortune. She pets us and caresses us, or she bans and strikes us with adversity, until our lives are torn with bitterness and sorrow.

"But Fame is a mistress upon whose smiles we live, and for whose favor we strive. And Fame and Fortune, methinks, might have been soul-twins, so close do they resemble; and he who is privileged to rest under the

roseate smile of Dame Fortune and whom Mistress Fame deigns to notice, indeed is he fortunate; but when deserted by both, and when in darkness we stand, we are then moved to lift our eyes heavenward. And the first star we see is to us one of beauty. You have so rightly said and written of my experiences, impressions and thoughts, as I once stood in the darkness, when opportunity seemed to bring me the Shakespearian volume; that was the smile from Fortune. That book was the first star I saw, and when I looked there were other stars, and as my eyes became more accustomed to the firmament, I saw dimly many, many stars, and many worlds. Bye and bye the optic nerve of my soul consciousness, relying upon the retina of my endeavor, brought into a closer range and focus, more stars, and star after star unfolded to my vision, so that under the divine radiation of this Shakespearian star, my soul poured forth its inward springs to an outward expression.

" But now I want to tell you of a very dear old friend who stands here to-night, one whom, when a convenient opportunity comes to you, I want you to mould, to take off the crust, to help beautify and illumine his soul-life, as

you can, or one who truly sees the *soul* of Forrest. He stands here to-night, so close to us, and I can never forget the many kind words, the help, aid and loving treatment I received from him, and who of all the stars I looked for and found, he really was to me a planet, a world, and you may say so in your book, as you feel to portray it. Because had it not been for him, for the soul that must have seen my heart, and who by his knowledge and strength, in the midst of the thousand things that held his mind, he still found time to lift and help me up.

"He really was to me a 'golden gate,' a world wherein I stood, and found the real elixir and courage of life. Whatever they may say, however they may try to tear to shreds that grand and noble character, written on my heart and cherished there by years of love and service, you may find the name of Forrest, and as I hope in many hearts to find the name of McCullough, I know in the realm of time, *he* was the great soldier who led me out on the field of service, in life's first great battles.

"I could not give him too much credit, because, unselfishly and most generously, did he give me of his encouragement. Like a diamond in the rough and crude state, it

needed but the fine cutting of the artist to bring its facets to express the beauty within, and even though he could not have called into being faculties that did not exist there, he brought out some of the diamond's facets. He could not have done it had it not been that in his great soul blazed the jewel of greatness.

"In the centuries to come, his name will burn with greater lustre and brilliancy than at present; and some day, before the end shall come, I am going to lecture on Forrest."

"If I were to tell you of my life, if I were to cut the cord that holds the old dirty volume of my interior thought, I wonder what thou wouldst think of the crumpled and well-thumbed pages, the blots of ink, the marks of soil, the ravages of time. Deal gently with the pages that are gone; and shouldst thou find some marks of weakness, blot them over lovingly and tenderly, and as all things work out their divine purpose, so must these blots. And as your hand may move over the manuscript, and as from your heart your words may fall as the dew, you will see and hear me by your side.

"But have you not dealt too lightly with my errors? Could you not learn something about McCullough of a darker hue than you

have painted? Be not too quick to pass lightly over my mistakes, for I made them and suffered for them. Deal honestly, justly, yet gently with them all.

"How I wish this child of yours, this book, might send forth a call to humanity, so that many people may thus be induced to seek where the silent dead now tread."

CHAPTER XXVI.

SPIRITUAL REVERIES.

" Sweet breaths around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard."
—*H. B. Stowe.*

These hallowed conversations, which have been held through Mr. Porter, with our active friend and teacher, who is always eager to open the door of communion, have been largely of a personal nature, a discussion of the interests of the hour, advice on knotty problems of Life's path, suggestions for work, but there are always interspersed through these valuable talks of a private nature, extracts like the following:

" How beautiful is Life ! How marvellously complicated, how delicately poised on the needle of our own rude existence, and yet again, how beautiful ! What a great mistake to think that the dead are dead ! The dead are living. It is the dead who are truly alive, and one must die to really live. It is given to the dead to realize life. It is given to the natural being but to *believe* in life. What a mistake it is to think, that when we drop this

mortal mantle, we soar to lofty heights, when how many, many fall to the depths; and it is in climbing up those steep Alpine heights, in being pricked and torn by a thousand briars, that we really find our strength.

"I am working hard, very hard, and I am not going to stop working till I have all my flock together in one pasture, and I want your help. Be brave, be sweet, be strong and work on. Be a safe, sure and strong support that no storm can move, no anchor can drag.

"The pessimist would say 'we live to-day, to-morrow we die.' *I* say, not until to-morrow do we truly live. This life is the beginning, the next is the real. In the eternal gardens we pick our flowers. Remember the word for the Now is—hopefulness, courage! We will work hand in hand, as more than comrades, teachers, work for the good wherever it may be.

"Healing of the spirit is carried on, on both sides of the Atlantic of Life. Then send out your waves to be directed as God will. We will all move on to some good work for our brothers and sisters, to the betterment of humanity."

At another date, he expressed himself thus: "I have looked forward to to-night with

a great deal of pleasure, for many reasons, chiefly because it is Christmas week—a time when one's memories grasp so close around our heart-strings and bring the joy-bells to chase away sorrow, in a sweet and subdued way. Christmas week ! How well I remember Christmas ! It always had a peculiar significance to me. I never forgot it—never could. I always was at my best near Christmas. Something always appealed to me more at Christmas than at any other time of the year.

" It is therefore an especial blessing, especially helpful to me that I am permitted to express myself in this home so near Christmas. I prize this open door. The world may erect barriers, but nothing can separate heart from heart, soul from soul, spirit from spirit, so I am here, and it is Christmas. I feel strong, full of courage and I shall try to bless all whom I love, I feel so close to-night, so near, so real, as if I had never gone. I cannot realize that I have passed the border land. I feel as if in the body, but now the time has come for the curtain to descend. I must resume the habiliments I left in the spirit, when I sought to clothe myself with this form, and return to stand once more a spirit. Good night."

On a tempestuous night, his first words were:

"I love to hear the wind blow. I love the rain on the leaves, it soothes me. I love to sit and think; I love to be here. I love Art so much, not the artificial but the real, the true, the beautiful, no matter how simple.

"These dreams go with the tide of inspiration, but I must come out of this reverie. Whenever I come here I seem inclined to think — think aloud. Somehow old memories come to me more here than usual. I cannot believe it possible that I am in spirit. I feel so real on this plane. I could at this moment carry out the old parts, that were so real to me. How I used to feel them crowd over me. An actor is one who can sink his personality wholly in the new being he is portraying. Bye and bye, I am going to ask you to sit and let me express some of my own lines and characters and imagine ourselves in the atmospheres of the old theatres once more."

"A little thought comes before me. I remember the loading of the boats at New Orleans, how I watched the happy colored laborers, so careless and merry at their toil. They neither knew nor cared where the cargo

was going, and it was an object lesson to me — to us all, to do our best, to put on and load our cargo on Life's craft, not knowing where it will drift, but working our best, happily. There is something in the interior make-up of the colored man, which the white man lacks. He is a great philosopher, lives for to-day and not for to-morrow, and thus preserves his happy individuality."

His opening words at one of these treasured interviews were:

"Ah, again the curtain rises and we step forth before the audience. Some people's mission is before the scenes and some behind the scenes, yet each in its own part is of the same importance. The great star of to-day is forgotten to-morrow. The world is ever seeking a new light and the fickle public hails with great enthusiasm the advent of the new star.

"How delusive are things! We think we know, when we are but forces, and as we dream, these visions and pictures of the past crowd about us. They are but dreams when the stern realities of Life confront us and hold us, when from the horoscope of existence we awake to the value of Life. Thus Art is the make-shift of dreams. We come to our own

real self and see ourselves in our own consciousness.

"I wonder if you have ever watched the sun rise, the daybreak, when your soul was restless and you walked the chamber floor, and looked at the world over the coming of the dawn?" (Here, assuming such dramatic attitude and gesture that the scene he described was almost visible) he continued, "And did you notice the trees just dimly outlined to your eyes — the branches, the twigs, that wave and wave, the bush, the gravel path, perhaps the fence, slowly coming to your vision; the scene ever changing, each moment, each separate space bringing a different vision — never the same? Now, yonder, comes a distant gleam and through the darkness and the shadow, we watch the sun rise, which bids the unlovely phantom of the night 'begone!'

"The beauteous sunlight changes the vision, the rose glows with power, as the sun bids it a sweet 'good morning.' The dim phantoms are gone like the mists and fogs; and the vision from our chamber window is beautiful and inspiring. We see things as they are.

"So it is with mortals, who walk their chamber floor and watch for the coming day. The vision will change, the phantoms which hold the heart in chains and bondage, will

disappear. The New Day will come, just as it always does; yet the old habits are so strong. Oh how they come to us! How we put them on! It is so natural to pick up our own.

"But just as we have thus stood in the silence of the morn and watched the pale glimmer of the advancing sun, the upstreaming of the light, dyeing the morning sky, with just a gentle, sweet promise of daylight, so inspiration dawns on the soul's horizon. It comes in the night as the morning dawns and opens a wider gateway of light than we dream.

"I will not attempt to give you any finely finished address, but I am going to speak just as the fountain does, throwing up and out its water, and letting it fall where it may. The passing pedestrian may stop and drink thereat and pass by, and so perhaps from the fountain of inspiration, some of my thought will serve the same purpose. I know not what wayfarer in Life's highway may feel to stand and quench his thirst thereat.

"We are all but children, acting out an Infinite Law. If I have cast off the form, I hold the power to return in spirit, to perhaps write a poem or a symphony, in some life.

You know as well as I that the decrees of the Great Spirit are worked out by lesser lights, by bands of spirits. And one can rely on me as upon the sun shining, rely on my loyalty, love and devotion. I strive for that which is right, honorable and loyal to principle.

"I am not a great student of the future. It is as much of a mystery to me as to you, but I know there is One greater than I that sways and ordains the direction of all this universe, and all that transpires on this plane of Life.

"We are all coming on through the one gateway — Experience; and experience leads to sorrow, but it is always softened, disintegrated and refined by the greatest gift God ever gave to humanity — Love! Greater than man, greater than earth is the rosary of Love! Its tender memories cling around our necks, just like infant hands, that will not let us go.

"I remember in my boyhood how I longed for love. And now it comes to me to tell you that when I went back to the old home, I visited my mother's grave, and I recall a thought I had then. There is a small stone which marks the spot and I remember so clearly what my thought was. Shall I have a larger, more prominent and expensive stone erected here? I had enough money then to

buy any kind of a monument; and then I thought, in my broader views and realization of life, 'What's the difference? How much better to spend the money for needy ones on this plane. It is more appropriate to have a simple stone for a simple woman who led a simple life', and so I left it there.

"I don't believe I was ever unduly proud or elated over my success, but there was a great calm entered my heart as I stood there. I reviewed that life of my boyhood and the present position and material growth, and I felt from that moment, a warmer affection for the past springing up in my heart. I loved my mother dearer from that hour than ever before.

"Men have searched far and wide for the kingdom wherein is found the fountain of eternal youth. It is only found in the kingdom of love. When we enter the domain of love, we wear a fadeless crown. We care not for mid-day suns or the midnight stars; we have transformed all death into life.

"The man who scoffs at love is a spiritual cripple and a dwarf; he has curvature in his moral life. For him who loves truly and well, life and love go hand in hand. Such a one rules his own being. Love turns night

into day. In the darkest moment of life, in the loneliest desert, the star of love sheds its perpetual light, and feeds the soul's deepest longings. It is all that makes life worth living. Then press toward it, O mortals, expect it, reach out your souls to this angel messenger. It will be found in every dell or valley, await you on every mountain-top, it broods in palace or hut, as one sweet uplifting impulse from a pure heart, the expression of the soul. For there are three kinds of love, the animal love, the spiritual love and the soul love.

"Love is the power that inspires us, the force which sustains us, the song that harmonizes all discords. It gives us the strength of a legion of men. Love has no boundaries, no limitations. It is as vast as the Over Soul, the Under Soul, the Great surrounding, and encircling Soul of all the universe. When man has dwelt in the perpetual hell of his own selfishness, only the star of love can usher in the glimmer of the day's full dawn. In every life eventually, this glorious day must dawn, the sun will arise. It is God's promise, aye, God's fulfilment to man. On this plateau of Divine Love, we find eternal life. The Fountain of Youth is right within

our own bosoms. Love is the true patent of nobility.

"Death is not the worst messenger to man. Life is the more grievous burden. 'O Death, where is thy sting?' For harder often than the sting of death, is the perpetuation of life. But love heals all wounds. He who purely, generously loves belongs to the royal family, and is heir-apparent to an eternal throne."

CHAPTER XXVII.

PERSONAL.

John McCullough.

" Art thou not living in that lofty land
Where life means radiance more supremely fair
Than highest human deeds may ever wear
Or pitiable mortals understand?
May not new griefs and joys, at thy command,
(Though rather joy than grief) find music rare
In thy rich voice, grown richer in the air
Whereby the flowers of Paradise are fanned?
We do not know; and darkly do we guess
What deeper, dearer work is there achieved,
When the soul blooms anew all undefiled.
But here thy loved ones mourn for thee not less
Than Damon for his Pythias might have grieved,
Or wept the Roman father o'er his child."

—*A. E. Lancaster.*

From N. Y. Mirror, Nov. 9, 1885.

If the writer might be pardoned a seeming breach of personal modesty, in order to strengthen proof, if such testimony were necessary, of the identity of the spirit of McCullough, additional data could be given, showing how warm is his interest in this volume and desire for its publication.

The writer's acquaintance with her hero has been formed and ripened wholly on the spirit side of life and plane of consciousness, never having met him when in the form, but

her devoted love and gratitude to this helpful friend increases with the passing years. She has willingly incurred the possible criticism that her present work is a patchwork of quotations, that others thus might paint his worth, rather than have her portraiture regarded as colored by her own partiality, feeling also that one single pen is inadequate to do justice to this regal soul, and therefore welcoming the unstinted praise of those who knew him well.

Consequently, when the suggestion of this volume was first received, realizing her great incapacity to worthily portray even the mortal career of such a matchless personality, she recoiled in dismay, protesting the impossibility of the task, dismissing it entirely from further consideration. But, like Banquo's ghost, it would not down. Even in sleep, detatched sentences of the proposed book, divisions of chapters, trooped in procession through the mind, McCullough himself, by abundant, frequent promptings and encouragements, not allowing the idea to sink into oblivion, and this, evidently, from no desire for personal prominence or adulation, but because his present life and work as a spirit would make it possible to prove to the world the continuity of life, in a unique and feasible

way, and as he has since said: "Help humanity to seek where the silent (?) dead now tread."

There is a little lady, living at Revere, Mass., Mrs. Annie J. C. Norris, a poet and psychic, who possesses remarkable clair-audience at all times, in her normal state, and who, in her quiet, retired life, is often used as a receiver of messages for her friends, who are perhaps themselves too active in the tumult and whirl of life's duties, to catch the call from the Central Office of Spirit, and to this friend the writer sent a brief note:

"It has been suggested that I write something about McCullough. What do you and he say about it?"

In reply, she had written: "No, no, you ought not to undertake it, though I doubt not he would appreciate it," when the familiar voice by her side was clearly heard, giving this message:

"Yes, yes, yes. It will be a far more enduring monument than any carved in stone, but tell her to deal lightly with facts, and omit much theory. Make it rather a joyous testimony of the good I would do in the world, and to my nearest friends, it shall be as my voice speaking across the silences, like my hand-clasp across all space."

Frequently this same voice tells the lady what her friend is doing when far distant, what people she meets and what they say, with any cause in her work for rejoicing, showing thus in what constant touch are these angels of light with our mortal interests.

To this same gateway, appeal was made regarding the accident referred to in the foregoing pages, of the blow from the curtain roller, and the query made if it had any connection with his early decline. He replied:

"Tell her I hate to talk about my head, but there was a blood-clot, doesn't she know that? The blow was a little to the right side of the top of my head, and it always felt thereafter as if something were dented in, that is, when I thought of it particularly. At times, there was a tight feeling there, then that clot formed very slowly. But there were other things that contributed to the final collapse—other pressures. It was at last as if some one were pressing iron bars down over my head. It was awful! awful! I was so glad when I *died*, as you call it; *awoke*, as I felt it. The bars were taken down and the light flooded in once more."

A little later, alluding to his condition through Mr. Porter's organism, he said: "I

want to entirely dispute anybody who says I raved, or suffered acutely, because I did not. It is false. My passing out was beautiful. I remember it as distinctly as if it were a moment ago. I fell asleep like a child. I am certain of what happened to myself whatever others may have said. I know because it was I. I was happy. It seemed as if all things had culminated that last forty-eight hours of my life, and I realized that all things which had seemed so great, were really so little, and it made me feel like a boy again. One very distinct thought that came to me was this—I had heard that people who were drowning often saw their whole lives pass in panoramic review. I wondered if it would be so with me. But in my passing out, very little of the life of the stage was there, but a little of my earlier life, my childhood, the old home and home conditions came over me and seemed better than ever. The pain left me before passing out, and I was happy. I went to sleep and it was like a dream.

"In regard to my brain, I met a very helpful friend in spirit life who was a doctor, and we had some long and serious talks over my condition, and to state it in a nut-shell, he thought that my strenuous life, my portraying such intense emotions and so many varied

characters, exhausted the brain, and this is true. There is no necessity for me to say anything further, only I did not die from error or dissipation. That accusation is false. We all have friends and enemies, and our enemies we should love the best. I sometimes think I had more than I knew, but I feel again, that though I made mistakes, how strong was my desire to help people. I never was the liar or deceiver, never the man to willfully break hearts or wreck homes; I was like a child struggling for the light. I see it now."

Memory recalls in this connection, an episode that occurred at a Sunday evening service, in Brooklyn, in 1899, when, as Mr. Wiggin sat entranced, waiting for the soloist to finish her selection, which happened to be that minor-keyed song, "Flee as a Bird to Your Mountain," it was noticed that the controlling spirit listened to the music with unusual pleasure and eagerness, and at its close, he said:

"That tune was the selection played by the band when my funeral procession entered the gates of the cemetery, and oh, it did sound so beautiful floating up among the tree branches, and *I was there*, walking right

beside the musicians—so happy and free."

If the vast concourse of mourners on that occasion, so depressed with their loss, could have known and felt the joy of their friend in his freedom from the "awful pressure," and in the "light that poured in," their weeping would have been changed to rejoicing, as it should be at every gateway of immortal birth.

A few days after the writer's last visit to Mount Moriah, while in a city a thousand miles westward of Philadelphia, McCullough, through another's lips, to the writer's great surprise, made touching reference to it:

"One thing I want to tell you, that when you visited my monument I was there, and stood beside you. I saw just what you did. I watched you as you so tenderly, lovingly touched it. I saw you standing in front of it, looking up at my sculptured face. I heard all you said, and saw all you did. I say this so you can be sure of my presence. And how beautiful it all was! I could hardly keep back the tears, so many tender memories swept over me. Yet most people say I am dead. Poor misguided children! They have not yet entered into the kindergarten of spirit. My dear old friends! Bless them everywhere!

My love for them is like a beacon light; never false, always true. But it is those souls who are immersed in the materiality of commercial life who are the dead. I am alive, healed, well and strong. There are those who think to-night, that I am in some indefinite future, or some far off distant sphere, when I am right here, walking with them, touching them and feeling them, trying to brighten, cheer and comfort them in any hour of trial, sharing their emotions and interests. Indeed, I may have *been* dead, but certainly now, I am spiritually and soulfully—alive!"

Again, through Mr. Porter's agency, he indulged in reverie regarding his past life, asking:

"Do you know why I always helped the needy, why I loved to, why I never could pass them by? Because I recognized that I had been there myself. I remember how the boot-blacks and newsboys interested me, and I wondered what they would make. It seemed in helping them, that I was helping that poor little boy of the past, who roamed in the woods with nothing but his day-dreams and his fancies. And I never grew old. I never shall.

"I can see now in looking back, that I was

influenced by the spirit more than I dreamed. Away back in my childhood, I always knew that I should some day cross the ocean, and dim suggestions of my future career used to steal over me. My air-castles and dreams were a constant help and comfort to me and lifted me out of my dull life. They were the prompting of the spirit."

Again referring to this volume, then approaching completion:

"Your book, my dear child, is like a suspension bridge, one of those bridges of rugged strength and beauty, whose steel girders and spans carry safely over the many thousands of souls who trust themselves to its support. So is your book a suspension bridge, and I feel that to the truth of its message, thousands will trust their lives. It will open the chasm of the unknown; it will lift the weight of despair from many hearts and set them to thinking. May it have a glorious mission for those who need it. Many beautiful, beautiful thoughts well up from my heart that are inspired by your devotion to me and to the truths of the Spirit. My heart is so full when I think of what I would like to do for Truth, and for the world, and that I am debarred from doing much of it.

"But, in the vast vocabulary of material and spiritual language, I am at a loss to find among them all, one to tell you how grateful I am that you should undertake this wearisome task, a work of such patience, wherein the delicate touch of the artist is far greater in its work than is his who puts the oil to canvas. Greater is one who touches the brush to the human soul, and portrays it to humanity, who paints a portrait for the gallery of the world, for none can ever erase that impression, as one can change the canvas; and if this work bring to you, dear child, one millionth part of the joy and happiness it has already brought to me, it will indeed give you a rich reward. I thank you more than I can say."

"As we walk and struggle along the highway of life's endeavor, it is gratifying to find the bright glimmer of some light on our path, to see one star, strong and radiant with Love's expression, a star burning in some trusty heart to lighten our pilgrimage. And I have been so happy in the thought that there was some one on this earth plane so loyal and loving to me, that they could ever dream of undertaking such a thankless task. But, my friend, you have painted me with such radiant,

beautiful colors that I sometimes wonder if it is myself you mean."

He then requested that a full-length picture of *Virginius* might be used as a frontispiece.

Again, several different titles for this volume were submitted to him for his selection. He listened in silence, and then chose the one it bears.

"I like it best, but make the story simple, rugged, sweet."

May this imperfect recital indeed seem to all who loved him like his "voice speaking across the silences, like his hand-clasp across all space."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE VOICE OF THE STARS.

" It is the stars;
The stars above us govern our conditions."
—*King Lear.*

As the science of Astrology is in this age, being rescued from obscurity and charlatanry by which it has been debased, and is becoming a worthy field of study and research to intelligent minds, even while students of spiritual freedom claim that "the wise man rules his stars, and only the fool obeys them," it seemed that a portrayal of McCullough's horoscope might add to the interest of this volume, the indications of what kind of man a person born under his planetary aspect would become, with a possible hint as to the cause of his early decline. But for this planetary reading, a knowledge of the hour of his birth was quite necessary. This important item, as it proved, was unknown to any one on earth, not even by his surviving sister, Mrs. Wert, to whom appeal was made.

His own whispered hint "just before daylight," was plainly heard by the writer, but this was not quite explicit enough. Asking

him therefore, for exact information, he replied:

"The coming of another baby in those days was not a very important matter. Such an insignificant event created but a very small ripple on the surface of life, but if you place that ripple at four o'clock in the morning, you will get it nearly right. It is hard to understand those early conditions. The monotony of life was so intense. People seemed numb, or blunt or cold, especially regarding the marriage relation, or the birth of children; and so little was known of the outside world."

With this data therefore, the hour, the month and the year of birth, were submitted to Miss Evangeline S. Adams, the well known astrologer and palmist of Boston and New York, whose fine reading is herewith appended:

"If Mr. McCullough was born at about four in the morning, the Zodiacal sign, Libra, was rising on the horizon, thus bringing him under the dominion of the planet Venus, and giving him this brilliant celestial body for his ruling star.

"Physical man is an instantaneous photograph of the Zodiacal influences and planetary vibrations operating at the moment when, as a child, he first faces the stars, the virgin-brain

of the infant being then as sensitive to impressions as a photographic plate, and as readily affected by the various chemic, magnetic and vibratory conditions operative at the time, thus transmitting to the plastic brain and indeterminate temperament of the new-born child, the diverse influences prevailing at the moment when he first draws into his nostrils the breath of life, and commences an independent existence. The subsequent tenor and events of life, fate or material destiny, being Nature's method of developing the picture.

"The sign Libra was anciently represented by an equipoised balance, and in the figurative language of symbolism, when the primitive people thought in things, and regarded every natural object, including animals and all their bodily parts, as the embodiment of some particular force, or some special quality, or thing in itself, and associating these ideas with facts in Nature for purposes of remembrance (ages before printer's type was invented), came to regard them as types of certain qualities in the nature of man.

"Libra thus signified the equilibrium of forces, the neutral point between the material and the spiritual, or the physical and the mental. This static condition of the balance is easily affected, and just as it takes but a

trifle to tip the scales one way or the other, so it has been found by observation with persons born when this sign is rising in the heavens. The alternation of opposites is quite pronounced in their finely organized natures, and on account of this sensitiveness, it takes very little to either elate or depress them, the arc of the pendulum of emotion swinging just as far in one direction as in the other.

"He was doubtless as a rule, very affable, sympathetic and kind, but if the scales tipped but a trifle, very little feeling was shown, although he always meant to be just.

"The Libra nature conferred upon him a happy faculty of being able to see both sides of a subject, and thus enabled him to arrive at more just and merciful conclusions. He naturally took delight in contrasting one thing with another, in drawing comparisons, and trying to ascertain the various points of excellence in any system. This habit may have given him what appeared to be, at times, a certain lack of decision, and often caused him to wait and see what was done, before moving himself, but in reality, it came from a mental habit of first carefully balancing up the various factors involved, before deciding upon any course of action. These features also

made him more broad and eclectic in his views, and very adverse to all narrowness and bigotry; more inclined to weigh and reason matters out, than to rashly jump at and adopt ill-digested conclusions.

"Venus, his ruling star, is the mistress of art and poetry, and so the beautiful, in both the natural and artificial world, must have appealed to him very strongly, and inspired a love of music and of arts, given him excellent taste, with a fine sense of harmony and proportion."

[The writer recalls here that he once said to her, "O how I loved music! My heart was set on fire by its melodies."]

"At this time the Moon held the most elevated position in the heavens, Uranus had just risen, the Sun was about to rise, and closely following were Mercury and Venus. Mars was in the western sky. Jupiter and Saturn were beneath the Earth.

"Saturn holding such a strong position in his horoscope indicates that he must have had a very unfortunate youth and a hard struggle during the early part of his life. It makes one very ambitious and gives the patience and perseverance so necessary to success.

"The Moon was in the emotional and fiery

sign, Leo, which would indicate that he was generous to excess and very much inclined to be ruled by his heart.

"The planet Mercury, ruling the mentality, was also in a fiery sign and in friendly aspect to several of the planets, which should indicate that he had a very active brain, and would at times be fired almost to the point of inspiration.

"It was in the sign Sagittarius, which was symbolized by the arrow, and which indicates that he must have been very direct in speech, and at times inclined to hurt the feelings of others, through too great frankness and directness.

"Mercury was in opposition to the fiery planet Mars, which still further indicates that he must have had tremendous imagination which, combined with his great sensitiveness, must have caused him to suffer untold agonies many times when the circumstances did not warrant the same.

"He must have possessed a very contradictory nature, as the influences operating at the time of his birth were very complex, and it is almost impossible to say which predominated. Being born under the negative and sensitive sign Libra, gave him a side to his nature which was as refined, sympathetic and

intuitive as that of a woman; and having the Sun, ruling the individuality, in the fixed, determined and martial sign, Scorpio, gave him another side which was capable of the greatest strength.

"The planet Jupiter, which seems to have much to do with one's financial and worldly success, was very friendly to the sun, but unfriendly to both Saturn and Venus. This indicates that his earning capacity was great, but that he so thoroughly believed that money was made to spend, and that its only use was its being a means to an end, I fear he was never very successful in accumulating wealth, and that regardless of what his income must have been, he found it impossible not to have the outgo equal or exceed it, due to the affliction of Saturn. He must have had periods when money seemed to pour in almost without an effort on his part, and then times when almost any effort he might make did not seem to bring good financial results.

"The planet Venus, ruling the affections and the artistic side of the nature, was also in the fiery and magnetic sign, Sagittarius, which indicates that he was very intense in his feelings, but rather unfortunate in his affections, as it was unfriendly to Saturn. He must have had more disappointments in

friendships, and suffered from jealousy or treachery, more than the average man.

"Women, either older than himself, or who were already married, he must have had the greatest influence over, and even though he did nothing to try and influence them, he was in the greatest danger of having them fall desperately in love with him, and who in the end only brought him disappointment or sorrow. Men were really much more fortunate to him, both in a social and business way, and any great losses or sorrows which came to him from time to time, I fear, were directly or indirectly due to the influence of women. Even his mother was not the blessing and benefit to him that most mothers are, for the reason that she was taken out of his life when he was only a lad of twelve years. This is indicated astrologically, by the opposition of Saturn to his Moon in 1844.

"In 1848 and 1849, the two planets Saturn and Uranus were in unfriendly and friendly aspect respectively to his Venus, and which brought to the front the emotional side of his nature, and into his life a woman, whom he married even at such an early age, and which must have proved a hampering influence in his life.

"If his married life did not bring him great

disappointment he was certainly very fortunate, considering all the indications in his horoscope. If this had been the case, it need not have been through any fault of the woman, but simply the following out of his strange but interesting destiny.

"The accidental planet Mars was in that portion of the heavens which indicates the cause of death, and if the hour taken is correct, there is quite a strong indication that directly or indirectly his death must have been due to accident.

"During the latter part of 1876 and early part of 1877, the two evil planets, Saturn and Uranus, were unfriendly to him, and if about this period he did not meet with an accident which affected him, even more than he realized at the time, he was very fortunate."

[The curtain-roller accident occurred in March, 1877.]

"In 1884, when his mental collapse occurred, his horoscope was really not so badly afflicted as during the previous years mentioned, which would also seem to point to the fact that it might be the natural results which would follow the accident alluded to.

"His horoscope certainly shows tremendous force of character, great popularity, and a nature full of love and sympathy, but des-

tined to have a very sad termination to the life, due to the positions of both Mars and Venus."

Since it may be argued that as Miss Adams knew the salient points in the life of the man whose horoscope she was delineating, it would be easy, without deviating from her perfect honesty, to note indications in the aspects of the planets, which ignorance of her subject's career would not have discovered, the writer, therefore, presented McCullough's dates of birth to that veteran in the science of the stars, Prof. Oliver Ames Gould, without a hint, or any suspicion on his part, of what personality he was asked to read. The nativity given copied Miss Adams' closely (as it would have to, if Astrology is an exact science), but two or three items in Professor Gould's forecast are especially worthy of mention.

"In 1868," he said, "this man reached a position of more importance than he had hitherto known in his life" (which was when the California Theatre was built for his occupancy). Later, financial retrogression was correctly indicated. Next, "his stars moved Eastward and he had to follow them," as he did, on his starring trips. Continuing his out-

line, year by year, Professor Gould stated: "Somewhere in 1877, that odd, strange planet, Uranus, the author of sudden, spiteful things, was likely to give him something unexpected, like a thunder-clap out of a snow storm, resulting unfavorably, either in a sudden, sharp illness, *or an accident.*"

But the most interesting item in this reading was that "in the summer of 1885, Saturn, the arbiter, was in the House of Asylums, Hospitals, or places of incarceration," and yet that year—1885—while a bad one for him, was not indicative of death (as Miss Adams has already stated), had it not occurred as the result of some injury received in previous years. But McCullough's incarceration in the asylum from June to October, 1885, is not alone indicative of astrological verities and potent influence, but also proves that the hour of mortal birth given by a disembodied spirit, who had left this plane nearly twenty years ago, was accurate, which is a strong argument in favor of the reliability of other data, from the same source.

But all these indications are for the physical man, who (as every atom in the universe is related to every other atom) may respond on the material plane, to the forceful mag-

netic vibrations of those powerful planets surrounding our own. But they are the metal for his steel, the obstacles to overcome in working out his grand, free destiny. The spiritual man, the soul within, is the greater Sun, to which all physical aspects must do obeisance; and all planetary influences must eventually be worn about the brow as a crown of conquest.

Man, as a spirit, transcends the ruling of the stars. (to which his body may respond), because in spirit he is one with the Creator of those planets, one with those wise, archangelic spirits who watch over and rule the planets, and thus is he free, the sovereign occupant of the throne of his own enfranchised manhood, all limitations beneath his feet, his life—the life of the spirit—not one of slavery to adverse fate, but of noble service as a factor in the administration of Divine Law, in its righteous and beneficent fulfilment—a co-worker with the Infinite.

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